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BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE" FILMS AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

IN my sophomore year my first sea voyage, by rare good fortune, led me to Santiago de Cuba, of all the cities of the Pearl of the Antilles the oldest, and to me the most beautiful. During the war with Spain, owing to San Juan Hill, to Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and to the fact that at her harbor mouth our admirals sank the Spanish ships, Santiago became famous. But when I first visited that city her history was only of buccaneers and pirates, and except in the secret hopes of the Cuban patriots she was in everything—in tradition, customs, costumes, architecture—wholly Spanish. Within her walls the few Americans were Reimer, the American consul, and the mining-engineers of the Juragua Iron Company, and it was on one of the ore boats of that company I took my first voyage south. The late William Wharton Thurston was then president of the company. It was he who in Madrid had obtained from the Queen the concession to carry north the mountain of ore that ten miles from Santiago rose from the sea at Siboney. It was his bribes of diamond rings, his banquets—for one of which, in a steamer especially chartered, he imported a cargo of flowers—his tact, and his manner of the great gentleman that won for the company the good will of the Spanish officials. It was he who obtained the loan of regiments of Spanish soldiers to work the ore.

For the American company those were the unhappy days. It was the pioneer period. Not only had the engineers to make the dirt fly and clear the jungle, to build bridges, barracks, hospitals, a railroad, and an ore pier, but with diplomacy to overcome the prejudices and indolence of a people who, since Velázquez led them to Santiago, had never changed. At the mines, from these same engineers, young and eager, and at La Cruz in the Casa el Presidente, perched among royal palms above the harbor of Santiago, from Thurston, I heard hourly the story of the American company, of its fight against the mountains, against the indifferent and hostile Spaniard. Ten years later, to that story I added a love story, placed the mines in an imaginary republic in South America, and succeeded in getting the story, which was called "Soldiers of Fortune," published in this magazine. Later it appeared in book form. Still later the dean of the American dramatists, Augustus Thomas, turned the novel into a four-act melodrama which ran successfully for two years and in stock is still running.

And ten years after that, hand in hand, Mr. Thomas and I sailed to Santiago, again to tell the same story; this time in a succession of moving pictures.

I am assured by the All-Star Feature Corporation, who organized this expedition, that it was one of the most ambitious and best-equipped that as yet, for the single purpose of telling a story on a film, have sailed from the United States. Already the rights to the reels we shipped north have been sold to moving-picture palaces from St. Petersburg to Rio Janeiro

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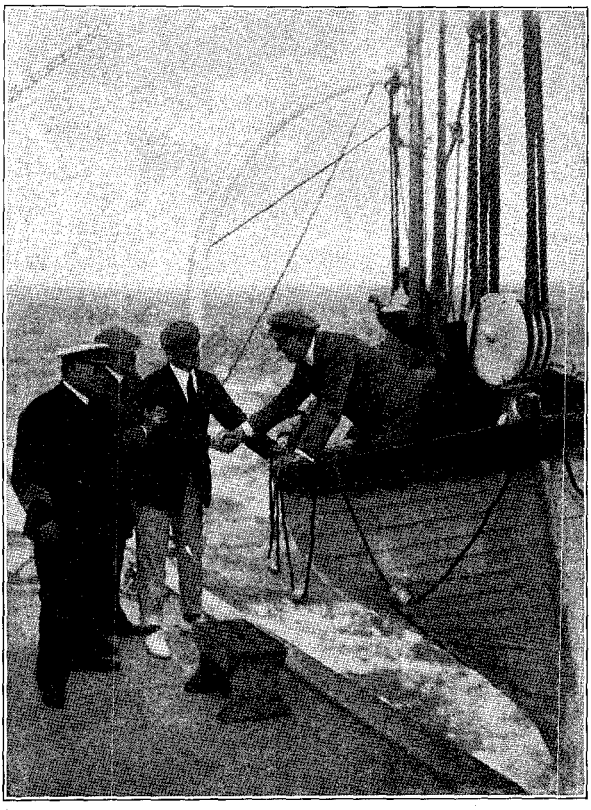
and to all of our United States, where each day three million people patronize the movies. Some of these three million may find in the way the pictures are produced some of the same interest they take in the pictures. It is in that hope that this is written.



From a Royal Mail steamer Dustin Farnum starts on a journey that covers two miles of film. Captain Barrett, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Davis bid him good-by.

A month before our expedition set sail Mr. John H. Pratt had preceded us to make the ways straight. It was his duty to secure for our enterprise the good will of the people of Santiago, to obtain the co-operation of the military, the civil authorities, the Juragua Iron Company, the Spanish-American Iron Company, the police, the customs officials; to reserve board and lodging for the twenty members of our company; to engage interpreters, carriages, ponies, launches, and special trains; and in order to pick out "locations," as are called the scenes and backgrounds of a moving-picture play, to visit all haciendas, trails, forts, mines, jungles, palm groves, water-fronts, and harbors within a ten-mile radius of the city. The rest of Mr. Pratt's time was his own.

When one cold morning late last fall our company sailed out of New York harbor, it consisted of three actresses, sixteen actors, two camera men, a business manager, a stage-director, our star, Mr. Dustin Farnum, and Mr. Augustus Thomas (who, besides being the director-general of the All-Star Corporation, was also the author of the scenario), and two miles of film. In my ignorance, for such an undertaking our expedition seemed inadequate. I did not then know that to the moving-picture people all the world's a stage, and men and women merely actors. I did not then know that through the energy of Mr. Pratt, and the subtle and diplomatic urgings of the director-general, volunteer actors by the hundreds would flock to our standard, that to assist us recruits would enlist from the sidewalks, from mountain passes, from the decks of ships, from the most conservative of clubs and drawing-rooms. I did not then know that to many people, of all conditions, to appear upon a film, to see themselves as they are seen by others, and to have their friends see them, is a temptation and an adventure. I had not calculated on a human weakness, on the vanity that even in the heart of the Congo leads a naked "wood boy" to push in front of your camera. That he will never see the photograph into which he has projected himself does not deter him. He desires only that his features, which he admires, may be perpetuated, that they may attain immortality, even the brief immortality of a strip of celluloid. But, whatever the motive, the fact remains that before we left Cuba, by the addition of "extra people," a few working for pay, the great ma-

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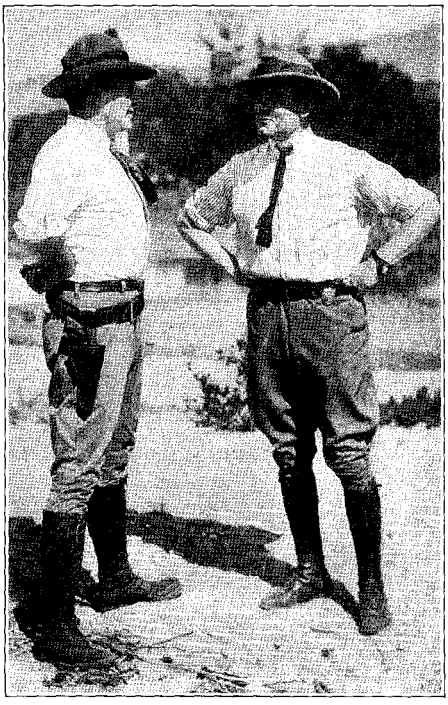
The canvas on the ground reflects the light in the face of the actor. The numerals held in front of the camera give the number of the scene about to be photographed.

jority out of courtesy, our cast of characters had grown from twenty to two thousand. Of these were the soldiers of the garrison at Santiago, troops of the Guardia Rurales, or mounted constabulary, members of the most distinguished of the Cuban families, all the Spanish workmen on the pay-roll of the Juragua Iron Company, with its rolling-stock and good-will thrown in, the Santiago police, the American navy, and hundreds of kindly strangers who for one brief moment passed before our camera and out of our lives.

The scenario prepared by Mr. Thomas consisted of two hundred and thirty-three scenes and "inserts." In pantomime these scenes tell the plot of the play. Later, when they are thrown upon the screen, they will cover ten thousand feet of film, and in passing a given point consume two hours. Where pantomime fails to make clear the plot an "insert" is used. An insert may be the facsimile of a letter, telegram, or any written order; or it may be a line of explanation, such as: "The President grants the American engineer a concession to work the iron ore." Or, it may be a bit of dialogue, or an exclamation which will make clear to the audience what the actor is saying or thinking, as, "I wonder if I would like to be dictator of Olancho?"



"Why didn't you bring your own clothes?"

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As Mr. Thomas arranged his scenario, the business of each scene and the wording of each insert were typewritten on a separate page of cardboard. There were duplicate sets of these cardboards bound in flexible-leather covers by adjustable steel springs, one set belonging to Mr. Thomas, and the other to his assistant and stage-director, Mr. William Haddock. Each page was as neatly ruled and as methodically planned as ship's log. Each gave the number of the scene and act, and the "business" of that scene; and blank spaces were left for recording the time of day and the kind of sunlight by which that scene was photographed. In double columns were the names of the characters to appear in the scene and the costumes each was to wear. The costumes were described by numerals. The garments a man wore in the mines would be numbered "1," his evening clothes "2," and if to his evening clothes a belt and revolver were added, that was counted as a new costume and described by a new number. At first it was confusing.

"Clay in number four," Mr. Thomas would read; "President Alvarez in number six, his wife in number five." It sounded as though he were condemning them to separate cells. But by his system Thomas saved endless confusion. As soon as he had decided what "location" he would use, it was necessary only to turn to the page that called for that location and at a glance he knew what actors were needed, in what clothes they were to appear, and what part of the story they must carry forward.

An impromptu dressing-room. Mr. Farnum, Miss Brownell, Miss L'Uttrell.

In preparing a film play the scenes are not produced in the order in which later they appear upon the screen. Which scene will be photographed depends upon the location most available. For example, we were at sea and the scenario called for scenes on shipboard. Accordingly, for his stage-setting Thomas borrowed the decks of the Royal Mail boat on which we happened to be passengers, and for his backdrop the Atlantic Ocean. One scene was on board a tramp steamer, the other on a passenger ship. So, for our tramp we showed only the bow of the steamship *Danube*, reserving her boat-deck for the

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liner; and as in each scene we needed a ship's captain, and the same captain could not appear on both vessels, to the command of the tramp we promoted the ship's doctor.

Captain Barrett, much to the horror of his junior officers, all of whom hold master's tickets and write after their names

A "location" in the cocoanut grove at El Guao.

R.N.R., appeared as himself. He made a perfectly good captain, but his actions on the film are most misleading. In real life he does not beam upon passengers who try to run his ship. In real life to mount to his bridge, as did Mr. Farnum, and demand instantly to be placed ashore would lead only to one's being placed in irons. But before the camera Captain Barrett could not resist the impetuous gestures of our star, and for him manned a life-boat and set him ashore. At least, the chief officer lowered him as near to the water as was necessary to escape the eye of the camera. There was a heavy sea running, and Farnum, clinging to the life-line, and trying to look as though he liked it, twice was swung, bumping and pitching, over the side, with a fifty-foot drop between him and the hungry waves. On his safe return to the ship he said he now understood why, when in times of disaster boats are lowered, the men hold back and cry: "Women and children first!"

We left the *Danube* at Antilla and the same afternoon arrived in Santiago, where, at the Hotel Venus, on the Plaza de Cespedes, Pratt had established our headquarters. That evening, as on every succeeding evening, in the Café de Venus, within a few yards of the military band and the pleasure-seekers circling in the plaza to inspire or distract us, we mapped out the work for the day to come. Pratt had selected many locations, and as Santiago is one of my "home" towns, I was able to suggest others; so before he turned in that first evening the director-general had arranged his programme, and hung up a "call" for 6.30. For the legitimate actors making their first appearance in the "movies," and who regard an 11-o'clock call as an insult, it was in every sense a terrible awakening.

"It can't be done!" protested Mr. Conkling, our villain. "You can't take

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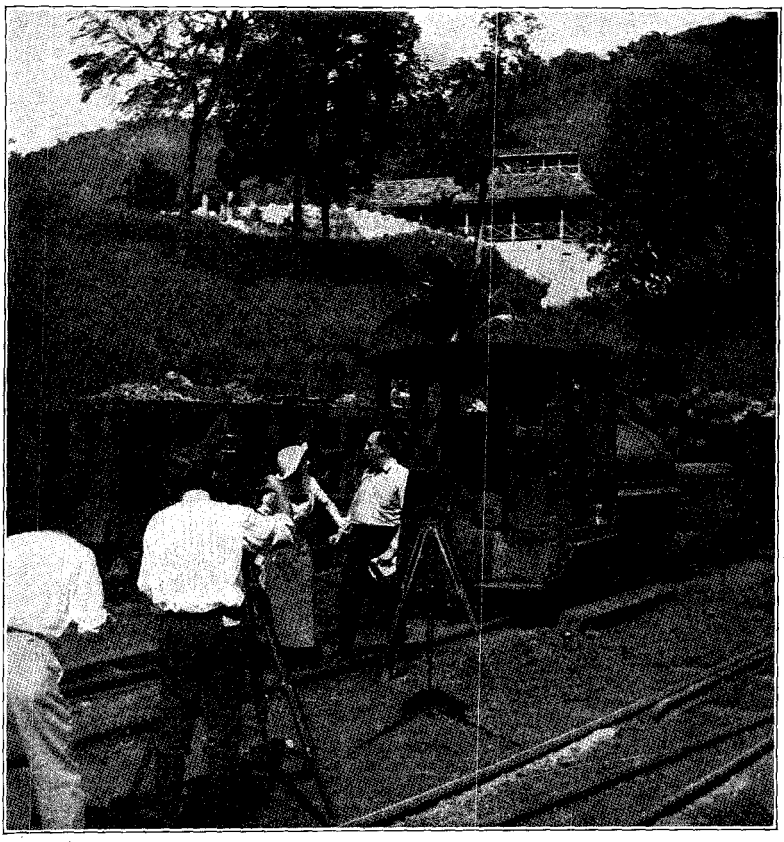
photographs without the sun, and the sun doesn't get up that early."

We began work at the wharves. Farnum was shown mounting the gangway of one ship, and "Ted" Langham descending another. To my surprise I found the afternoon to the shack of the American engineers, known in the play as Clay, McWilliams, and Ted. At this location nearly all the characters appeared, and on our departure from the Venus we moved in a long line of open carriages, surrounded



Hope and McWilliams hold up the traffic on the tracks of the Juragua iron mines.

that neither then nor at any other time did any one object to our making use of his ship, his house, or himself. Instead, every one stopped work, or, if for local color we asked it, continued about his business. Thomas even pressed into our service a boat-load of Hamburg-American tourists.

"When you return to Boston," the director-general insidiously suggested, "would you not like your friends to see you walking about in Cuba?" They decided they would, and devoted their shore leave in Santiago to acting as supers.

From the wharves the scene shifted in by a clattering escort of ponies and a rear-guard of commissariat wagons filled with interpreters and lunch-baskets.

The shack chosen for the engineers stands in the grounds of El Guao, formerly the country place of the British consul Mr. Ramsden, and later during the American occupation the official residence of Major-General Leonard Wood. For three days we worked there, and the contrast between our rehearsals and those of a play in a Broadway theatre were extreme. El Guao was no gloomy stage with a single gas-jet by which a hungry, sleepy, and thoroughly bored company

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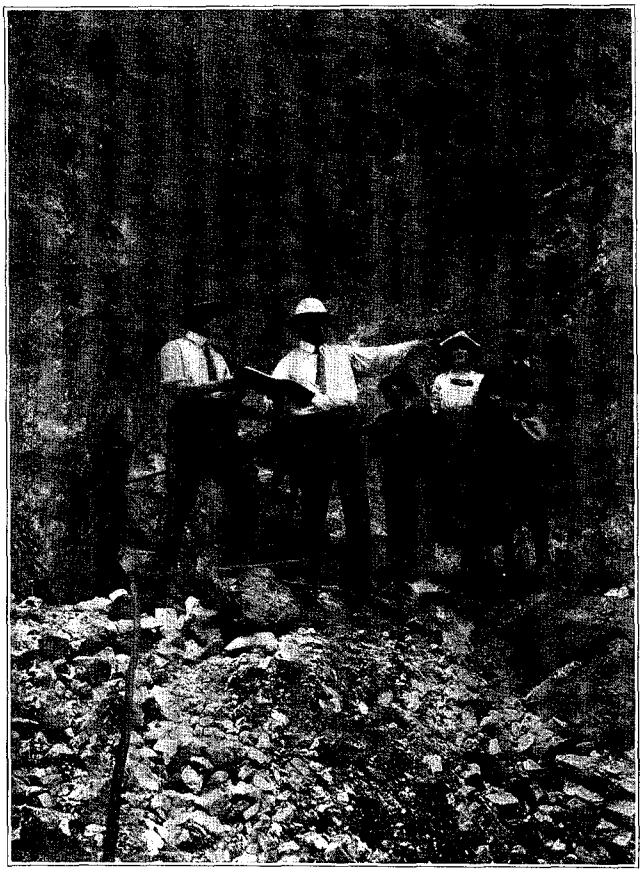
pretended to read their parts, or with avidity study the *Morning Telegraph*. Instead we rehearsed among the rustling fronds of cocoanut-palms, under the bluest of skies, and in the most brilliant sunshine. Those who were not in the scene sat in the high grass where the shade fell, or lay in wait for the small boys who had climbed aloft after cocoanuts, and of the fruits of their efforts robbed them. Nor, if one wanted to smoke, was there a house-manager or a fire commissioner's placard to prevent, and the Cuban cigars were real Cuban cigars, less sixty per cent duty. And when the noon hour came we did not race to a quick-lunch counter, but fared luxuriously on oranges, mangoes, alligator pears, and on pineapples that, at a touch of the fork, melted into delicious morsels. It was the difference between a meal at a railroad counter and a picnic in the Bois.

One must not suggest that in any other sense it was a picnic. Work began at 6.30, continued even though the thermometer was at 110°, and ended only when the light failed. No one ever was idle, nor, again in contrast to the theatre, did any one suggest he was not a stage-hand but an artist. The director-general himself destroyed that illusion. He set the example of ubiquitous energy. Although in supreme authority, he was not one to say go and come. He went and came himself. He built scenery, assembled machine guns, nailed rifles in piano-cases, held an umbrella over the camera man, policed the side lines, found a place of honor for the alcalde, and in his idle moments drilled, coached, and rehearsed everything from a troop of cavalry or a string of flat cars to the lady who had to say, "Stuart, more than life I love you!" before an admiring and envious audience of six hundred Cubans.

Our location on the second day was at the mines of the Juragua Iron Company. Here the American engineers were supposed to show the millionaire owner of the mines and his daughters the result of their labors. The iron company carried us to the mines over their own railroad in a special train that had the right of way over all the ore trains, and throughout our visit the company held up everything else that in any way threatened to interfere with the pictures.



At the iron mines. Mr. Thomas selects a "location."

On our arrival at the mines the day was declared a national holiday, and everybody quit work.

Of the actor engineers the real engineers

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were somewhat critical. They suggested they would like to see the actors do something more strenuous than escort the ladies over the landslides. They made it evident that that part of the work might safely be intrusted to them. So Farnum, stripped to the belt and carrying a transit, laid out a new road-bed, and later drove a steam-drill, and Mr. Stark, who Williams laughing gayly, it showed on the flat car the others pointing out the wonders of the mines; but it does not show the rest of us on the car that held the camera, imploring McWilliams to keep on the rails, and prepared at an instant's warning to leap into space.

Kirkpatrick, the engineer who was the original of the character of McWilliams,

At La Cruz overlooking the harbor of Santiago. Mr. Thomas directing a love scene.

appeared as McWilliams, ran a locomotive. One of the best pictures we secured was that of Hope Langham and McWilliams in the cab of a locomotive. It pulled a flat car from which the other members of their party were supposed to be inspecting the mines. To that flat car was coupled another on which was the camera. It caught all that went forward in the locomotive and on the first car, as they moved, sometimes through tropical jungle, sometimes between walls of ore as high as a skyscraper, sometimes balanced on the dizzy edge of a precipice. It made a splendid panorama. Against the changing backgrounds it showed Hope and McWilliams laughing gayly, it showed on the flat car the others pointing out the wonders of the mines; but it does not show the rest of us on the car that held the camera, imploring McWilliams to keep on the rails, and prepared at an instant's warning to leap into space.

Kirkpatrick, the engineer who was the original of the character of McWilliams, died at the mines and was buried there. And when the actor who represented him stopped at the grave, dressed as I always had seen Kirkpatrick, in mining-boots, blue shirt, and sombrero, it gave one a curious thrill. It was more curious on the days following, when our location was at La Cruz, which overlooks the harbor of Santiago. This is the house that was built for the president of the company and which, from the reign of Thurston to that of Charles M. Schwab, has been his official residence. In the novel I call this place the Palms, and it is there that much of the action of the story takes place. Sometimes Thomas followed the

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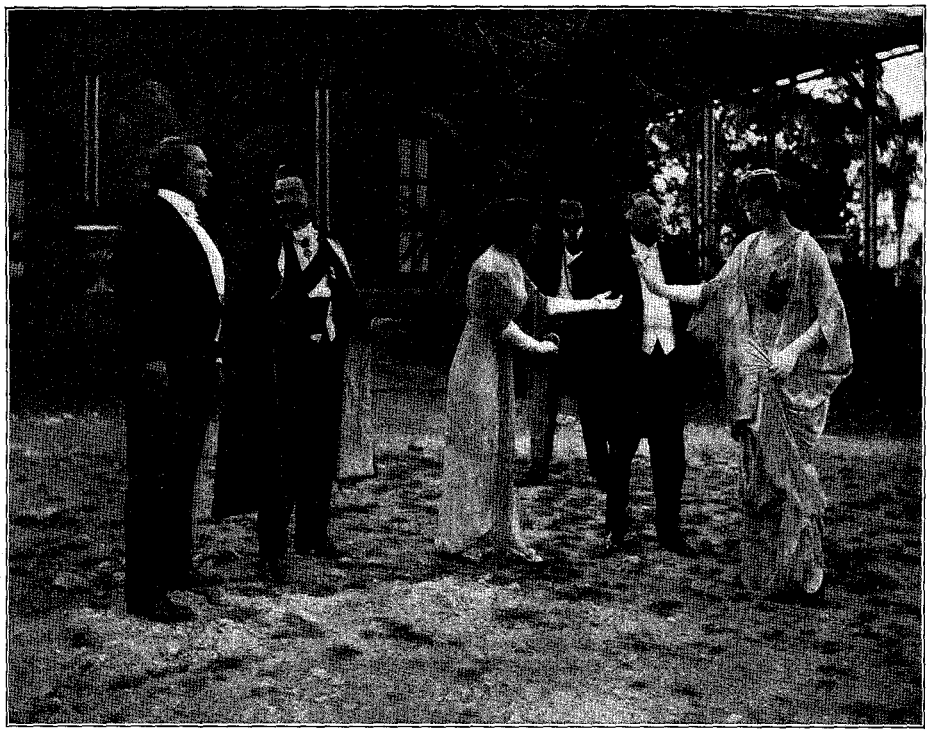

At La Cruz. The younger Langham sister begs to go to a dance.

The Americans distribute the rifles taken from the filibusters.

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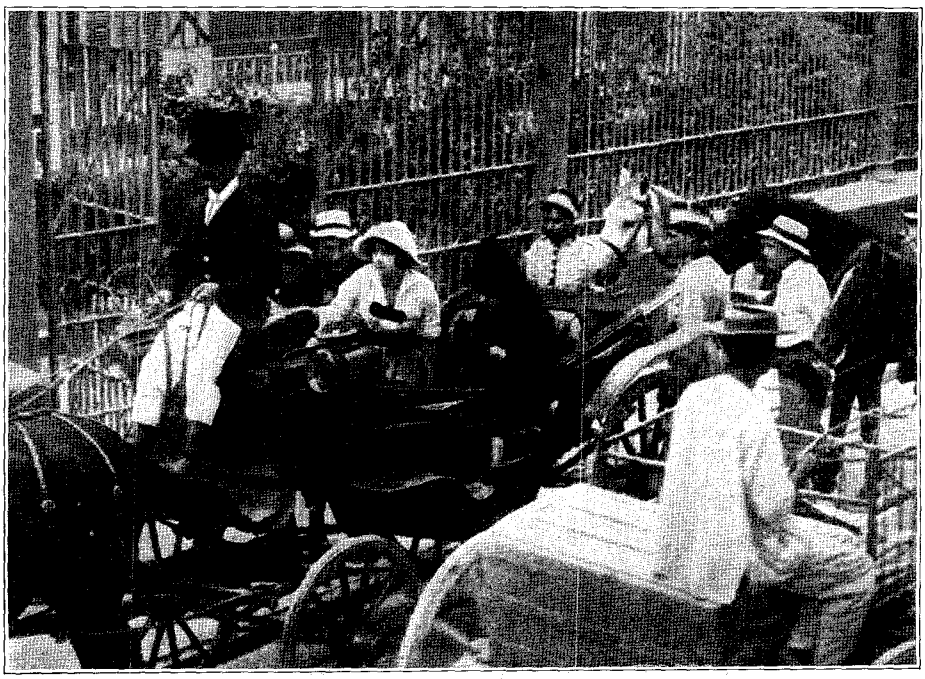
scenes in his play, sometimes those in the novel. But whenever it was possible he preferred for his backgrounds the exact places the novel described. So I had the curious sensation of seeing characters that had existed only in fiction, but which had been placed in a real setting, now appearing in flesh and blood in that real setting, wearing the uniforms or ball dresses I had described and which Charles Dana Gibson had drawn, walking in the same avenue of palms, making love in the same corner of the veranda, fortifying the same iron gates with real machine guns, issuing the same commands to real American bluejackets. It was as puzzling as one of those moments when you come upon some spot you know you never have visited before but which, you feel, in some other existence, or in a dream, you already have seen.

The manager of the iron company, Mr. D. B. Whitaker, made us welcome at La Cruz, and few rehearsals ever were carried forward under such conditions. We were surrounded by flowering plants and whispering palms; below us stretched the harbor three miles across and the red roofs of Santiago, and beyond them a great circle of mountains, with shadows in the valleys and white clouds resting on the peaks. And for our immediate needs there were dressing-rooms, shower-baths, wicker chairs, a library of novels, and at disturbingly frequent intervals trays loaded with the insidious Daiquiri cock-



Madame Alvarez and Hope "escape" from the palace.

tail. This latter is the creation of the late Jennings S. Cox, for some time manager of the iron mines, and it is as genial and as brimful of brotherly love as was the man who invented it. It consists of Barcardi rum, limes, sugar, and cracked ice; and, so long as it obtained, rehearsals never dragged and conversation never flagged.

Again I fear it reads like a picnic; but the actors did not find it a picnic. For in the "out-of-doors" drama one man in his time plays many parts. In the legitimate drama the hero has only to read lines, and other lines inform the audience that he is brave, that he is daring, that in every out-of-door exercise he excels. For the spectators of the silent film such hearsay evi-

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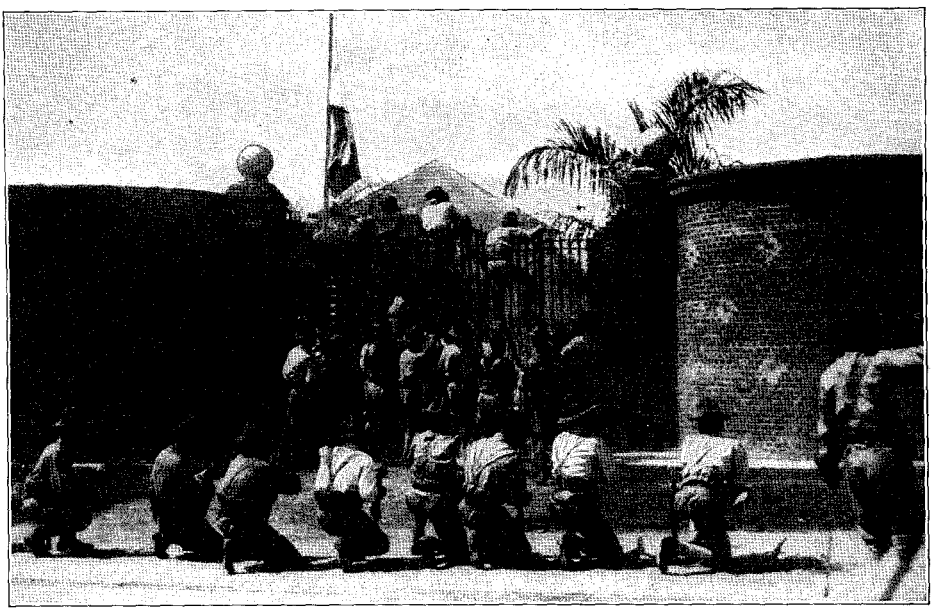

Real soldiers of the Cuban infantry scaling the gates of the palace.

dence is not possible. To them the actor may not explain in pantomime that he can climb a tree. He must climb the tree. They demand to be "shown." Farnum, who was making his début in the film drama, illustrated this. When he played Lieutenant Denton in Mr. Thomas's "Arizona," every one in the cast except the villain told the audience that in all the cavalry Denton was the finest officer and most daring rider. All Denton actually did in front of the audience was to comb his hair. But in the "out-of-doors" drama, with all out-of-doors to work in, Thomas did not give Farnum leisure to comb his hair. This time Thomas could not tell the spectators his hero was a rough rider; but on horseback sent him to jump precipices and scale ravines, and so proved it. It was fortunate for our star that he enjoyed the strenuous life. We gave him his share. And when we did not invent work he improvised. In one scene he escorted the wife of President Alvarez to the coast, where, under a heavy fire from revolutionists, a shore boat was to row her to a warship. When the picture was being taken, forty feet from shore, the boat, loaded with bluejackets, stuck on a sand-bar. The boat could not come to the lady, the lady could not go to the boat, and imaginary bullets were splashing

A "close up," showing Stuart and Alvarez life-size.

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around her. What was more important, yards of real film were being wasted. Farnum acted as the hero of a film drama must act. He lifted the lady to his shoulders, and, with the water up to his arm-pits, plunged into the surf and carried her to the boat. It made a far better scene than the one we had rehearsed. But, if our hero had been a small man——?

After each scene in which he appeared Leighton Stark, who is a very large man, and who on and off is possessed with humor, used to mutter grimly: "It's a small part, but a good one!"

One day I asked him the meaning of this cryptic utterance.

The death of Stuart as shown by Charles Dana Gibson in the novel.

"In New York, when Thomas engaged me," he explained, "he said, 'I want you to play McWilliams. It's a small part, but a good one.' From that I got the idea I would spend most of my time in Cuba sitting around the plaza, instead of which I'm on in every scene of the play. It doesn't matter whether it's a mining-camp, or a ballroom, or a mountain trail, I'm in it. I have to drive engines, couple freight-cars, ride bucking ponies, and wear a dress-suit at six in the morning. Yesterday, with the sun at 105, I had to climb a telegraph pole and cut the wires—and I weigh two hundred and fifty pounds! And to-morrow I've got to wade into the ocean and shove a

The death of Stuart as shown by Mr. Thomas in the play.

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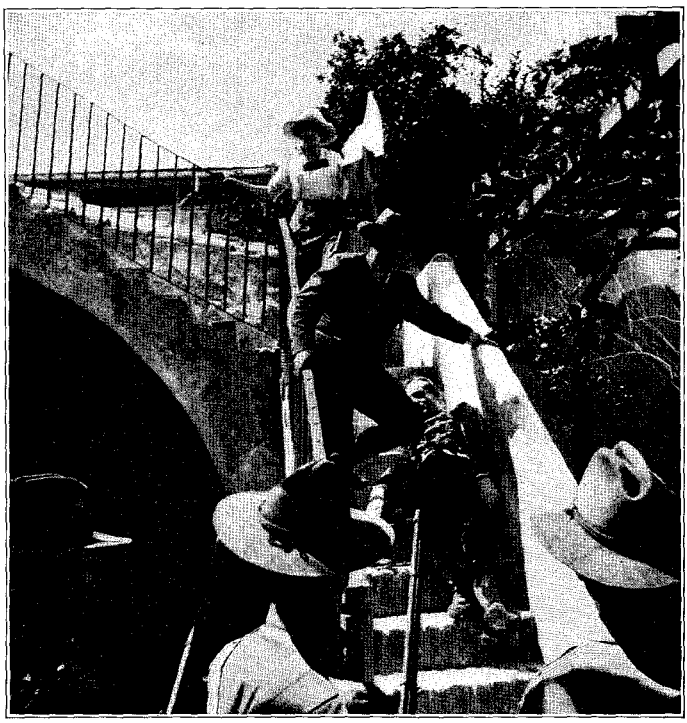
boat through the surf, and if I don't drown the sharks will get me. So that's what I mean when I say: 'It's a small part, but a good one.'"

On the other hand, Miss Winifred Kingston, who was Madame Alvarez, the part played in the stage version by Miss Dorothy Donnelly, complained that all she had to do was to escape in a carriage and "register" fear.



The death of Stuart as shown by Mr. Thomas in the movies.

In the moving-picture language to "register" anything means to put it on record on the film. If in one scene an actor wears a certain costume, that costume is registered, and, once registered, in not the slightest detail may it be altered. If a character walks from a garden into a street, even though the two scenes are photographed on days a month apart, in both his clothes obviously must be the same. It is not to be supposed that in passing through a garden gate his tan shoes changed to patent leathers. And in the same vernacular, when a director wants an actor to express an emotion, he tells him to "register" indignation, laughter, remorse.

Miss Kingston really had much more to do than to register fear, and did it well, but it seemed as though, as she said, she always was escaping. One would come across her in lonely mountain trails, in the crowded streets of Santiago, in avenues of arching palms, with the driver of her state carriage always lashing his horses, while she looked back at imaginary pursuers and registered fear. For some time no one but Thomas really knew from just what she was escaping; we were certain only that she was a long time about it. Thomas finally explained she was the wife of the President, and was escaping from the palace, where, had she remained, the disloyal troops would have shot her. A few days later I found her and her state carriage in a dripping jungle, entirely surrounded by mosquitoes and an atmosphere comparable only to that of a steam-laundry. She was in a ball dress, with arms and shoulders bare, and against several thousand mosquitoes was making a hopeless fight.

"If I had known," she cried, punctuat-

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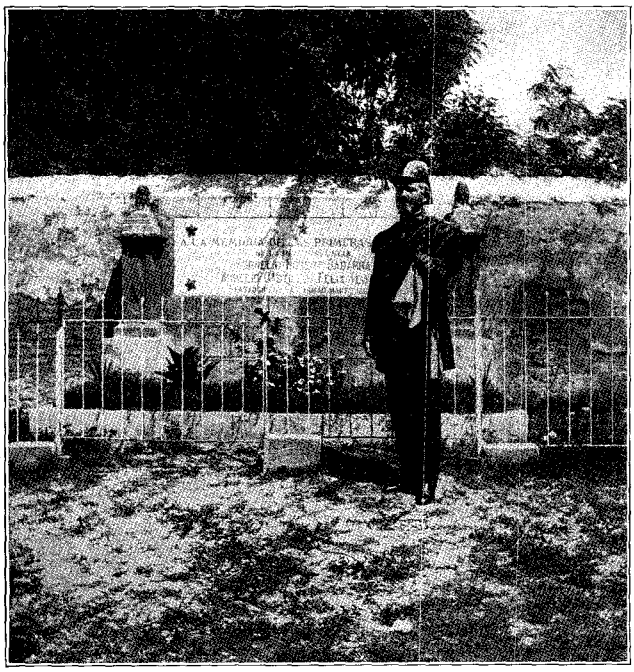
ing each word with a vicious slap, "that escaping was like this, I'd have stayed in that palace and got shot!"

But the part had its compensations. In her ball gown of blue satin and pearls, with a black-lace mantilla and a towering crown of tortoise-shell, the Cubans and Spaniards easily found her the most interesting member of our company. That, except on match-boxes and bull-fight fans, no such Spanish woman had ever existed, had impressed me as they have thousands of others; and it was because he possessed these sterling qualities that I supposed he had been engaged. I was wrong. I found that in choosing his star Mr. Thomas had considered only whether he could or could not wear my clothes. Every other leading actor in America had been measured and found wanting. Farnum had survived every test. It was proved that he alone was the man whose



President Alvarez gives the signal for his own execution. This is the actor who "played dead" too realistically.

did not lessen their loyalty. One day she was escaping at one location when she was needed at another, and I rode after her carriage to bring it back. At a cross-road I asked a man if he had seen an American woman pass that way. As though still questioning his eyesight he shook his head.

"No," he said doubtfully; "but the Queen of Spain just went by."

When in New York I learned that Farnum was to be our star I was naturally delighted. As the Cow-boy in the "Virginian," the Union Officer in the "Little Rebel," as the hero of "Arizona," his manliness, his force, his charming good humor and the naturalness of his acting head my hat would fit, whose legs were at ease in my riding-breeches, whose hands were not lost in my gloves. So, at enormous expense, they engaged him. The plot against my property developed at the first location. The director-general said critically: "That coat is the sort of coat a man would wear in a mining-camp. Lend it to Farnum—just for this picture." The next day they borrowed a sombrero; on succeeding days riding-boots, leather gaiters, gauntlets, coats of khaki, coats of pongee, gray flannel shirts, white flannel trousers, tan shoes, tennis-shoes, my riding-whip, my raincoat, my revolver. And when, to cover my nakedness, I

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In the patio of a private house the hostess and her friends watch rehearsals for the movies.

begged that any part of my clothing be returned, I was greeted with exclamations of amazement and reproach.

"Impossible!" they cried. "Everything you own is 'registered'!"

By that time I had learned that to get back anything that has once been registered is as easy as to take the crown jewels from the Tower of London. There was one saving clause. Having been told he was to play a mining-engineer, who spent his time either on a horse or in the mines, Farnum had brought with him perfectly good evening clothes and a high silk hat. So I was still able to go about at night.

Before we arrived in Cuba there was a rumor we were coming to reproduce the battle of San Juan Hill, and that we wished to use the soldiers of the garrison to represent American and Spanish troops. It took some time to make it clear that the soldiers were to represent an army which existed only in a novel, and on the stage. When, thanks to the diplomacy of Mr. Thomas and of our consul, Mr. R. E. Holladay, this was understood, nothing could have been more courteous and friendly than the attitude of the Cuban Government, as represented by the minister of foreign affairs in Havana, and of Colonel W. I. Consuegra, commanding the garrison of Santiago Province, and of his chief-of-staff Major Cuero. At the disposition of our director-general they placed as many of two thousand infantrymen and of the mounted Guardia Rurales as we needed. They stipulated only that the soldiers should not appear under any other flag than that of Cuba. To meet this very proper condition, Thomas invented a flag of his own, submitted it to Colonel Consuegra, and on its receiving that officer's approval issued it to the troops. And if the Cuban troops fight under their own flag as they fought for us under the green-and-white banner of Olancho, their enemies had best keep away from Cuba. They fought so well that, at what we called the battle of Obras Publica, two were wounded, and at the battle of El Guao three more were sent to the hospital. That the list of casualties was no larger was not due to any caution on the part of the fighting men.

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They were told to charge the gates of the Public Works, which for the time being represented the gates of the President's palace. We meant they were to charge the "palace guard" who were holding the gates; to drive them back and then to open up so that the cavalry could pursue. But in an excess of realism the palace guard, before they fled, bolted the gates. We feared our picture was ruined. We did not know the discipline of the Cuban soldiers. They had been told to take those gates—so they took them. Mounting on the shoulders of their comrades, they flung themselves across the sharp iron spikes, and, while some were impaled, others with the butts of their rifles drove the gates open. At that moment the troopers, eager to get into action, charged at a gallop, and rode them down. I thought at least a dozen men had been injured, and the only moving picture I foresaw was an exceedingly moving one of Thomas and myself in the dungeons of Morro Castle. But the more our sham battles approached the real thing the more the soldiers enjoyed them, and, whether led by their own officers or by the actors in our play, they fought, marched, and drilled like veterans. They themselves were excellent actors. They quickly understood, and moved with spirit, and with never a glance at the camera. Only once were they embarrassed. That was when a firing squad that had been told off to shoot John Santoplis as President Alvarez, thought they had killed him. Alvarez was placed with his back to a cemetery wall and, by dropping the handkerchief with which they had tried to bind his eyes, gave the signal for his own execution. As the rifles cracked he crumpled up, pitched forward, and fell face downward. He supposed the camera would show the firing squad reform and march away. So he remained motionless. The firing squad did not march away, but with increasing concern waited for Alvarez to come to life. The prostrate figure did not move, minutes seemed to pass, and to every one came the terrible thought that the men had been served with ball cartridges. And then, to the delight of the firing squad, and in answer to the excited appeals of the Americans, Santoplis rose leisurely and brushed the dust from his trousers.

To Mr. Thomas and the camera man all the world's a stage, even the deck of a ship.

On another morning a soldier played with such realism that he nearly lost us a valuable actor. The soldier had been rehearsed to shoot George Stilwell, who

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played Captain Stuart. He stood within three yards of Stilwell, and Thomas warned him not to aim at the actor but at a pencil-mark which Thomas scratched on the wall. When the moment came the soldier could see in Stuart only the enemy and banged at him point-blank; and all that saved Stilwell was Thomas's flag, which was floating at his side, and which received the wadding and powder. As it was, for some time after he came to life Stilwell insisted that the top of his head was missing. Sometimes an accident gave Thomas a scene he preferred to the one he rehearsed. Sam Coit, as the American consul, had to ride a donkey into the presence of an officer commanding a United States war-ship and demand protection. Frantically working spurs and whip, Sam approached at a gallop. But just as he reached the officer, the donkey in disgust threw out his front legs and sent the American consul hurtling through space. It was a better entrance than the one prepared, and, appreciating this, Coit, while still on his knees, began to beg for a war-ship.

The Hon. Josephus Daniels believes, by methods that are legitimate, in adding, if that be possible, to the popularity of the navy. And it was owing to him and to his generous point of view, and to the fact that with the present administration Mr. Thomas is *persona grata*, that we were permitted to show in our pictures American war-ships and bluejackets. Indeed, the use we might make of them seemed so unlimited that I wanted to take a moving picture of our sailors marching into the city of Mexico. But on looking through his scenario Thomas said he could find no such incident. Instead, I had the privilege of watching Cuban soldiers and our own bluejackets marching in the same column. They were under the green-and-white flag of Olancho. When last I had seen them together they were allies, and fighting under flags of a very different color.

Should a company of actors of any foreign country come to New York and propose to use Central Park as a battle-ground, and fire volleys across Madison Square, you can imagine the permits the mayor, the police, the bureau of combustibles, the park commissioner, and the fire department would require of them. It also followed that when we invaded Santiago we were not at once given a free hand. Our purpose at first was misunderstood, and often in our ignorance we neglected to apply for permits to the proper authorities. Difficulties arose that as strangers we could not foresee, and the first week of our visit was spent in cabling and telegraphing, in visiting high officials, and in obtaining credentials. If during that same week our legation in Havana handled as many international questions as diplomatically as did Augustus Thomas at our end of the island, it should be elevated to an embassy. I admit Mr. Thomas is our leading dramatist, I grant he honors the gold medal of the Institute of Arts and Letters, but I feel that as a playwright his genius is wasted. Any man who, in a foreign country, can command the loyal services of the army of that country, of his own navy, of the department of state as represented by our legation, Consul Holladay and Vice-Consul Morgan, of the street-car lines, the electric-lighting company, the police, and the Roman Catholic Church, should be a general or an ambassador. If any one questions this conclusion, I refer him to the battle of the Plaza Aquilera. On that occasion, under the orders of Mr. Thomas, two thousand soldiers and civilians acted before his camera. The tactics and strategy of the battle itself were worked out by Thomas and the Cuban officers on many maps, and as methodically as for a real attack: street-car lines were tied up, all traffic was halted, and among those present were the highest officials of the church, army, and state and the first families of Santiago, who for days before had reserved windows and balconies; and when the battle finally came off they greeted it as they always did our out-of-door performances, with the most courteous applause.

As a matter of fact, all of our performances were out of doors. This was possible only because the action of the play was laid in Spanish America, where the indoor life of the people is largely spent in the patio, or the court around which the house is built, and which lies open to the sky and sun. Not once were we forced to "build" a scene, or use "studio"

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locations. Our interiors were just as solid and real as our palm groves and mountains, and just as beautiful. For when the good people of Santiago understood that we wished to photograph their houses and gardens because we so greatly admired them, with the most charming courtesy they invited us to photograph what we pleased. In twenty years of visits to Santiago it has been my privilege to know some of the Cuban families, and these made us known to others. From one we borrowed a background or a fountain; from another a pair of marble stairs; from the roof of another a view of the harbor. In this way our President's palace spread over half the city. Señor Batelle graciously gave us the use of his patio; Señora Schumann the ornamental entrance gates; Herman Michaelsen, the German consul, the garden; the San Carlos Club loaned us one of the most beautiful ballrooms on this continent—it is entirely of marble; and our rear entrance we stole from the Public Works. The black stallion with his saddle of silver, ridden by our star, was loaned us by Señor Prudencio Bravo, and that was the least of his many courtesies.

When we made use of a private house our host and hostess, as a rule, telephoned their friends, and as a result we rehearsed before a large and interested gallery. One gentleman, who had loaned us his garden, had built a chapel in memory of his father which, on the morning we visited his house, was consecrated with high mass. His return from that ceremony was so abrupt that one of his friends commented upon the fact. Our host shrugged his shoulders.

"Any time I can say my prayers," he explained; "but I seldom can see a man murdered in my own patio."

Under these unusual but charming conditions rehearsals took on a social aspect which was demoralizing; our paid assistants and interpreters were ousted from their jobs by the gilded youth of Santiago's four hundred, and when the young ladies of the company were called to rehearse a ride for life, they were found at afternoon tea.

After one has watched rehearsals under these conditions, the traditions and mysteries that surround those held in the theatre seem rather silly. Have you ever tried to get word to a man who is directing a rehearsal, or, when you were directing a rehearsal, have you had the members of your family, your best friend, a man who is trying to pay you money, hurled from the stage-door, or permitted to approach you only on his tiptoes?

When the lady who is sweeping out the auditorium lets fall her mop, have not you heard the star and the author and the stage-manager all shriek: "My God! how can we work in all this tumult?" I recalled the holy calm, the awful secrecy, of those rehearsals behind closed doors when I saw Thomas and the company bowing and picking their way among the first families and murmuring, "No se mueva usted," or in the street, dodging trolley-cars, automobiles, and sun-stroke, while our fifteen policemen struggled with a mob of five or six hundred people.

Amidst all this riot there was one figure that remained calm. Even the imperturbability of our director-general could not surpass his poise. He was the man behind the camera; while actors, interpreters, policemen fretted and perspired, he coldly waited. For, no matter what the others may plot, the only thing that counts is what he registers. And the last word always is his. He is all-powerful. He can "cut out" the love scene of the hero to "cut in" a messenger approaching on horseback, or follow him as he climbs the mountain, or, as he gallops at right angles to the camera, "pan" him. To "pan" is to make of the picture a panorama. Some think nothing is required of the camera man but to turn the handle. Were that so, the ideal camera man would graduate from a street-organ. He must be much more than a motive power. He should have three hands: to keep the film evenly unrolling, to swing the eye of the camera left or right, to elevate or depress it; he must possess a mind that acts faster than can any number of humans and animals, an eye to follow every object in the radius of his finder, the patience of Job, and the nerve of a chilled-steel safe. We had such a one in young Irvin Willat. He better understood the intricate insides of his mysterious box than most men understand the mechanism of a wheelbarrow; he knew which variety of sunlight called for which number of grease paint; he knew

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which colors registered white and which black; he knew that the necktie worn by the villain was not the same necktie he had registered three weeks previous, and that the leading lady, since she had last worn them in front of his camera, had dared send her gloves to the cleaner's. Undisturbed he would grind his handle from a moving train, the deck of a pitching ship, while hanging from a tree.

Horses rearing and plunging bore down upon him; men fired point-blank at him; as he stood between the rails a locomotive charged him, but he only smiled happily and continued to grind. From an airship he had photographed Morro Castle and the Caribbean Sea. He saw the world only as food for his camera. Had his brother Edgar raced in front of it, pursued by a grizzly bear, "brother Irvin," with a steady hand, would have "panned" him.

One day in a cocoanut grove, when we were standing about at lunch-time, brother Irvin turned the camera on us to get a "souvenir" picture. As he did so, a man on horseback suddenly galloped out of the trail and shouted: "You are all under arrest!"

We did not know what new permit we had failed to obtain, and there was an unhappy silence.

It was broken by the voice of Irvin raised in excitement.

"Move in closer, sheriff," he shouted; "I haven't got you!"

EXPERIENCE

By Gordon Hall Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

IT is easy enough to lose one's character, but sometimes very hard to get rid of a well-deserved reputation. So Peter Sanders discovered.

He had abdicated his throne as king of American gamblers rather than recognize the suzerainty of district attorneys. He could never have been contented to rule in a small way, or to evade by craft a show of force on the part of powers which had a standing army of police at their command. When diplomacy failed, he had elected, like other wise monarchs of recent days, to live in dignified and opulent retirement. For some years he had enjoyed the immunity from care and the absolute leisure that all ex-kings, who do not plot to regain their thrones, know to the full.

For nearly the same length of time, however, he had found both his retirement and his leisure too absolute. He had chafed at his complete idleness and his complete isolation. Plans cherished in busier days for self-improvement, when he should have time for it, somehow came to nothing; and partly because he was so much thrown back on his own society. In his enforced wanderings he could read only the books at hand, and he lacked the stimulus of intellectual companionship. With the instincts of many another scholarly gentleman, just passing middle age, for a solitude tempered with the choicest distillation of society, he found himself condemned to associate either with sharpers or with his valet. In a philistine world he seldom came upon a man sufficiently unscrupulous or fearless of evil report to treat him civilly, whose conversation was not extremely dull. He abhorred the fraternity of gamblers now that he had no business with them; and Henry was no adequate substitute for a circle of cultivated men and women.

He had made a few excursions in respectability, but tentative and furtive excursions, which had ended in some sort of disaster or other. A cynicism bred by watching his victims in other years had been intensified by observing the efforts of the righteous to avoid the moral contamination of his presence. Yet he knew by experiment that just so long as his name, and consequently his reputation, were hidden, the

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people whom he liked liked him. It had all been very discouraging.

More to pass the time than with any hope of escape from himself, he took passage one April, from New York to Plymouth. He wished to attend a book auction at Sotheby's on the 29th, but he had no plans beyond that. He was drifting; and the currents not infrequently swept him to the other hemisphere. He escaped reporters, when he boarded the *Sardonic*, by the expedient of having entered his name on the passenger list as P. Smith, Esq. Monarchs are objects of public interest even in exile, and must travel either much heralded or incognito. Mr. Sanders's quiet taste preferred the latter course. Aboard ship he avoided publicity by keeping to his very comfortable state-room on the promenade deck and well forward, or to his chair in a sheltered spot close by, where Henry could unobtrusively make him quite unrecognizable with two rugs and a woollen cap.

During the first two days at sea, however, Mr. Sanders did not need to avoid inquisitive fellow passengers by studied seclusion, for he was a bad sailor. When he ventured on deck, the third morning, he was still too miserable to care whether he was recognized or not. Revived by the sun-filled atmosphere and accustomed at length to the steady lope of the racing steamer, he began by afternoon to watch with some interest the procession of promenaders. From his covert of rugs he could review the endless chain of chattering persons which wound by as if impelled by the throbbing engines. Mr. Sanders was still bilious and a little inclined to resent the superabundant health that was evident in the free gait of the carefully veiled women and in the reddening cheeks of the men. He wondered how they had the heart to ignore so completely the rise and fall of the deck; he himself felt so unnerved and miserable that their vigor seemed to him mere bravado.

Yet he liked to watch them, after all. He felt a queer happiness in being so near to them, even though he was doing his best to evade recognition. He found, as always was the case on shipboard, an odd pleasure in making part of a company which during several days must suffer perforce the same fate as he. They were the comrades of Peter Sanders, though the majority of them would have done anything in their power to escape the possibility of such an infamy. That he knew, and he hated the thought of it. He wished to be upright; and he felt himself to be in all essentials the equal in virtue of these people of good repute who had their friends and their expectations of friends, their freedom to come and go without restriction in the circles of which they made a part. He was frankly envious, both of their animated health and of their companionships, though the cynicism of experience made him sure that most of them had guilty secrets of their own.

One young woman he observed with especial interest. For an hour or more she passed and repassed his chair at regular intervals. She did not bounce along, like so many of the women; she was quietly dressed, slender and dark; she was a welcome relief to a critical eye that disapproved of all Jews and of most representatives of other races. She seemed to be more than twenty, though the upper limit of her possible age he could not guess. Perhaps she was twenty-five.

There would be no excuse, Mr. Sanders felt, for venting his misanthropic scorn upon this girl. He could not imagine her to be the guardian of any family skeleton or the prey of any improper desires. He would like to talk with her if he were well enough to talk. He wondered who she was and where she came from. Every time she cut the lines of the railing in front of his chair he opened his pursy eyes a little, though he lay quiet all the while with the deathlike stillness of the seasick. She had for him the charm of real refinement and utter respectability. With her rapid, even step, her eager face bent seaward half the time as if she were some wild thing with kinship to the deep, she seemed to Peter Sanders the embodiment of romance and youth.

The afternoon was waning, and the chill of the north Atlantic began to penetrate his covers. He suspected that they were going to run into fog. "The damned siren will keep me awake all night," he reflected. He grunted two or three times to mark his emergence from his day-dreams. "Sanders, you're a fool!" he said to himself. "That girl wouldn't talk to you if we were shipwrecked on a desert island; and you know it." He welcomed the coming of his valet.

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"Shall I help you in, sir?" asked Henry. "The first gong has rung."

Reclining in his luxurious state-room, Mr. Sanders ate his dinner of recovery. After many hours of sleep, he woke the next morning quite rehabilitated and able to enjoy the clean sunlight of mid-ocean. He took an early breakfast in his own room, for he had no mind to expose himself to the people and the stuffiness below, or to the service of any one less skilful than Henry. He liked his breakfast, and afterward, while the deck was still comparatively deserted, he took a walk. It was about the middle of the morning when Henry brought him, with a cup of bouillon specially prepared, his opera-glasses.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sanders," said the man, "but there's a rather large steamer approaching off the starboard bow. I thought it might amuse you to look at her as she passes, sir."

"Thanks, Henry," replied Mr. Sanders, sipping the bouillon. "It will be highly exciting. Perhaps you think that I'd better try a game of shuffle-board, too, or turn a few handsprings, to avoid *ennui*."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Henry, in a tone from which even his faultless breeding was unable to keep a trace of injured feeling, "but I thought as you'd been in bed so long, sir——"

"You are quite right. As you imply, I'm a beast. As a matter of fact, I shall be glad to look at the steamer. Only you're never ill, so you can't appreciate the difficulty of being both seasick and polite. You may take the cup now."

Assisted by Henry, who forthwith disappeared, Mr. Sanders rose. Mechanically, he adjusted the glasses and, steadying himself by the rail, gazed at a small passenger-steamer which trailed a line of dirty smoke not far off to starboard. He was profoundly uninterested, but felt that courtesy to his valet demanded a show of concern. One did not have so excellent a servant with impunity.

He had just decided that it made no difference to what blanked line the steamer belonged—it looked even more disgusting than the *Sardonic*—when he was startled by a rather sharp voice, which evidently was addressing him. "I beg your pardon. Can you tell me what she is?"

He turned, and recognized with amazement the girl he had watched the previous afternoon. She stood, quite unabashed, awaiting his answer. He, on the other hand, was unable to conceal his embarrassment, and both blushed and stammered.

"I—I'm very sorry—not to be able to tell you. W—would you look? My eyes are not what they were."

She accepted the glasses readily with an interjected word of thanks. While she stood gazing at the boat, which was now directly amidships, she gave him an excellent opportunity to observe her. He liked her even better at close range and motionless than he had the day before. He didn't see how her appearance could have been altered for the better. She was trim and admirably clothed; she carried herself well; her small features were cut for beauty no less than for intelligence. He liked the upward flash of her dark eyes as she returned the glasses.

"I can't make it out either. The funnels are red and black, but she's not a Cunarder."

"Perhaps I could find one of the officers," suggested Mr. Sanders tentatively. He had recovered his self-possession and with it his ordinary courteous suavity of manner.

"It doesn't matter, really—it was the idlest impulse that made me ask you. Please don't bother. I had no right to trouble you with my question, and it isn't precisely good manners to be talking with you, of course."

"It is a great pleasure to me, I assure you," said Mr. Sanders, with reassuring gravity. "I was feeling rather lonely."

"Then you have no friends aboard?" The young lady made her speech half comment and half question. "That must be rather stupid. I'm not overwhelmed with acquaintances myself. I know two old ladies and the elderly banker who sits next me at table, but I'm with my aunt."

"You are more fortunate than I," he answered. "I suppose you're never lonely."

She laughed. "Ought I to be? You see how easily I scrape acquaintance when I wish. But, ordinarily, I assure you, I'm much more conventional than this."

"I am the more honored by the exception," said Mr. Sanders with a bow. "But isn't it perhaps dangerous to make exceptions, particularly on an Atlantic liner?

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You see, I'm an old fellow and don't precisely know the limits of convention nowadays."

"I deserve the reproof," she answered, smiling at him frankly, "but I think you're paying me an undeserved compliment in supposing that I need to be chaperoned every minute. One doesn't go through college quite for nothing; one gains, at least, the confident belief of the world in one's ability to look out for oneself."

"But you're not—" Mr. Sanders did not conceal his genuine surprise. "I've never had the pleasure before of talking with so learned a lady, at least not to my certain knowledge. I'm not even a college graduate myself, but that was a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"In the arrangements of nature. I ought to have gone to college. I should have had a more interesting life."

"But you must have done interesting things. That's a *perfectly* conventional thing to say"—she spoke protestingly—"only I mean it."

"Oh, business is, I suppose, always business," answered Mr. Sanders, with a curious shrug of his fat shoulders.

"But big deals and that sort of thing? You've surely made them, or—or you wouldn't be travelling with a man servant. I saw him leave you just now." She ended with a laugh and, crossing her arms on the railing, looked up at him little-girl-fashion.

"Yes," he admitted doubtfully, "I've been in some deals; I've managed some pretty big ones. But they don't interest me. I'd rather have your knowledge than my experience."

"How absurd!" she exclaimed. "Have you still to discover that experience, not knowledge, is what one goes to college for nowadays?"

He gasped a little. "Not to get learning? Boys and girls both? What kind of experience?"

"Oh, of life!" She made merry over his evident bewilderment. "They don't know anything about life, and most of their professors don't either, so they all learn from one another. It's extraordinarily simple. Don't you see?"

"I see," said Mr. Sanders, "that you are making fun of me, which is very wrong of you. Please remember that I'm an old man who hasn't been to college and so hasn't any experience of life. And don't forget that I've never talked with a lady who had a college education before I met you."

"But you haven't met me!" she responded, a little uneasily. "I don't know why I should go on talking with you like this—except that I like it. Seriously, you must have had a great deal of experience with people."

"With some kinds. But mostly with men." He had somehow the feeling that he was being pushed by her innocence, that he was on the verge of damaging revelations. What would the aunt say if she knew that her niece had fallen into conversation with the notorious Peter Sanders? Despite his rebellion against the code that made him an outcast, he couldn't help feeling responsible for the reputation of this young creature who was so carelessly talking with him. He wondered, with bitter irony, why the officers didn't post a warning against gamblers in the ladies' cabin as well as in the smoking-room. He caught only the end of the girl's next remark.

"—so much better worth while. Men who can talk at all always have something to say."

"I'm afraid you flatter us," he answered. "At least, most men can't talk at all, and most women can talk always. Do you happen to remember Juvenal's wicked description?

> "'Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis
> Turba tacet . . . verborum tanta cadit vis.'"

"I'm afraid that I don't," said the girl, opening her eyes very wide. "I don't even know what it means, but perhaps that's an advantage."

"It means," returned Mr. Sanders, with a grave face, "that whatever woman says is right to the mind of any gentleman. That is why it is wicked."

"I don't believe I do understand," she said, looking very much puzzled. "Like all my kind, I suppose I still have the superstition of academic training. We are surprised when we hear a gentleman quote Latin, particularly if he says that he never took a college degree."

"On your own showing? You see, I didn't go to college, so I may be permitted to know something—a very little—about books. I've had time."

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"But you said you were in business."

"I was, but I'm very idle now. I cumber the ground and sometimes read. By the way, you can't have been through college long." He felt that he was very bold, but he had the excuse of her questions to him.

"Oh, almost a year," she answered. "I got my degree last June."

"Not so long as I've been through with business. I've had more time than you to grow wise, only I don't know how very well. There ought to be a new kind of college for old men with nothing to do but improve their minds."

"What an amusing idea!" commented the young lady. "What would they teach?"

"Lessons in the conduct and associations of life, I suppose. I've just thought of the plan. Nobody admitted under fifty-five. From what you tell me, I judge that a course in human experience would be the best incentive to the study of books. The lecturers would be recent graduates of colleges, particularly of women's colleges, which would be very pleasant indeed for the old gentlemen who attended. Don't you think it a good idea?"

"I think you're making fun of *me* now," answered the young lady, "but I'm not sure but what I like it. One doesn't often have such a conversation as this." She bent forward and looked over the rail at the bubbling water as she made the avowal, turning her head quite away from her companion.

He laughed. "One would suppose you had led a very arid and unadventurous life," he said, "whereas I'm sure you can't have got beyond chaperons without needing them."

"Life is very dull," she countered with the easy cynicism of the very young, but she blushed vividly.

"I usually find it so, but not this morning," said Mr. Sanders. "You are very exciting—to a recluse anyway."

"A recluse?" She was clever about leading the conversation away from herself.

"Every person in retirement is a recluse. A hermit doesn't need to have any of the virtues, you know, except the ability to hold his tongue. I'm not a very good hermit, I admit, but ordinarily I talk to no one except Henry—my man, I mean."

"And you find me more exciting than Henry? Is that a compliment too?" She laughed in turn, having recovered her self-possession.

"That's the kind of compliment that recluses pay, yes. They're not clever people, or they wouldn't be hermits." He beamed, for he felt that he was acquitting himself very well.

She beamed also. "I stick to it that you're extraordinarily interesting to talk with. I'm going to do it some more if you'll let me. I must go back to my aunt now, or she'll think I've fallen overboard. I'm going to be unconventional again—I warn you, you see. My name is Paula Smith." She held out her hand. "What is yours?"

It was one of the few occasions in his life when Peter Sanders lost his wits. Miss Smith's appalling frankness broke down his guard. Unhesitatingly, unthinkingly, quite as though he had no scandalous past, he took her hand and answered: "I'm very glad to have met you now." And he added the fatal name, Sanders.

He was panic-stricken at once. Where would she run to cover? Would she go trembling to her aunt or to the captain? She would certainly turn in flight from the horror of the revelation. So self-conscious was he about his reputation that he could not immediately grasp the meaning of her reaction. He had not believed such innocence possible. She tightened her grasp of his hand momentarily and said, as she withdrew it: "It has been such a nice morning, Mr. Sanders! I'll see you again soon. Good-by."

With a gay nod, she disappeared into a doorway down the deck, leaving Mr. Sanders much shaken and utterly at a loss to explain the encounter.

"What in h—heaven's name does it mean?" he murmured.

He was surprised, on entering his stateroom, to find Henry making ready to receive the luncheon-tray. He could scarcely believe that the morning had so far gone, but he had enjoyed himself. The pity was that the experience couldn't be repeated. Now that he had revealed his name, she would soon find out (and the whole shipload, as well) who he was. The wonder was that she had not taken in the full enormity of the situation at once. He should see her again only at a distance. It was a pity, though he realized that he had no reason to expect anything else.

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He was quite as much mystified by the young lady's conduct, moreover, as he was disgusted by his own awkwardness. He was not so witless as not to see that her first question about the steamer had been merely an excuse for addressing him, but he was very far from fathoming why she wished the excuse. Though his experience of women was the slightest, he was not so fatuous as to suppose himself in any way attractive to the boldest young person. He was almost an old man, he recognized, and he was approaching both obesity and baldness. Besides, he could not fail to see that his young lady was, in every particular, a "nice" girl. Irreproachable as his own conduct toward the other sex had been throughout a sensational career, he had known for thirty-five years the ear-marks of feminine impropriety. He was an elderly Galahad who could not be deceived by the most perfect counterfeit of virtue. He would take a thousand to one on this girl's being what she seemed; and she seemed to him a charming young lady, as interesting as she was pretty. In only one particular could he wish her different: her voice was unmodulated and, to his critical ear, rather shrill. That was part of her Americanism, he supposed. He had heard the kind of voice he liked in woman—he quoted Lear's phrase to himself—even though he had seldom talked with any one who used it. Otherwise she was perfect, a joy to all the senses and to the most delicate standards of taste.

What puzzled Peter Sanders was the difficulty, when you considered her admirable qualities, of finding any reasonable explanation for his conversation with her. Obviously, she hadn't known who he was, else she would never have addressed him; just as clearly, she was not the kind to address a stranger without excuse. She had not been interested in the steamer, and she couldn't have felt any interest in him. Between the two horns of this dilemma he was tossed uneasily all day long. He pondered the chances and spent himself in trying to work out a solution, just as many of his victims had in other days vainly attempted to find a "system" that should impoverish him. The odds were all against him now; he realized that he did not understand the workings of the game. At last he gave up the problem altogether, concluding that an inscrutable Providence had given him an opportunity for which he should be thankful. He had talked on equal terms for once with a kind of human being such as before he had never known.

He did not see Miss Smith again that day, even at a distance. If she walked, she walked on the other side of the ship. When Henry, after dinner, asked his master if he would go out again to see the moonlight on the water, he was astounded at the reply, which accompanied a whimsically melancholy shake of the head.

"No, Henry, it's no use, I fear. It has been the dark of the moon for me since midday."

"I beg pardon, sir?" said Henry.

"The disappearance of Diana," explained Mr. Sanders. "But you won't understand, I fear, since you've never taken the trouble to get up your mythological astronomy."

"Very good, sir," Henry answered with equal gravity, for there were things that he never tried to understand. "Then I think perhaps you'd better be got to bed, sir."

The following morning Mr. Sanders sat reading, yet not greatly absorbed, when he saw his Diana wandering aimlessly along the deck. To his astonishment she nodded to him in the friendliest fashion as she approached. Some feeble aftermath of youthful pride made him dislike to get out of his chair in her immediate presence. He struggled wildly to release himself from his covers. It was not easy for a person so rotund as he to rise gracefully from a steamer chair. With all his efforts he was in the act of it, a struggling mass of rugs and flesh, when she came opposite. She could not fail to notice the spectacle; but she showed her good breeding by ignoring it, and greeted him demurely.

"Do you feel like taking a turn, Mr. Sanders?" she inquired. "If you do, won't you join me?"

"If I may?" he answered, and took his place at her side, greatly wondering at his good luck and a little doubting the propriety of his conduct. It was awkward. He certainly didn't wish to make the girl conspicuous by exhibiting himself in company with her; but he couldn't in decency decline her invitation.

"My aunt is in her state-room with a headache this morning," she volunteered.

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

He let his heavy eyes close till they were the merest slits, and made an answer that he recognized as inane.—Page 300.

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"I have been told that the kindest thing I can do is to stay away till lunch-time, so I'm particularly grateful to have some one talk to me."

"And I am particularly grateful to be humbly serviceable to you," he returned with heavy-handed gallantry.

"By the way," remarked Miss Smith, "I looked for your name in the list of passengers, and it seems not to be there. Have you noticed?"

"I confess I haven't seen the list," answered Mr. Sanders with an effort. "I'm a bad sailor, you see, and have my meals brought up here. They've probably made some mistake about my name. It's not uncommon." He was taking care not to repeat his blunder of the previous day.

"Perhaps they've set you down under my name," said the girl lightly. "There's a Mr. P. Smith aboard, who was assigned a seat at the table with us, but he hasn't come to the dining-room at all."

"Perhaps they have," he replied, glad to be furnished with so reasonable an explanation. "That would be odd, wouldn't it? I must look into the matter."

Both of them laughed, and the conversation drifted off through a discussion about errors in names and cases of secondary personality to a variety of other topics of equal interest. Mr. Sanders forgot both his fears and his scruples, and kept in mind only his desire to make the girl so far reveal her tastes and experiences that he might discover her reason for making friends with him. He had no difficulty in persuading her to tell what she knew of books and pictures: she gave her opinions frankly, expressing her preferences and dislikes without any trace of self-consciousness. Her reticence began only when the talk fell on themes that might betray her family connections and personal life. She did not even reveal the name of her college, though references to it were frequent. Mr. Sanders was too fearful about overstepping the boundaries of decorum to question her; he had the instincts of a gentleman without the habit of talking with well-bred women. He learned that she preferred Rossetti to Byron, but he did not find out whether she had been reared in town or country. He had the impression every time the conversation veered to himself, just as he had got it on the previous day, that he was being prodded a little to reveal his own experiences as well as his attitude to things in general. Though by no word or play of feature did she indicate that she had any suspicion of his identity with the Peter Sanders of shameful eminence, she seemed to think that he must have a fund of interesting stories at command.

He would have been glad to satisfy his companion's whim, except that he could think of few experiences that seemed proper to relate. If he told her how he succeeded in ousting Dick Harris from the control of plutocratic gambling, she would be shocked and go away, though the struggle had been exciting; if he sketched the most approved methods of fleecing young gentlemen of fortune, she would think him "horrid." His life and his craft seemed singularly ill fitted to be subjects of conversation with a delicately nurtured young lady. Besides, they didn't interest him in the very least. He preferred to appear an elderly nonentity rather than a celebrated rascal She was too inexperienced, he felt sure, to make allowances.

It all came to a head, at length, as they halted in a sheltered, sunny corner behind the bridge and sat down on the edge of some kind of glazed arrangement for light and ventilation.

"I wish," she said hesitatingly, "you would tell me—you said yesterday that you'd put through some big deals—which one of them interested you most. My world is singularly lacking in chances for adventure, and I have to get romance at second hand."

Though she put it in such a tentative fashion, a horrible suspicion shot through Mr. Sanders's mind, that she might have guessed his guilty secret. It was, of course, absurd. She wouldn't have come back if she had divined. She was probing the sore quite innocently, and in the ruthless way that innocents have. He did not know how to reply without being impolite, and he needed all his experience of many years to keep from showing what he felt. He let his heavy eyes close till they were the merest slits, and made an answer that he recognized as inane.

"Romance, I suppose, is always what somebody else has. Certainly, I'm as prosaic a person as ever was. Fat men like me don't have adventures."

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"Fortune doesn't take account of the figure, does it?" she responded, smiling. "You admit that you've made a fortune, yet you are shy of instructing my ignorance about the strange ways of it. Nothing seems to me more romantic than making one's fortune."

"It's grubby while you're doing it," he replied. "All businesses are pretty much alike. You've got something, or you can make something, that other people want; and you sell as much as possible of it every day. That's the whole game."

"Not when you make deals, I should suppose—big deals," the girl suggested. "That must be much more thrilling."

"Not a bit less grubby anyhow." He was evasive, and he chose his words carefully. "Chance plays a big part and—well—being willing to take advantage of the other fellow's disadvantages."

"It must be great fun, though," she said reflectively, clasping her knees with her hands, "to stake everything on a single moment, to plunge in and hope to get out somehow."

Mr. Sanders shrugged his shoulders. "Only a fool does that, and he loses almost every time. He always loses in the end. The man wins who has calculated the chances most accurately and who squeezes hardest."

"You make it sound like a combination of mathematics and football," she remarked laughingly.

"That's not such a bad description. I had a good string of—houses before I retired, but I never stood to lose more than I could afford. And whenever a man got in my way I kicked him out. Does that sound brutal?"

"A little, perhaps, but I suppose it was necessary?" She seemed absorbed by his words, a picture of uncritical innocence.

"My business was like everybody's," he went on. "I had to do it or go under. Finally I had to quit—but that's another story. It hasn't been a romantic career, you see."

"That depends altogether on the circumstances, I should say: how you took chances and why you quit."

"Oh, I was forced out. The public didn't want what I had to give—or pretended not to. At any rate, they got rid of me." He ended with the air of having completely unbosomed himself, and he felt satisfied with his performance.

"Somebody kicked you out, do you mean? You got in somebody's way?" The young lady demanded an even more explicit statement. "Or did the business decline? I'm afraid you'll think me shockingly inquisitive, Mr. Sanders; but I'm really interested to learn how things go in a world from which I'm barred out. I like the element of chance—the gambling, I suppose it is. There are disadvantages about being a woman."

Mr. Sanders laughed easily. "In my opinion," he said, "you don't lose anything. You're not barred in, at any rate, as I've been for a good many years. As to the circumstances of my retirement, all I've said is true. The business did decline, at least my business did; and I was forced out. I don't mean that other concerns don't keep on. That's why I'm bitter about it, though I long ago ceased to feel any interest in the business. A man doesn't like to have his game blocked, that's all."

"Of course not," said the girl. "One understands that. But you make the whole thing sound dreadfully prosaic, somehow. Don't you think you're a little unkind to prick the bubble that I've blown? If no good business man really plays a gambling game, what am I going to do for romance?" With a comical tilt of her little head, she looked up at her companion and sighed.

She made him feel that he had been awkward and unkind. Though she spoke of it lightly, he was persuaded that she suffered from the shattering of her dream. He knew little about children, but this young creature seemed to him a child, really, in spite of her college degree; and, according to his code, the man was a brute who darkened the sky for a child, even momentarily.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, Miss Smith," he said with sincerity. "You've come to the wrong shop for romance, I'm afraid, but you may be sure that it exists and that it will find you sometime. You deserve it, and I never have."

"Oh, I don't mean that!" she exclaimed with a sudden catch of the breath. "Not that at all! I want the romance that men are supposed to find in life, even if I can get it only at second hand." She laughed a little uneasily.

"As to that," he answered gravely, "I

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"Good Lord!" he muttered to himself. "What a mess the world is!"—Page 306

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can't give you much information, you see."

For some seconds she did not speak, but looked at him questioningly. "I wonder!" she said at last. "I should think that there would be romance—real adventure—in professional gambling, even if not in what they call legitimate business. I should like to meet a real gambler and have him tell me about it."

Mr. Sanders pulled himself together with an effort. It seemed to him that his perturbation must be visible. Outwardly he remained calm, and managed to arrange a dry smile, as he shook his head. "You wouldn't like it when it came to the case in hand," he remarked. "You'd find the gambler vulgar and his adventures sordid."

"That's what people always say," she returned. "Personally, I don't see why a professional gambler shouldn't be a gentleman, for certainly many gentlemen are gamblers. And why is the excitement of the game more sordid than anything else? Your 'deals,' for instance?"

"Oh, I said *they* were grubby." Mr. Sanders felt himself caught. Ironic as the situation might be, it had clearly become his duty to point out to the young lady the danger and wickedness of gambling, and it was impossible to indicate himself as a horrible example, though that would have been his most effective line of argument. He had never lacked courage, as even his enemies admitted. Forced into the odd rôle, he accepted the duties of it without flinching. His chief difficulty was in finding something to say.

"You don't understand," he began, "or I don't believe you do, the difference between fighting in the open and fighting behind trees. I suppose the reason why the old buccaneers are romantic figures is just because they sailed up and scuttled ships by main strength. I must say I think modern war would be more attractive if the soldiers ever saw the other army. The trouble with a lot of business, and even more with gambling, is just this: it isn't aboveboard. A man can't get much feeling of adventure about laying a trap for another fellow to fall into. At least, my own experience is that the game gets tiresome, though it's better than idleness. Besides, I give you my word of honor that I've never met more than two or three professional gamblers who were at all interesting. I don't explain very well, but I've had a good deal of experience."

"With gamblers?" questioned the girl in evident amusement. "How interesting!"

"Oh, any man meets a lot of queer people," Mr. Sanders replied. The situation was getting too much for him. He rose, feeling that in retreat lay his only safety. "In reality, they weren't interesting at all," he said. "If you wish my advice—which I'm going to give anyhow—I may say that you'd better avoid them. Not that they are likely to cross your path!"

She rose in turn. "I suppose not," she remarked laughingly, "but I wish one or two really good specimens might. Your picture of them doesn't frighten me. I think—" she stopped and stood with her hands clasped behind her like a little girl—"I think they might be as nice as you are. I'm coming back to talk with you again. Good-by for now."

She floated off down the deck, leaving Mr. Sanders to make his way thoughtfully to his state-room. He shook his head a little as he went. It was a pity, he reflected, that so charming a young lady should be so deceived about life. Her college ought, at least, to have enabled her to distinguish between the tinsel of adventure and the real thing. Mad about meeting a gambler! Perhaps the sooner she discovered with whom she had been talking, the better it would be for her. That would disabuse her of her foolish notions: she would understand then how little romance had to do with gambling, or gambling with romance. He chuckled at the notion that anybody could conceive of him as a figure of adventure. But he grew grave again. His business had been as good as anybody's, no doubt, but it *had* been sordid. As for the girl, it was to be hoped that some young man would fall in love with her soon, and woo her well. He almost wished that he were twenty years younger and a reputable citizen.

"Henry," he said, as he reclined on his sofa and took up a volume of Ferrero, "I have had a very exhausting conversation, and I need a drink. Scotch, please. Women are hard to understand."

"Yes, sir," answered the man imperturbably. "In a tall glass, I suppose, Mr. Sanders. I never did understand my wife, sir."

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Mr. Sanders smiled and began to read, though he found that the face of Miss Smith sometimes obscured the lineaments of Julius Cæsar.

The afternoon and evening passed uneventfully. Mr. Sanders kept to his stateroom, partly because he wished to avoid the temptation of again meeting Miss Smith and partly because he was afraid that she might seek him out. Conscience and policy alike dictated the severest seclusion. He could not properly expose her to further danger from his society; and he was unwilling to run the risk of being exposed to her scorn, when she learned that he was a Mr. Sanders whom she must abhor, the Peter Sanders of diabolic fame. Luckily, the voyage was nearing its end. He was to land the following afternoon. The incident was closed.

But Fortune, the goddess whom Peter Sanders had worshipped so long, spun her wheel once more. Faithless in all else, she did not neglect to take vengeance on her recreant votary. While the *Sardonic* was steaming up the Channel under clear skies and in a fresh land breeze, he left Henry to finish packing and stepped out on deck. It was two o'clock. The bustle of landing already pervaded the ship. In a couple of hours the *Sardonic* would discharge those of her passengers who were landing at Plymouth. As he caught the smell of earth again and refreshed his eyes with the green and white of the sunlit coast, Mr. Sanders suddenly remembered that one obligation of the trip was not yet discharged; he certainly had not given Henry money to pay a very modest bill for the week's supply of wine and whiskey. He stepped back into his state-room to consult the valet.

"I'm exceedingly sorry, Mr. Sanders," said Henry, "but I supposed, sir, that a steward had brought the bill in my absence. I will go at once and rectify the matter."

"Never mind," answered Mr. Sanders, who saw that the man was unwarrantably disturbed by his lapse from perfection of service. "You're busy packing. I'll get a smoking-room steward to look out for it. That's the easiest way."

With a trace of self-consciousness, he entered the smoking-room. He did not fail to notice that interested glances were cast in his direction by men whose appearance made clear their knowledge of Peter Sanders and all his ways. He feared a little that some old acquaintance might accost him. Quite brazenly, however, he made his inquiry. To his astonishment, the steward returned in a few minutes with the information that the purser had no bill against Mr. Smith.

"But he has!" exclaimed Peter Sanders, whose honesty had always been meticulous, even if warped. "I'll go down and see him myself."

"Very good, sir," said the steward, pocketing a coin. "Thank you, sir. I'll show you his office."

So Mr. Sanders descended into depths that he had hitherto avoided, and confronted the twinkling blue eyes of a rubicund officer in a mahogany frame.

"You must be mistaken, I think, Mr. Smith," the purser said. "Your bill has been paid."

"But I tell you it hasn't," answered Mr. Sanders, who forgot gentle manners in the face of such invincible stupidity as this. "I haven't paid it, and my man hasn't; and I want to pay it now."

"I'm sorry to dispute you," returned the purser rather brusquely, "but you owe nothing. The bill was paid this morning. It's entered here: 'P. Smith, State-room 47.'"

"I must say your book-keeping seems to me rather shocking!" remarked Mr. Sanders, now thoroughly annoyed. "I've never in my life had so much trouble about paying a bill. My room is 17, not 47."

"Huh!" grunted the purser, looking interested and consulting another document. "This *is* odd. I see! Two ladies have 47, and one of them is Miss P. Smith. I'm very sorry indeed, sir; the bill must have been presented to her."

"What?" roared Mr. Sanders. "And she paid it? How much is it? I know the young lady. What a dreadful imposition!"

"It is very regrettable," said the officer, who looked seriously concerned. "The bill amounts to $4.17. I will apologize to Miss Smith personally and at once. Perhaps—eh—would you mind helping me explain, since the lady is a friend of yours? It's deucedly awkward, you know."

He appeared so much disturbed that Mr. Sanders had no choice but to lend his aid. Since he had been so foolish as to acknowledge himself a friend of Miss Smith's, he

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could not well explain that it would be inconvenient. He paid the bill, and unwillingly accompanied the officer. On the upper deck a stewardess was despatched, with the purser's apologies, to request the ladies in State-room 47 to grant him a moment's interview.

They emerged at once: Miss Smith and an older woman, who might have been her mother except that so obviously she had never married. They looked a little worried, and Miss Smith both blushed and started when she saw Mr. Sanders.

"I'm exceedingly sorry, Miss Smith," began the purser—"I never knew such a thing to happen before—but we have been so stupid as to have rendered you a bill that should have gone to this gentleman. In your haste you seem to have paid it without protest. I have the sum here—$4.17. Mr. Smith, as a friend of yours, has been good enough to come with me to help explain."

"Thank you," said Miss Smith weakly.

"Paula," put in the older woman with some heat, "what does it mean? Why didn't you tell me, instead of paying? What was it for?"

"For liquors," said Mr. Sanders firmly. "It was merely a mistake, madam, which I regret quite as much as any one."

"Yes—indeed, yes," protested the officer, placing the money in Miss Smith's hand, which closed over it mechanically. "I hope you will pardon me—it was a quite shocking blunder—and pardon me if I go back to my office now? Mr. Smith will tell you the circumstances, I'm sure. I am very busy."

He took the license of the occupied and hastily disappeared, leaving Mr. Sanders to cope with the disagreeable situation alone. It was grossly unfair to him, but he was helpless.

"Paula," continued the older lady inexorably, "I wish you would explain what this means? I wish you would say something."

"There isn't anything to say," the girl replied miserably. She was a picture of dejection.

"Then I wish you would introduce this gentleman," said her aunt, "since he seems to be an acquaintance of yours. Perhaps he will tell me what it all means."

Mr. Sanders felt that by all the laws of courtesy he must save Miss Smith from her embarrassment, but he felt very nervous.

"The mistake was due to the similarity of our names—a quite natural mistake, you see—" Under the aunt's diasppproving gaze he spoke with increasing confusion. "I mean, it was quite natural. You see, I'm Mr. Sanders, Mr. Peter Sanders."

In a flash he realized with utter horror the thing he had done. He did not need the frozen look in the older lady's eye, the perceptible recoil of her body, to show him how he had blundered.

"What!" she exclaimed. "How dared you? Paula, you will explain this instantly, or I shall cable your father from Plymouth."

In the stress of the moment Mr. Sanders found his wits again. His very disgust calmed him. He, whose nerves had stood the shock of a thousand turns of fate, had gone to pieces first before a maiden, and then before a maiden aunt! "I am the only one to blame," he remarked smoothly. "I am a lonely old man and foolishly permitted your niece to talk with me on two occasions. I think she has taken no harm from it, but I apologize to you most abjectly. I had assumed the name of P. Smith for the voyage; and they seem to have confused us in the purser's office. You need feel no further alarm."

"But Peter Sanders!" exclaimed the lady, whose distress made her forget all courtesy. "Oh, Paula, how could you? What would your father and mother say?"

"I'm altogether to blame," repeated Mr. Sanders. "Miss Smith had no notion, of course, that she was talking with a person of —of my repute. Inadvertently I told her my true name. She did not even know that I was using the name Smith."

"But I did! I did!" cried the girl. "I knew all the time—I knew everything! I recognized you from your pictures as soon as I saw you on deck, and—and I asked the steward when Mr. P. Smith didn't come to table. I wanted to see what you were like." She was on the verge of tears, but she turned bravely to her aunt. "It's I who ought to ask Mr. Sanders's pardon, and I do—most abjectly."

"I see," said Mr. Sanders gravely. He was too greatly astonished to say more.

"Oh, Paula!" ejaculated the older lady, utterly overcome.

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"I thought it would be a lark," went on Miss Smith. "I fancied you'd be a sort of civilized pirate. I didn't see how it could do any harm. In one way, you've been a great disappointment to me."

"What do you mean?" queried Mr. Sanders, in whom amazement and confusion began to give way to amusement. He had been played by this little girl—he who had measured himself successfully against the sharpest wits in America—as if he were a lad fresh from the country. He enjoyed the novelty of the situation.

"I expected you to seem romantically wicked, I suppose," Miss Smith confessed shamefacedly.

"Oh, Paula!" exclaimed the aunt again. "But whatever possessed you to pay Mr. Sanders's bill? It is too dreadful!"

"Yes," answered her niece. "It is. I knew Mr. Sanders didn't know what I was up to; and when the bill came to me, I thought he would be still more mystified if I paid it. I didn't suppose he would find out. There never was such a little fool as I am!"

The aunt nodded. "That is quite true, quite true, my dear," she said.

Mr. Sanders smiled and turned to the older lady. "I can't quite agree with either of you, I'm afraid. Your niece's folly can't match mine, for I have cut myself off from everything I like best. But I hope you will at least allow me to shake her hand in parting. I shall have one pleasant recollection the more."

The girl looked up bravely and took his hand. "Please forgive me," she said. "It has been a great experience for me anyhow."

"Good-by," said Mr. Sanders. "Don't forget that all the newspapers have said about me is true. The devil is just as black as he is painted. You must never play with fire again—I warned you it was dangerous!"

"I won't," said Miss Smith. "Good-by."

"I wish to shake hands, too," put in the aunt. "You're not what I should have expected. Good-by, Mr. Sanders."

With a low bow Peter Sanders turned away. "Good Lord!" he muttered to himself. "What a mess the world is!"

IN THE HIGH HILLS

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

God has lent the wind to you,
Swept the great sweet mind of you
Keen and clean and splendid as the morn on peaks agleam.
Peace of sunny hidden hollows
Down whose slope the long light follows,
And the hush is musical with dripping mountain stream.

God has lent his coolness too;
Wet green woods and bramble-dew;
Scent of quivering aspen leaves still joyous from rain;
Ah, if one were burned with sorrow,
Sleep would come until to-morrow
From a dream of cool fine hands to bless with peace the pain.

Morn among the high white hills,
Evening where the forest thrills,
Magical with moonlight, the scented ambient hush:
Things like these are part of you,
Soul and mind and heart of you;
Winds and storms and sunny days and sparkling, dawn-wet brush.

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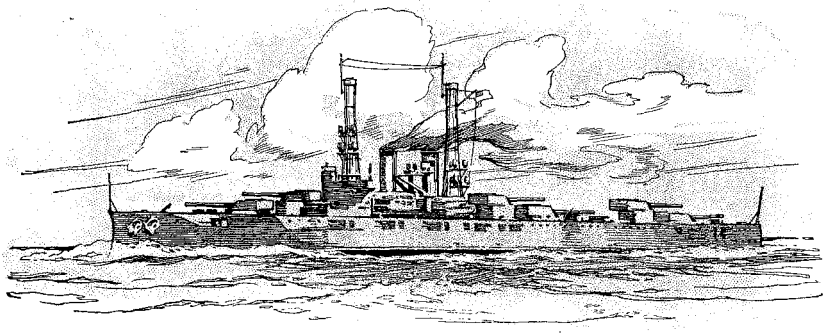


WITH THE NAVY

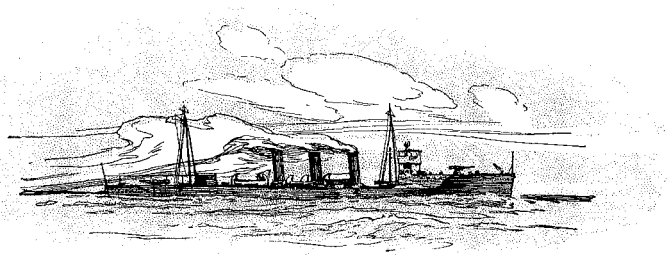
THREE PAINTINGS
BY
HENRY REUTERDAHL

DESTROYERS IN A SEAWAY

BATTLE PRACTICE, DIVISION FIRING

THE AMERICAN FLEET IN
THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN DURING
ITS WORLD-CRUISE, 1907

MR. REUTERDAHL, AMONG OTHER VOYAGES WITH THE NAVY, MADE THE CRUISE FROM HAMPTON ROADS THROUGH THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN TO SAN FRANCISCO AND LATER TO THE MEDITERRANEAN



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Destroyers in a seaway.
From a sketch made at sea by Henry Reitterdahl.

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Battle practice, division firing.
From a sketch made on the target-range by Henry Reuterdahl.

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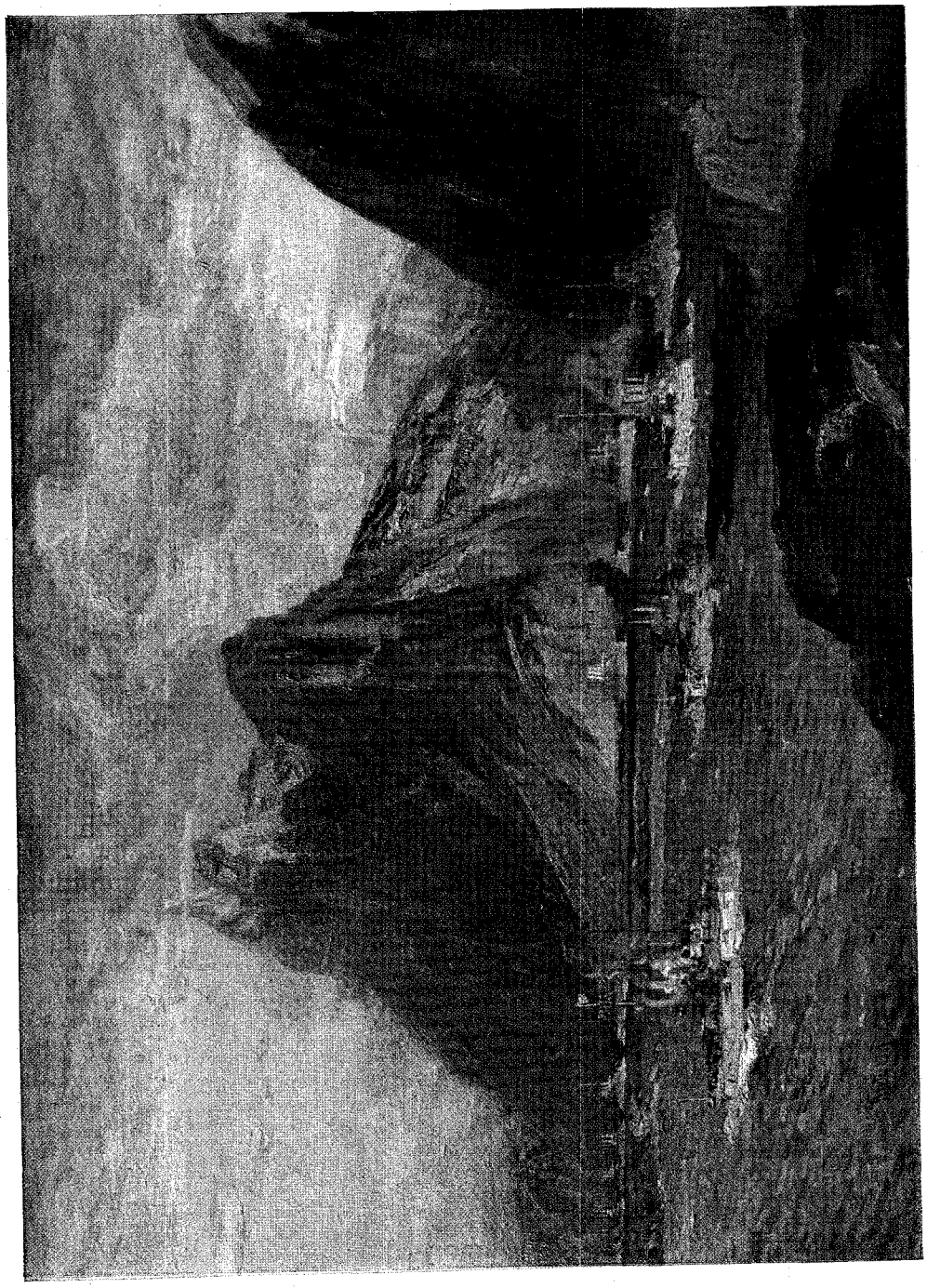

The American fleet in the Strait of Magellan during its world-cruise, 1907.
From a painting by Henry Reuterdahl, in the Naval War College.

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TOUGOURT

BY G. E. WOODBERRY

I

IT was a cold dawn in late April at Biskra. The carriage, long and heavy, with three horses abreast, stood at the door. Ali, a sturdy Arab, young but with no look of youth, wound in a gorgeous red sash, sat on the box; and, as I settled in my place, Hamet, the guide, followed me gravely and sat down beside me, and at a word from him we were briskly off on the long, uneventful drive to Tougourt, over the desert route of about a hundred and thirty miles southward, to be covered in two days' travel. We were soon beside the sleepy silence of the oasis, and passed the old yellow slope that was once a fortress to guard it on the edge of the sands; we dipped along by little fields of fresh green barley and rose on the steppe of the *bois*, a tangle of low undergrowth, scarcely waist-high, of twisted and almost leafless shrub that clothes the desert there with its characteristic dry, rough, tortured, and stunted, but hardy, vegetation. A few Arabs were to be seen in places cutting it for fire-wood. Camels, too, far away in almost any direction, loomed up, solitary and ungainly as harbor-buoys on a windless morning tide. On all sides lay the sharp black outlines of oasis-clumps of palm-trees, distinct, single, solid, each a distant island, with miles to cross before one should land on its unknown shore; and behind us the range of the Aurès seemed to block out the world with the wild beauty of its precipices, which made one cliff of all the north as if to shut out Europe. It was like a wall of the world. All about us was the desert; everything seemed cold and gray and distant, lifeless, in the pallor of the morning; but with every mile the whole world brightened and warmed. Desert air intoxicates me; every breath of it is wine, not so much to my blood or my nerves, but to my whole being of man; and long before we reached Bordj Saada, the first halt, I was keyed to the day. It was a glorious day, cloudless and blue, and drenched with sunshine and radiance and warmth pouring on vast spaces; and the Bordj, a disused military post, a sort of large stockade for refuge and defence, standing solitary on its high ridge, was an old friend and a place of memory for me; there once I had turned back, and now I was going on. There was excitement in the moment, in the look ahead; and so it was only as we swept round the curve down into the valley of oued Djedi, and crossed its dry channel, that I felt myself embarked, as it were, on my first true desert voyage. I had coasted the Sahara for a thousand miles here and there, like a boy in a boat; but now I should be at last out of sight of land.

We were quite happy voyagers, the three of us. Ali, on the box, sang from time to time some cadenced stave, careless as a bird, in a world of his own; indeed the drive was an adventure to him, for, as I afterward found, it was his first going to Tougourt; and had not Hamet, almost as soon as we started, lifting one intent, burning glance straight in my eyes—it was the first time I had really seen him, as a person—told me that I had brought him good luck, for that night his wife had borne him a boy? He was content. A fine figure, too, was Hamet; he answered, as no other guide but one I ever had, to the imagination; he filled my dream of what ought to be. A mature man, rather thick-set, with a skin so bronzed that in the shadow it was black, with the head of a desert sheik, noble, powerful; when he moved he seemed still in repose, so sculptural were all the lines of his figure, such dignity was in every chance attitude; he seemed more like some distinguished aid to attend me than a guide. His white burnoose fell in large folds, and as he threw it partly over me in the first cool hours, he

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disclosed some light white underdress over whose bosom hung low a great gold chain, with beads under; a revolver swung in a leather case, rather tightly drawn below his right breast with a strap over the shoulder; white stockings and slippers completed his garb. We talked of trifles, and the conversation was charming, not too fluent—talk of the road; but what I remember is my pleasure in finding again what often seems to me that lost grace of a fine natural demeanor in men. It is of less consequence to me what a man says than is his manner of saying it, and speech is not of the lips only but of the whole man; and, in my experience, it is the unlearned who are also unspoiled, that, all in all, say things best. And ever as we talked or were silent the horses went on; the brilliant bare line of the Aurès sank slowly down; and round us was the waste of rock with its fitful tangle of tamarack and drin, the sea of sand with its ridged breadths, the near or distant horizon-lines as the track rose and fell; and with the hours the panorama of the road began to disclose itself.

The road was really a broad camel-trodden route on which the carriage-way, winding about, found going as best it could; the railway that will sometime be had been surveyed along it, and the telegraph-poles that already bore the wire far beyond Tougourt into the desert were seldom far away. On the earlier part of the journey the going was excellent in that dry season. It was not a lonely road, though for long stretches it was solitary. Over the brink of a rise suddenly would spring up a half-dozen human figures, sharp outlines on the blue sky, and a flock would come tumbling after as if clotted about their feet, and there might be a donkey or two; it was a Bedouin family on its northern migration to the summer pasturage. What an isolated fragment of human life it seemed, flotsam tossing about with the seasons, as little related to anything neighborly as seaweed, yet spawning century after century, living on, with the milk of goats, in such a waste; and how infinitely fresh was the simple scene! one or two men, a boy, women, children, and goats tramping in the desert toward water and green food, a type of humanity for ages—and it was such a wretched subsistence! But what a bodily vigor, what a look of independence, what a sense of liberty there was there, too! Now it would be two or three camels with the canopy in which women ride, with flocks, too, and more men and boys, more warmly clad, with more color and importance—some wealthier headman with his family going the same northward journey. Or, as the carriage crested some ridge, we would see miles ahead a long line creeping on toward us—a trade caravan; and after a while it would pass, the camels pouting in high air, under the loads of balanced boxes or bales laid across them, lumbering dumbly along in the great silence, like convicts, as it always seems to me, from another sphere of existence.

Many creatures give me vividly this impression of having haplessly intruded into a state of being not meant for them. The turtles in the swamps of my boyhood, leaning their sly and protruded heads out of their impossible shells, the fish that have great staring eyes in aquariums, frogs and toads and all centipedal sea creatures, are to me foreigners to life, strays, misbirths, "moving about in worlds not realized," and all grotesque forms of life—even human deformity when it becomes grotesque—wake in me something between amusement and pity that they should be at all. I feel like saying as a guide, wishing to correct a friend of mine, once said: "Monsieur, you are a mistake." But, of all such creatures, the camel fills me with the most profound and incurable despair. He is the most homeless-looking of all creatures. He has been the companion and helpmate of man from the dawn of human life, and our debt to him through uncounted ages and in places where the human lot has been most penurious and desperate is untold; but man has never been able to enlighten him; he looks, on all occasions and under all circumstances, hopelessly bored with existence, unutterably sick of humanity. There is a suicidal mood in animal life, and at times one can see glimpses and intimations of it surely in the eyes of animals; the camel embodies it, like a stare. I wish they were all dead; and when I see their bones in the sand, as I often do, I am glad that they are gone and have left the ribs of their tabernacle of life behind them by the wayside. Every

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desert traveller writes a little essay on the camel. This is mine. I will not modify it even for the sake of the meharis that come down the route, overtaking us from Biskra; they are the racers that have just competed in the yearly trial of speed from Tougourt—aristocrats of the species; they have a clear gray tone and slender delicacies of flank and skin; all day they will be speeding ahead and dropping behind us; the desert is their cloth of gold and they its chivalry—splendid beasts they are, as native to this blown empire of the sand and the sun and the free air as a bird to the sky—and they lift their blunt noses over it with unconquerable contempt. It is amazing how the creature, supercilious or abject, refuses to be comforted. There is no link between him and man. If you seek a type for the irreconcilable, find it in the camel.

It is said that one meets his enemy in every place, and every traveller experiences these surprising encounters that prove the smallness of the world; but I better the proverb, for it is a friend I meet in the most solitary places. On the loneliest road of Greece a passing traveller called out my name; in the high passes of Algiers I came face to face with a schoolmate; and, however repeated, the experience never loses its surprise. Surely I had seen that gaunt figure pressing up on a stout mule from the head of the fresh trade caravan that was just approaching; that face, like a bird of prey, that predatory nose before the high forehead and bold eyes—yes, it was Yussef, my guide of years ago, with welcome all over his countenance and quick salutations to his old companion. He was a caravan-man now, for the nonce, and coming up from the Souf. How natural it was to meet on the desert, with the brief words that resumed the years and abolished the time that had sped away and renewed the eternal now. But we must follow the meharis, slim forms on the horizon ahead, and we went on to overtake them at Ain Chegga, a mere stopping-place, where there was on one side of the way a sort of desert-farm, and a relay of horses waiting for us, and on the other a small, lonesome building by itself where we could lunch from our own stores. The sun was hot now, and the shade and rest grateful; but we had a long way to go. With thoughtless generosity we gave our fragments of bread to some adjacent boys, and started off rapidly with the fresh horses on the great plain.

The road was lonelier than in the morning hours; the solitude began to make itself felt, the silence of the heat, the encompassment of the rolling distances, the splendor of the sky. There was hardly any life except the occasional shrub, the drin. I saw a falcon once, and once a raven; but we were alone, as if on the sea. Then the Sahara began to give up its bliss—the unspeakable thing—the inner calm, the sense of repose, of relief, the feeling of separation from life, the falling away of the burden, the freedom from it all in the freedom of those blue and silent distances over sandy and rock-paved tracts, full of the sun. How quiet it was, how large, and what a sense of effortless elemental power—of nature in her pure and lifeless being! It is easy to think on the desert, thought is there so near to fact—a still fresh imprint in consciousness; thought and being are hardly separate there; and there Nature seems to me more truly felt in her naked essence, lifeless, for life to her is but an incident, a detail, uncared for, unessential. She does but incline her poles and it is gone. Taken in the millennial æons of her existence, it is a lifeless universe that is, and on the desert it seems so. This is the spectacle of power where man is not—like the sea, like the vault of heaven, like all that is infinite. What a repose it is to behold it, to feel it, to know it—this elimination, not only of humanity, but of life, from things! The desert—it is the truth. How golden is the sunlight, how majestic the immobile earth, how glorious the reach of it—this infinite! And one falls asleep in it, cradled and fascinated and careless, flooded slowly by that peace which pours in upon the spirit to lull and strengthen and quiet it, and to revive it changed and more in Nature's image, purged—so it seems—of its too human past.

It was late in the afternoon. Hamet roused himself as we passed down to oued Itel and crossed its dry bed, and Ali ceased from his vagrant music as the horses breasted the slope beyond. We came out on a high ridge. It was a magnificent view. The long valley of the great chotts

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lay below us transversely, like a vast river-bottom; far off to the northeast glittered, pale and white, the chott Melrir, like a sea of salt, and before us the chott Merouan stretched across like a floor, streaked with blotches of saltpetre and dark stains of soil. The scene made the impression on me of immense flats at a dead low tide, reaching on the left into distances without a sea. It was a scene of desolation, of unspeakable barrenness, of the waste world; its dull white lights were infinitely fantastic on the grays and the blacks, and the lights in the sky were cold; the solitude of it was complete; but its great extent, its emptiness, its enclosing walls of shadow in the falling day crinkling the whole upper plane of the endless landscape round its blanching hollows and horizontal vistas below, stamped it indelibly on my eyes. I was not prepared for it; it was an enlargement, a new aspect of the world. This was the southwestern end of the chain of chotts, or salt wastes, that lie mostly below sea-level and are the dried-up bed of the ancient inland arm of the sea that washed this valley in some distant age; they stretch northeasterly and touch the Mediterranean near Gabès, and the suggestion is constantly made that the sea be let into them again by a canal, thus flooding and transforming this part of the Sahara. It may some time be done; but there is some doubt about the lay of the levels and whether such an engineering feat would not result merely in stagnant waters. Meanwhile it is a vast barren basin, saline, and in the wet season dangerous with quicksands, unsafe ground, a morass of death for man and beast. The ridge where I stood commanded a long view of this sterile and melancholy waste; but I did not feel it to be sad; I only felt it to be; it had such grandeur.

We went down by a rough descent and began the crossing of the chott before us, Merouan, on its westerly edge. The road ran on flat ground, often wet and thick with a coating of black mud, and there was the smell of saltpetre in the air; the view on either side was merely desolate, night was falling, it began to be chill; and by the time we reached the farther side the stars came out. It was a darkened scene when we rode into the first oasis of young palms, without inhabitants, which belonged to some French company. It was full night when we emerged again on the sands; a splendor of stars was over us and utter solitude around; it was long since we had seen any one, and as the second oasis came into view it looked like a low black island cliff on the sea, and as deserted. We drove into its shadows by a broad road like an avenue, with the motionless palms thick on either side, as in a park; there was no sign or sound of life. It was like night in a forest, heavy with darkness and silence, except where the stars made a track above and our lights threw a pale gleam about. This oasis, which was large, also seemed uninhabited; and we passed through it on the straight road which was cut by other crossing roads, and came out on the desert by the telegraph-poles. The going was through heavy sand, which after a mile or two was heavier; our hubs were now in drifts of it. Hamet took the lights and explored to find tracks of wheels, and the horses drew us with difficulty into what seemed a route; in ten minutes it was impracticable. We crossed with much bumping and careering to the other side of the telegraph-poles, and that was no better; forward and back and sidelong, with much inspection of the ground, we plied the search; we were off the route.

We drove back to the oasis thinking we had missed the right way out, and on its edge turned at right angles down a good road; at the corner we found ourselves in the dunes—there was no semblance of a route. We returned to the centre of the silent palm grove, where there were branching ways, and taking another track were blocked by a ditch, and, avoiding that, coasting another and ruder side of the grove, again at the upper corner of the oasis struck the impassable; so we went back to our starting-place. Hamet took the lanterns and gathered up his revolver and set up, apparently to find the guardian, if there was one. It was then Ali told me he had never been to Tougourt before; Hamet was so experienced a guide that it was thought a good opportunity to break in a new driver. These French oases across the old route, with their new roads, were confusing; and Hamet had not been down to Tougourt of late. The silence of the grove was great, not wholly unbroken

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now: there were animal cries, insect buzzings, hootings, noises of a wood; and every sound was intensified in the deep quiet, the strange surroundings. It was very late. We had spent hours in our slow progress wandering about in the sands and the grove in the uncertain light. Hamet was gone quite a long time, but at last we saw his waving lantern in the wide, dark avenue and drove toward him. He got in, said something to Ali, and off we went on our original track, but turned sharply to the right before issuing from the wood, down a broad way; we were soon skirting the western edge of the oasis; branches brushed the carriage; the ruts grew deep, the track grew narrow, the carriage careened; we got out, the wheels half in the ditch, horses backing. Hamet threw up his hands. It was midnight. We would camp where we were. The route was lost, whatever might be our state; and I did not wonder, for as nearly as I could judge we were then heading north by east, if I knew the pole-star. We were on the only corner of the oasis we had not hitherto visited; the spot had one recommendation for a camp—it was a very out-of-the-way place. The horses were taken out, and each of us disposed himself for the night according to his fancy. It was intensely cold, and I rolled myself in my rugs and sweaters and curled up on the carriage-seat and at once fell fast asleep.

An hour later I awoke, and unwinding myself got out. It was night on the desert. Ali was asleep on the box, upright, with his chin against his breast. Hamet lay in his burnoose in the sand some little distance away. The horses stood in some low brush near the ditch. The palm grove, impenetrably black, stood behind, edging the long, low line of the sky; there was a chorus of frogs monotonously chanting; and before me to the west was the vague of the sands, with undistinguishable lines and obscure hillocks, overlaid with darkness. Only the sky gave distance to the silent solitude—such a sky as one does not see elsewhere, magnificent with multitudes of stars, bright and lucid, or fine and innumerable, melting into nebulous clouds and milky tracts, sparkling and brilliant in that keen, clear, cloudless cold, all the horizon round. I was alone, and I was glad. It was a wonderful moment and scene. Hamet stirred in his place, and I went back to my post and slept soundly and well.

II

I WOKE at the first streak of dawn. Two beautiful morning stars still hung, large and liquid, in the fading night, but the growing pallor of daybreak already disclosed the wild and desolate spot where we had fortunately stopped. Drifts of trackless sand stretched interminably before us; the young palms showed low and forlorn in the gray air; the scanty brush by the ditch was starved and miserable; everything had a meagre, chill, abandoned look. As soon as it was light we reversed our course, and re-entering the oasis hailed a well-hidden group of buildings with a koubba that Hamet seemed to have discovered the night before. An old Arab gave us our bearings. We were seventeen kilometres short of Mraier, the oasis which we should have reached; and now, making the right turn-off, we saw in another direction over the sands the black line of palms toward which we had gone astray. We soon covered the distance to Mraier, which was a large oasis with a considerable village and a caravanserai whose gates were crowded with camels; here we got a very welcome breakfast, but we did not linger, and were quickly out again on the desert on the long day's ride before us.

Since we passed the chott we were in the valley of the oued Rir, along which is strewn a chain of oases like a necklace as far as to Tougourt and beyond. We were really on the crust of what has been well called a subterranean Nile, formed by the converging flow of two Saharan rivers, the oued Igharghar and the oued Mya, whose underground bed is pierced by wells, and the waters gathered and distributed to feed the oases. There are now forty-six of these palm gardens that lie at a distance of a few miles one from another, spotting the arid sands with their black-green isles of solid verdure, making a fantastic and beautiful landscape of the rolling plain of moving sands, with many heights and depressions, stretching with desert breadth on and on under the uninterrupted blue of the glowing sky. The district has long been a little realm by itself, sustaining

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with much toil the meagre life of its people and periodically invaded and subdued by the great passing kingdoms of the north. Its prosperity, however, really dates from the French occupation. At that time the oases were dying out under the invasion of the unresting sands that slowly were burying them up. The French almost at once, with their superior skill, sank artesian wells, and the new flood of water brought immediate change. The number of the inhabitants has doubled, the product of dates, which are of the best quality, has increased many-fold; and new oases of great extent and value have been planted by French companies. This is one of the great works of public beneficence accomplished by France for the native population; and evidence of prosperity was to be seen on every hand all the way.

The route for the most part was sandy with occasional stretches of rock, often a beautifully colored quartz, whose brilliant and strange veins harmonized well with the deep-toned landscape; but the eye wandered off to the horizon and drifts of sand as the heavens began to fill with light and the spaces grew brilliant; in that vacancy and breadth every detail grew strangely important and interesting; a single palm, a far glimmer of salt, a herd of goats, would hold the eye, and, as the day grew on, the deceptive atmosphere gave a fresh touch of the fantastic, playing with the lines and forms of objects. We passed from Mraier, leaving these island oases on the horizon as the route threaded its way more or less remote from them, and at intervals we would touch one—a palm grove on the right and the village by itself on higher dry ground to the left. Two of these villages, of considerable size, were entirely new, having been built within two years; they were constructed of the sun-dried mud commonly used, but they did not have the dilapidated look of the ksar; they were clean and fresh, a new home for the people who had abandoned the old unhealthy site that they had formerly occupied and had made a new town for themselves; and Hamet, who told me this, said other villages had done the same, and he seemed proud of their enterprise and prosperity.

We went on now—through heavy sand at times—and always there was the broad prospect, the gray-and-brown ribbed distance, the blue glow—a universal light, a boundless freedom, the desert solitude of the dry, soft air. "*C'est le vrai Sahara,*" said Hamet, content. For myself I could not free my senses of the previous day's impression of the great chotts as of the shore of a world, and the landscape continued to have a prevailing marine character. I do not mean that the desert was like the ocean; it was not. But the outlooks, the levels, the sand-colored and blue-bathed spaces were like scenes by the sea-shore; only there was no sea there. The affluence of light, the shadowless brilliancy, the silences, the absence of humanity and human things as again and again they dropped from us and ceased to be, were ocean traits; but there was no sea—only the wind-sculpture of the sands, beautifully mottled and printed, and delicately modulated by the wind's breath, only a blue distance, an island horizon. Even the birds—there were many larks to-day—seemed sea-birds, so lonesomely flying. But there was never any sea. It was the kingdom of the sands.

Here, not far from the route, I saw what was meant by the invasion of the sand. The oasis on its farther side toward the desert was half blown over with the white drifts of it that made in like a tide; the trunks of the palms were buried to a third of their height in it; the whole garden was bedded with it, and as we drew away from the place, looking back, the little oasis with its bare palm-stems resembled a wreck driving in the sea of sands. Elsewhere I saw the barriers, fences of palm-leaves and fagots, raised against the encroaching dunes, where the sand was packed against them like high snow-drifts. The sand grew heavier now, and as we came to Ourlana, about which palmerais lay clustering in all directions, the horses could hardly drag through the deep, loose mass up to the low building and enclosure where was our noon stopping-place. The resources of the house were scanty: only an omelet, but an excellent one, and coffee; bread, too, and I had wine. The family, a small one with boy and girl, whom chocolate soon won to my side, was pleasant, and there was a welcome feeling of human society about the incident; but as I lit a cigarette and watched the fresh horses put

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in—for here we found our second relay that had been sent ahead some days before—I saw that, if the population seemed scanty, it was not for any lack of numbers. A short distance beyond our enclosure, and on a line with it, in the same bare sandy waste, stood another long building with a great dome, evidently a government structure, and at right angles to it before the door was forming a long line of young children; it was the village school—these were the native boys marching in to the afternoon session, for all the world like an American school at home. I had not expected to see that on the Sahara. I photographed it at once—a striking token of modern civilization; and I saw no happier sight than those playful little Arabs going to school.

We dipped ahead into the oasis by the long lines of palms lifting their bare stems far overhead and fretting the sky with their decorative border of tufts. Here and there were fruit-trees, and occasionally vegetables beneath, but as a rule there were only the palms rising from bare earth, cut by ditches in which flowed the water; there was no orchard or garden character to the soil, only a barren underground, but all above was forest silence and the beauty of tall trees. It was spring, and the trees had begun to put out their great spikes and plumes of white blossoms in places, and the air was warm and soft. A palm fascinates me with the beauty of its formal lines; where two or three are gathered together they make a picture; a single one in the distance gives composition to a whole landscape. This was, notwithstanding the interludes of the oases, a continuously desert ride, and I remember it mostly for its beauty of color and line, and a strange intensity and aloofness of the beauty; there was nothing human in it. It seemed to live by its own glow in a world that had never known man, the scene of some other planet where he had never been. There was, too, over all the monotony and immobility of things, a film of changefulness, a waver of surface, a shifting of lights and planes; it was full of the fascination of horizons, the elusiveness of far objects, and the feeling of endlessness in it, like the sky, was a deep chord never lost. It was beyond Ourlana that I noticed to the southwest, a mile or two away, three or four detached palms by a lake; their tall stems leaned through the transparent air above a low bank over a liquid, mirror-like belt of quiet water—a perfect Oriental scene. It was my first mirage; and two or three times more I saw it that afternoon—the perfect symbol of all the illusion of life. How beautiful it was, how was its beauty enhanced, framed there in the waste world, how after a while it melted away!

Oasis after oasis dropped from us on the left and the right, and in the late afternoon we were climbing a sharp rise through the deepest sand we had yet encountered, so that we all got out and walked to relieve the horses, and ourselves toiled up the slope; and soon from the ridge we saw a broad panorama like that of the day before; but, instead of that salt desolation, here the eye surveyed an endless lowland through which ahead ran a long dark cluster of oases, one beyond another, like an archipelago; and Hamet, pointing to one far beyond all, on the very edge of the horizon, said, "Tougourt." We descended to the valley, passing a lonely old gray mosque, or koubba, of some desert saint by the way—very solemn and impressive it was in the failing light, far from men; and we rolled on for miles over land like a floor, as on a Western prairie; and the stars came out; and at intervals a dark grove went by; and we were again in the sands; and another grove loomed up with its look of a black low island, and we passed on beside it. I thought each, as it came in view, was our goal, but we kept steadily on. It was nigh ten o'clock when we saw, some miles away, the two great lights, like low harbor lights, that are the lights of the gate of Tougourt. Ali was perceptibly relieved when we made sure of them; for they were unmistakable at last.

Then, in that last half-hour, I witnessed a strange phenomenon. The whole sky was powdered with stars: I had never seen such a myriad glimmer and glow, thickening, filling the heavenly spaces, innumerable; and all at once they seemed to interlink, great and small, with rays passing between them, and while they shone in their places, infinite in multitude, light fell from them in long lines, like falling rain, down the whole concave of night from

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the zenith to the horizon on every side. It was a Niagara of stars. The celestial dome without a break was sheeted with the starry rain, pouring down the hollow sphere of darkness from the apex to the desert rims. No words can describe that sight, as a mere vision; still less can they tell its mystical effect at the moment. It was like beholding a miracle. And it was not momentary; for half an hour, as we drove over the dark level, obscure, silent, lonely, I was arched in and shadowed by that ceaseless starry rain on all sides round; and as we passed the great twin lights of the gates, and entered Tougourt, and drew up in the dim and solitary square, it was still falling.

III

I EMERGED the next morning from the arcaded entrance of the hotel, which was one of a continuous line of low buildings making the business side of the public square, and glancing up I saw a great dog looking down on me from the flat roof. There was little other sign of life. The square was a large irregular space which seemed the more extensive owing to the low level of the adjoining buildings, over which rose the massive tower of the kasbah close at hand on the right and, diagonally across, the high dome of the French Bureau, with its arcaded front beneath, filling that eastern side. A fountain stood in the midst of the bare space, and beyond it was a charming little park of trees; and still farther the white gleam of the barracks, through the green and on either side, closed the vista to the south. The Moresque architecture, which the French affect in the desert, with its white lights and open structure, gave a pleasing amplitude to the scene; and the same style was taken up by the main street straight down my left, whose line was edged by a long arcade with low round arches, and the view lost itself beyond in the market-square with thick tufts of palms fringing the sky. A few burnoosed figures were scattered here and there.

Hamet joined me at once, still content; he held in his hand a telegram from his new boy, or those who could interpret for him. We turned at once to the near corner by the kasbah, where was the entrance to the old town and the mosque—a precinct of covered streets, narrow, tortuous ways, with blank walls, dim light. There were few passers-by; occasionally there was a glimpse of some human scene; but the general effect, though the houses were often well built, was dingy, poor, and mean, as such an obscure warren of streets must seem to us, and there was nothing here of the picturesque gloom and threatening mystery of Figuig. I remember it as a desert hive of the human swarm; it was a new, strange, dark mode of man's animal existence. This was a typical desert town, an old capital of the caravans. It had been thus for ages; and my feeling, as I wandered about, was less that of the life than of its everlastingness.

We went back to the mosque and climbed the minaret. It was a welcome change to step out on the balcony into the flood of azure. The true Sahara stretched round us—the roll of the white sands, motion in immobility; and all about, as far as one could see, the dark palm-islands in the foreground and on every horizon. The terrace roofs of the old town lay dark under our feet; off there to the west in the sand were the tombs of its fifty kings; eastward the palm gardens, bordering and overflowing into the new quarter with its modern buildings, lifted their fronds; and near at hand the tower of the kasbah, and here and there a white-domed koubba, rose in the dreaming air; and the streets with their life were spread beneath. Tougourt, at the confluence of the underground streams, is the natural capital of the Rir country, a commanding point; on the north and west it is walled against the inroad of the sands; south and east is a more smiling scene, but the white sand lies everywhere between, like roads of the sea; it is the queen of the oases, and one understood in that sparkling air why it was called a jewel of the desert. I went down to the gardens, where there were fruit-trees and vegetables among the palms, but for the most part there was as usual only the barren surface of earth, fed with little canals and crossed by narrow raised footways, over which sprang the fan-shaped or circular tufts of sworded green. On that side, too, was a native village—dreary walls of sun-dried earth with open ways; they seemed merely a new form of the

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naked ground shaped perpendicularly and squared—windowless, sealed, forlorn. I entered one or two. Indeed, I went everywhere that morning, for the distances were short.

In the afternoon I sat down by a table near a café in the market-square, and I remained there for hours over my coffee, watching the scene. All Arab markets are much alike, but this was prettily framed. On my right a palm grove rose over a low wall; on the left, across the broad space, the low line of shops, with a glistening koubba dome in their midst, broke the blue sky; and all between, in front, was the market-place. In the foreground were a few raised booths, or tables, and at the near end by a group of three or four palms was a butcher's stock in trade, the carcasses hanging on the limbs of a dead tree. Farther off to the left squatted a half-dozen Bedouins round little fagots of brushwood spread on the ground, and beyond them a group of animals huddled; in the centre, on the earth, one behind another into the distance, were many little squares and heaps of country goods, each with its guardian group as at a fair—vegetables, grains, cloths, slippers, ropes, caps, utensils—that together measured the scale of the simple wants of the desert. The place, though not crowded, was well filled with an ever-moving and changing throng, gathering into groups here and there—turbaned people of every tint and costume, young and old, poor and prosperous, picturesque alike in their bright colors or worn rags; but the white or brown flowing garments predominated. There were Arab and Berber faces of purer race; but in the people at large there was a strong negroid character, showing the deeper infusion of negro blood which one notices as he goes south of the Atlas. All the afternoon the quiet but interested crowd swarmed about; and round me at the close tables were soldiers and Arabs who seemed of a more prosperous class, drinking and talking, playing at cards, chess, and dominoes, and some were old and grave and silent. At our table there was always one or two, who came and went, to whom Hamet would perhaps present me, a thin-featured cadi, a burly merchant—and we talked a little; but I left the talk to them and watched the scene, and from time to time snapped my camera. A caravan came down the street, with great boxes strapped on the camels, and I thought the first two would sweep me, camera, table, and all, out of the way; but the long line got by at last, ungainly beasts with their pawing necks and sardonic mouths. At Tougourt one was always meeting a caravan. As I stood, at a later hour, in a lonely corner by the wall outside the gates, one was just kneeling down on the great sweep of the sand-hill to camp in the melancholy light that was falling from the darkening sky—a sombre scene; and when I came out of the hotel at night I found another sleeping, humped and shadowy, on the public square. The camel was as omnipresent as the palm, and belonged to the same dunes and sky; and as I sat watching there through the uneventful and unhurried hours, the market-place was a microcosm of the desert world.

IV

I SPENT the evening in the *Café Maure* of the Ouled-Nails. They are *la femme* of the Sahara, daughters of a tribe whose centre is at Djelfa, not far from Laghouat, leagues away to the west, and thence they are dispersed through the desert, adept dancing-girls who perform in cafés; and in that primitive society, it is said, no reproach attaches to their mode of life, which yields them a dowry and brings them at last a husband. The custom is not peculiar to the Sahara: I have read of its existence in Japan and in the north of Scotland in the eighteenth century. I had met with them before, and was familiar with their figures, but always in a tourist atmosphere; here they were on their own soil, and *au naturel*, and I expected a different impression.

The room was rather large, with the furnace and the utensils for coffee in the corner near the entrance; four or five musicians, on a raised platform, were discoursing their shrill barbarian art, but it pleases me with its plaintive intensity and rapid crescendos, in its savage surroundings; a bench went round the wall, and there were tables, at one of which Hamet and I sat down, and coffee was brought. There were not many in the room—a sprinkling of soldiers, mostly in the blue of the tirailleurs, Arabs, old and gray-bearded, or

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younger and stalwart like Ali, whom I had lost sight of and now found here, much more attractive than I had thought possible, with a desert rose in his mouth and a handsome comrade. A few women with the high head-dress and heavy clothes they wear were scattered about. Close behind me, and to my left, was a wide entrance to the dark shadows of the half-lighted court whose cell-like rooms I had inspected in the morning, and men and women were passing in and out, singly and in groups, all the evening. For a while there was no dancing—only the music; but at some sign or call a full-grown woman, who seemed large and heavy, began the slow cadence and sway of the dance. I had often seen the performance, but never in such a setting; at Biskra and in the north it is a show; here it was a life. She finished, and I beckoned to a young slip of a girl standing near. She came, leaning her dark hands on the table, with those unthinking eyes that are so wandering and unconcerned until they fill with that liquid superficial light which in the south is so like a caress. I offered her my cigarettes, and she smiled, and permitted me to examine the bracelets on her arms and the silver ornaments that hung from her few necklaces; she was simply dressed and not over-ornamented; she was probably poor in such riches; there was no necklace of golden louis that one sometimes sees; but there were bracelets on her ankles, and she wore the head-dress, with heavy, twisted braids of hair. A blue star was tattooed on her forehead, and her features were small but fine, with firm lines and rounded cheek and chin; she was too young to be handsome, but she was pretty for her type and she had the pleasant charm that youth gives to the children of every tint and race. She stood by us a while with a little talk, and as the music began she drew back and danced before us; and if she had less muscular power and vivacity than the previous dancer, she had more grace in her slighter motions. She used her handkerchief as a background to pose her head and profile her features and form; and all through the dance she shot her vivid glances, that had an elasticity and verve of steel, at me. She came back to take our applause and thanks, and talked with Hamet, for her simple French phrases were exhausted; there was nothing meretricious in her demeanor, rather an extraordinary simplicity and naturalness of behavior; she seemed a thing of nature. The room began to fill now; three women were dancing; and she went over to the bench by the wall opposite, and I noticed a young boy of eight or ten years ran to sit by her and made up to her like a little brother. There were three or four such young boys there.

The scene was now at its full value as a picture; not that there was any throng or excitement, and to a European eye it might seem only dull, provincial, rude; the rather feebly lighted room was obscure in the corners and the walls were naked; the furnace corner, however, was full of dark movement, the sharp music broke out afresh, the dance was almost sombre in its monotony, seen mechanically and without any apparent interest by the Arabs, wrinkled and grizzled, banked together or leaning immobile on the bench by the wall; and the cavernous shadow of the court behind me made a fine background to the figures or groups that disappeared or emerged, or sometimes stood stationary there in the semi-obscurity. To my color and shadow loving eye it was an interesting scene; and its rudeness enhanced its quality. I noticed many a slight thing: a tall negro stalked along the opposite wall with a handful of candles which he offered to a woman and found no welcome for, and he went away apparently exceeding sorrowful. And I sat there long in the midst of it, thinking of striped tents by the city wall in the sand near the graves; of streets in the Orient and the north where the women sit by the door-post like idols; and especially reconstructing in imagination the scenes of a romance by an Arab which I had lately read, depicting the life of an Ouled-Nail along these very routes where I had been passing, a book full of desert truth—"Khaled," it is called. Toward ten o'clock we rose to go, and I caught the eye of the young girl I had talked with, and had a smile for good-by.

V

THE horses stood at the door early the next morning for a drive to Temacin, some thirteen kilometres south. We were soon out of town, travelling beside an oasis on

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the left and going in the open desert; a boy joined us from the oasis and excitedly struggled to keep up with the carriage, no difficult task, for the route was heavy with sand; two other boys on donkeys ahead were having a race; and the route had always some touches of travel. The openness of the view was boundless, and I had not seen finer sands, stretching away in long rolls and ridges, and mounded into splendid dunes, with palms here and there for horizon-lines. There were always groups and little strings of camels, isolated but living, in the expanse over which the eye roamed; we passed from time to time within view of clumps of lost palms, little oases buried and left in the sands, half-submerged, derelicts; now there were Bedouin tents, low, striped shelters, by one's or two's, pitched on the sterile waste, looking infinitely solitary, at a distance from a small village or a ridge that itself seemed a heap of ruined and ribbed walls left abandoned. The morning was hot, the sun beat down, and every line and tracery of the wind was visible on the sand. The surface of the dunes was beautiful—light and full of the spirit of fantasy; the modulation was exquisite, ribbed and fretted, furrowed in lines and touched all over with little disks and curves, like the imprint of small shells; and their mottled and wavy surfaces broke the monotony of the vast slopes and dunes like an infinite enamelling of nature. It was the land of the blue distance, the simple in the grand, the apotheosis of paucity in the means, of poverty in the substance, elemental, abstract, superb: the glory of the desert. I never so felt it as on that morning. I watched the slender, film-like, far-off minaret of Temacin take body and height as we drew nearer and nearer, and saw plainly and distinctly at last the boldly perched, irregular oblong of walls and roofs that topped a rising ridge of the sands, with its minaret like a dark, mediæval tower standing in heaven with a lance-like solitude. Its top was bordered with a broad frieze of colored tiles and capped with a pyramidal head or balcony pierced with slim Moorish arches. There were men working under the wall; but the town looked marvellously silent and alone, dark and withdrawn, like an impenetrable earthern ruin, incommunicable; it rose as if made of the earth itself, with the dilapidation of old earthworks, forbidding and melancholy, with no touch of life except the gleam of its tiled minaret; in all that sun it seemed sunless—ruinous, decadent, infinitely old. Soon after we passed another heap of earth-walls on a sand-mound, a small village, and came almost at once to Tamelhat, the zaouia, which we had set out to see.

High walls surrounded the enclosure, which was extensive. Tamelhat is a holy village, a chief seat of the religious order of the Tidjania and daughter of the mother-zaouia at Ain Madhi near Laghouat, with which it shares the devotion of this important brotherhood, one of the most influential of the Moslem associations in North Africa. The zaouia is a sort of monastery or abbey; but I was not prepared to find it so large an establishment. We left the carriage at the gate, and passed in to a second gate, and I was struck by the ornamental work and texts on them and on the walls. A straight avenue led down to an open space where the mosque stood on the right side of the street as we turned sharply upon it. Three square windows set in little ornamented arches in the centre broke the broad white space of the wall, and there were other windows irregularly placed. A little to one side was a heavy door, with a double row of faience set over its square top and descending on beautiful onyx pillars. An octagonal dome, tipped with a shaft of three golden balls, completed the building above. It was a pretty exterior with a touch of art in the line of windows, and as I passed into the interior by the lovely onyx columns it seemed like a reminiscence, almost a renaissance, to find before my gaze the familiar blue and green tiles, plaques of wrought plaster in arabesque, pretty bits of faience adornment,—forms of the ornament and color so delightful to me. The interior was roomy, with good spaces, and lofty above; in the main fore part a palanquin was in one corner, and a few tombs were placed here and there; but the shrine, the tomb of the marabout who founded the zaouia, stood in the space to the left, directly under the dome, as in a chapel. It was heavily covered with stuffs, as usual, and overhung with many banners; a grill ran round it, and outside of that a wooden

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rail; the tomb also bore Arabian texts. The whole effect, notwithstanding the bareness, the few elements, the uncostly materials, had the grand simplicity of the Moslem faith; it was impressive—imposing to a simple soul; but, beyond the restful sense of the neighborhood of beautiful and sacred things in that far and desert solitude, what pleased me most and the feature I carried away to be my memory of it was the ample lights in the cool spaces by the open windows above the tomb toward the street, where the birds were continually fluttering in and out, unfrightened and undisturbed, as if this was their quiet home.

I thanked the Arab sacristan who stood looking at me with old and tranquil eyes, and we went out and walked up the street which seemed like a long cloister. There were grilled windows on the well-built walls at intervals; a few men sat here and there on benches along the way; it seemed a place of peace. The street, which was quite long and straight, ended in a large court near which was the dwelling of the marabout. Hamet asked me if I would like to see him, and I gladly assented. After a brief interval an Arab came to us, to whom I gave my coat and what things I was carrying; and leaving them below he guided us up an irregular stairway, as in an old house, and took us into a rather large, high room, plainly plastered and bare. The desert saint—such he was—was seated on the floor in the middle of one side by the wall on a rug; he was old and large, white-bearded, with a heavy look, as if he were used to much repose and was aged. He gave me his hand as I stooped down to him, and after a word or two invited me to be seated at a plain table before him in the middle of the room; and attendants silently brought food. There was already in the room the caid of Temacin, a stout and prosperous-looking Arab, to whom Hamet presented me, and the three of us sat down to what turned out to be a hearty breakfast. Two or three other tall Arabs, apparently belonging to the family, sat by the wall to my left, as I faced the marabout, and at a doorway in the corner on the right stood a group of different ages, younger, with one or two boys, intelligent and bright-eyed. The caid and myself talked in low tones, and no one else spoke, except from time to time the marabout gave some direction to the attendants, apparently of a hospitable nature, as each time it resulted in fresh dishes. There was pastry that resembled rolls, and after a few moments, served in another form, hot with sugar, it resembled pancakes, but I dare say it was something quite different, and the marabout urged it upon me; there was another combination that reminded me distantly of doughnuts, with which the hot food ended; but there was a dessert of French cakes, almonds, and dried aromatic kernels like peas, and much to my surprise there were oranges that must have come on camel-back from Biskra. There was coffee, too, with a curious pot and sugar-bowl, and the whole service was excellent, the attendants kindly and pressing, though very quiet. It appeared afterward that no one ever sees the saint eat; his food is brought and left, and he takes what he likes alone. I observed him through the meal, and occasionally he addressed a sentence of inquiry or interest to us. The impression he made on me was one of great indolence, as if he had never done anything for himself, and also of what I can only describe as a somnolent temperament, heavy and rousing himself at times; but it may have been only age. The profound silence and atmosphere of awed respect were remarkable; the few words spoken were hardly above a whisper, and the caid and I used low tones. It was a hospitable and generous breakfast, however, and the manner of it wholly pleasant and friendly; and as I again took the old marabout's large, soft hand, and expressed my pleasure and thanks for having been thus received, he seemed to me very cordial and kind; and for my part I was glad that I had found the unusual experience of breakfasting with a saint so agreeable. The caid and I parted below, and I walked back through the tranquil street and by the mosque with the bird-haunted windows and the onyx portal, well pleased with my morning in such a place of peace and good will.

We drove back through the hot horizons of a burning noon; by sombre Temacin with its far-seen tower, old watcher of the desert; by the distant western oasis with its two gleaming koubbas, that seemed to

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dissolve between the sands and the blue; by the Bedouin tents crouched in the long drifts below the brow of the earthen ruin whose walls gaped on the hill with fissure and breach. We passed a bevy of bright-colored Bedouin women hurrying in their finery to some marabout to pray. The long slopes and mounded dunes had not lost that wonderful enamel of the breath of the wind: All nature seemed to stretch out in the glory of the heat. It was spring on the desert; it was a dreaming world. "*Le vrai Sahara*," said Hamet, half to himself. And slowly over the palmy plain, beyond the lost oasis, the tower and minaret of Tougourt, slim lines on the sky, grew distinct in their turn, and solid, and near, and we drove in through the garden green as over a threshold of verdure. It was a great ride.

The day ended lazily. I had the pleasure of a few courteous words with the agha of Tougourt, to add to my hospitable distinctions. "He is an Arabian prince," said Hamet proudly, as we walked away. Along the arcade I saw a Jew seated cross-legged with his back to the jamb of his shop; he held a heavy folio volume on his lap and seemed to peruse it with grave attention: that was the only time I ever saw a native reading a book in North Africa, and I looked curiously at the fine venerable face. The boys were playing leap-frog before the hotel as I came back from my walk; they had thrown off their haiks, or jackets, or whatever their upper garment might be. How they played! with what strong, young sinews and vivacity of rivalry and happiness! though the children of the street seemed often poor, destitute, and with faces of want. I photographed two of these Bedouin boys, with whom I had made friends. In the evening I sat outside and watched the camp-fires burning by the camels in the square. I thought of the massacring of the French garrison here forty years ago, and of the protests that a military interpreter, Fernand Philippe, records from the lips of the soldiers when a year or two later the government contemplated withdrawing from this advanced desert post. It was a place of homesickness, of fever, and of utter isolation; but the soldiers wished to stay—withdraw? never!—and all this peace and prosperity that I had witnessed was the French peace.

VI

It was three o'clock in the morning when I went out to start on the return under the stars. The streets were dark and silent as we drove out; but the heavens were brilliant, and the twin lights of Tougourt shone behind us like light-houses as we made out into the sandy plain. A few miles on we passed a company of soldiers convoying a baggage-train—strong, fine faces above their heavy cloaks, marching along in the night. The stars faded and day broke quietly—a faint green, a dash of pink, a low black band of cloud, and the great luminary rolled up over the horizontal waste. The morning hours found us soon in the heavy sands of the upland, with the old gray mosque and stretches of the *bois*, the desert drin, and we descended into the country of the marine views, the land of the mirage, mirror-like waters shoaling on banks of palm, dreaming their dream; and now it was Ourlana and the school, fresh horses and an early arrival at Mraier, and sleep in the caravanserai amid horses and camels and passing soldiers, a busy yard. The chotts looked less melancholy as we passed over the lowland in the bright forenoon, and again there shimmered the far salt—the ocean-look where there was no sea, near marine views, and there was much mirage; and we climbed the ascent and glided on over the colored quartz, and the range of the Aurès rose once more above the horizon, beautiful and calling, and Ain Chegga seemed a familiar way-station. Fresh horses, and the last start, and Bordj Saada seemed a suburb; and as we drove into Biskra, with its road well-filled with pedestrians and carriages, it seemed like a return to Europe—so soon does the traveller's eye become accustomed to what at first was "rich and strange." And Hamet went to his baby boy.

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THE GHOST ON THE STAIRS

By Mrs. W. K. Clifford

I

MRS. DAWLEY sat on the sands, leaning a little forward, watching the great waves that came nearer and nearer, foaming and roaring at their highest, then spending themselves on the shore, only to be followed by others that were higher and louder and came nearer still, as if they were trying to force her back, up the steps and along the pathway, to the little house at the end of the terrace in which she lived her secluded life.

She had gone down to the sea, when the early post brought its news, to think the past years over, holding in her hand the while a gold cross on a slender chain which she wore round her neck. It had been given her in Rome some years before, a parting gift from a Catholic friend who was about to take the veil. Concealed in it was a little photograph of Leo XIII. Leo XIII had blessed it, the friend told her, and said: "Wear it day and night; it will keep the Evil One from you." She pressed it against her face now, while gradually she realized what the news meant. Just this, that the man she had loved best in the world was lying dead, not here but in London. She had supposed that all feeling for him had ended, that he was nothing—nothing to her; but those three lines had made her heart leap and then grow cold, as if an icy hand had been laid on it. She had risen to her feet and stood for a moment dazed, then read the notice again, and again, and told herself that it was true—true, he was dead; it was all over, everything in the world was over for him—never, never would she see him again. And O God! dear God, how did it fare with him?

It was impossible to stay in the house; the whole weight of the ceiling, of the roof itself, seemed to be on her head. She dragged herself out, along the garden path, to the road, to the little gate and down the steps to the bay, which was always deserted in the early morning; it was the one place in which she might be able calmly to think. The sands looked soft and yellow, the sea was blue, the sky was blue, the sunshine was everywhere. The great waves seemed to mock her—all Nature seemed to mock her; she felt afraid and lonely, an alien in the world; for a moment she almost lost count of her own identity and wondered aimlessly how she came there, and thought again of the man she had loved. He was lying dead. She imagined his face, and wondered if he had thought of her in that last hour, and if he had known that the end was coming.

She had been married to him when she was twenty-two. He was infatuated with her for three weeks before he proposed and for a hurrying month after he was accepted, well content for half a year of marriage. Then he cooled down. He was incapable of being constant to any one woman long, and rather despised the men who were; he thought it showed a lack of enterprise and too much satisfaction with existing conditions which, he told her with a laugh, he held to be fatal to the advancement of the world in general and the exhilaration of man in particular. Two years later she had divorced him and was living alone at St. Ives. For a time she was utterly miserable; then the thought of the other woman, of his desertion—his desertion for that woman!—had filled her with a shivering anger and repulsion. She imagined that she had learned to hate him. Now it was all swept away, and she thought of the day she had met him first, of the mad infatuation on his part and her own calmer, deeper love for him: it struggled to come back, and the tones of his voice, the sound of his laughter, filled her ears.

The waves frightened her; they seemed to know—they did know—she felt it, heard it; they came nearer and nearer with their message. They drove her at last into her own room to lie face downward on the

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bed and think. Lionel was dead, and the other woman had watched beside him. What could he have seen in *her*, "a free lance" she had been called, probably because she lived alone, smoked—and drank too much, it was said—painted little daubs of pictures, and had a studio at Chelsea to which she gathered a Bohemian godless set?

Those last two words made Edith Dawley stop and shiver again. She was a religious woman, and she didn't believe that a serious thought had entered his heart or brain since the day he made his marriage vows only to break them. She had talked to him of their solemnity once. He had looked rather amused and said: "All right, my dear. I don't believe in hell, you know, and if there is one I don't expect it's such a bad place, after all." Now perhaps he was standing at the bar waiting for judgment. How had he lived these last few years? How had he died? Had any one prayed beside him when he was ill? Did any one kneel by him now that he was dead? The old tenderness had stolen back into her heart, but with it there came a paralyzing fear, an awful dread.

She looked at *The Times* again—on the 8th. This was the 10th. He was probably lying in the front room over the first floor in Connaught Square, the house he had removed to after the divorce. She felt that she would give everything she possessed to see him once again, to see his dead face—even to be near the house in which he lay still and cold would be something.

She got up, hesitated, and with weary eyes looked round the room, then took a time-table from a little shelf over the bureau in the corner. The London train started at 10.25—three-quarters of an hour hence. As if at the bidding of a dream, she put on a long black cloak and hat, tied a thick veil over her face, gathered a few things into a hand-bag, and with a word or two of explanation to the solitary servant went down to the station.

A long, weary day. The train stopped at all the little Cornish places. Despairingly she stared at them, at the station-master gossiping with the guard, at the few passengers, country folk mostly, carrying baskets or bags, leisurely taking leave of those who had come to see them off. The start again was slow and reluctant; but after Plymouth the engine seemed to shake itself free and rushed on, the carriages rocking with relief behind it. Across the quiet west country, past sleepy villages and their blurred name-boards at the stations, till with a shriek of exultation they were in sight of Exeter—the platform was crowded with people, but the train only gathered speed as if to avoid some signal that might delay it.

All the time in her thoughts she followed a scared and silent procession of men and women who went through the gate of the world and on in the mist and blackness toward a shining road—for the stars were its landmarks—and a distance that was saturated with light and mystery. Away from it stretched a pathway, dark and dank it looked, darker—darker till blackness hid it. She shuddered with dread as they came near and went past her—the ghostly men and women. She could see them plainly. Their worn faces were marked with care and pain and remembered deeds; their shadowy robes and outstretched hands would have touched her but for the screening glass; she watched their noiseless feet, that had not power to hesitate or stop, going on—and on. O merciful God, was Lionel among them! And what would be his sentence when it was given out? Which way would *his* feet turn? Suddenly she remembered being told that the Semitic races believed the soul did not leave the body till the third day. Perhaps even yet there was time! With her whole heart, with passionate intensity, she prayed—as she sat there silent, motionless, in the railway carriage—pleading his carelessness, his charm and good nature, his lack of strength to do right and of intention to do wrong; and his happy generosity, for he had given all he possessed carelessly enough.

She arrived at Paddington in the evening and waited till the twilight came. Then, leaving her hand-bag in the cloak-room, she put down her veil and walked slowly to Connaught Square. It was just a little way—she knew the house well, for long ago she had gone to parties next door to it.

The blinds were down; there were lights in the dining-room; probably she—the

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other woman—was having dinner. Edith Dawley shrank back, and drawing her cloak round her walked by on the other side and looked up. The windows were open a little way in the room over the drawing-room. It was as she thought . . . While she hesitated at the corner a servant opened the door and whistled for a cab. A woman came out and drove away—the woman who had supplanted her. And the dead man was left in the house. If only she could get in and see his face once more? But she had no courage to knock, no excuse to give. She walked round the square again, the shadows of the calm night hesitated to shroud it, but gradually they were blurring and hiding and beautifying everything with their grayness. As she drew near the house again a postman went there and knocked twice; she was ten yards off, she saw him give in a letter and a paper which the servant, leaving the door open, evidently went away to sign. Without considering what she was doing, she went up the steps and entered the house. The postman, seeing her blackness, thought she belonged to it; the servant had not returned.

She went softly up-stairs to the room, the electric light had not been turned on, but enough twilight lingered to let her see the way. The door was locked, but the key was there; she turned it and went in. It felt very still and cold and everything was white: the whiteness showed plainly through the gathering darkness. Between the windows she could see dimly that for which she was seeking. For a moment she shuddered and hesitated. On a little table outside she had vaguely noticed a candlestick and a box of matches; she went back for the matches, took them into the room and shut the door. For a moment she stood still, while gradually the room revealed itself to her and the silence struck icily at her heart; a sheet was over him; she drew it back and softly lit a match, shielding it with her figure so that its radiance might not fall on the door and show from without. Then she saw his face. It was grave and very sad—she felt her whole being reach out to him with yearning love, with pity and dread. O God, what did his closed eyes see—what was he hearing—what surprise had come to him? She lighted another match, carefully smothering the little sound its striking made. Another long look, an unconscious entreaty to all the unknown Immensities—then with her left hand she pulled the gold cross from her neck and pushed it into the white folds next his heart. "If it's true what they believe," she thought, "it will help—it will bar the downward way." She drew the sheet back over his face. The ends of the matches were in her hands; she clutched them tightly; the last one burned her palm, but she did not even feel it.

The closed door was between them again; she turned the key and, keenly listening with the sense of a hunted woman leaving forever all that was left of what had once been dearest life, she went slowly down.

There was no light on the staircase, but as she passed the first floor she could see that a door was open; the room beyond was still and dark; her dress made a little swishing sound against the banister—a smothered cry—a sound of fright within the drawing-room—a movement and then a halt from sheer horror—she knew it was her chance and quickened her steps. In a minute she was at the street door; she closed it noiselessly, but a scream met her ears—the sudden isolated scream of fear. Luckily the house was near a corner; she turned it and disappeared.

She went back to Cornwall by the night mail, desolate, miserable, but shiveringly, shudderingly thankful. "It will bar the way," she said to herself again and again; "perhaps I have done that for him." In the darkness without the faces of thwarted fiends shaped themselves and pressed against the windows; they mocked and mouthed at her; she covered her face with her hands. . . .

Three months later, in a letter from a friend, she heard that the house in Connaught Square was empty. It was said to be haunted by a woman in black, who, in the twilight, went up and down the staircase.

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THE FÊTE OF M'SIEUR BOB

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

A SMALL, fair man whose scholarly forehead was set into child-like curls, not very gray yet at sixty-five, in his dressing-room, his careful morning toilet almost completed, fresh in fine linen and well-cut tweed, he fingered a razor. With a considering manner he moved the blade this way and that. Through the closed door came the sound of his valet in his bedroom. The man turned a glance toward the door, reflectively; then, with a shrug, lowered the razor. "Such a mess," he muttered, and proceeded quietly to put on his coat.

It was the self-contained gentleman to whom the valet was accustomed who gave a crisp order two minutes later. "The electric in half an hour, Stebbins."

In exactly half an hour, as he walked through the door of his house, another, younger man was stepping along the sidewalk. This one stopped; a smile lighted his face.

"I'm delighted to see you back, Mr. Schuyler," he said.

Schuyler's greeting was calm, a bit austere, yet there was pleasure too in his manner. He nodded toward the brougham and the chauffeur at the curb. "Won't you drive down with me?"

Walter Morgan hesitated. "I meant to walk," he said. "It's hard to get exercise. But I want to hear about the Canadian fishing. You had a wonderful time?" he began as the car slid away. "And how are you? A lot better?"

Schuyler shrugged his shoulders. "As to that—but the fishing was very fine. I took a large number of salmon. One of them kept me busy two hours by the clock. The only reason I killed him and he didn't kill me is that I had a flask and he hadn't. He weighed thirty-seven pounds."

"Ah!" said Morgan enviously; "I'd like a chance like that. I've never taken salmon."

"You should have come. I wanted you."

"I wanted to go," answered Morgan. "But I must work for my living at times instead of going fishing. It's hard lines." He slewed about and regarded the older man. "It's done you good, I hope?" he asked again. "A month of fighting salmon ought to do good." But his tone was uncertain as he gazed at the worn face, with its reserve, with the tell-tale sadness in the large eyes.

Peter Schuyler, millionaire banker, art amateur, collector, expert fisherman, met the gaze. The blue eyes, which with the carved features and short, fair curls, had given him in his heyday the title of "the most beautiful boy in New York"—the old blue eyes knew how to guard against impertinent looks. He had been stared at all along his life. But he did not meet Walter Morgan's gaze with the usual chilling courtesy. He was fond of this man. The mask was dropped, and Morgan, looking, saw a lonely soul in trouble.

Then Schuyler laughed, not mirthfully. "To tell the truth, I didn't have such a tremendous spree up there by myself. I got a bit depressed. A man isn't in high spirits after a bout of nerves. You were lucky in not going with me."

"I would have given a great deal to go," Morgan threw back. "If I could have helped you at all it would have been an added pleasure."

"You're very good," said Schuyler, in a colorless tone. And Morgan felt that he had somewhere overstepped the line, and the talk drifted swiftly to commonplace.

A week later the younger man appeared on a morning at Peter Schuyler's office. Although nearly July there were doings in the world of affairs which made necessary his presence there. Morgan got through the suave clerks and secre-

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taries who guarded the throne. "I have a scheme," he began.

Something in the joyous, friendly manner of this man always touched Schuyler with a shock of pleasure.

"You have?" he threw back, and smiled as few people saw him smile.

Morgan went on. "You remember that I've told you about our camp in the club in Canada?"

"Certainly."

"It's a rough log camp, you know, but it's a great lake country, and the trout are thick and big. Would you consider coming up there with Bob and me for a month?"

The great blue eyes regarded the other man with a startled expression. A flush crept across Morgan's fresh color.

"I quite realize, Mr. Schuyler," he said, "that you have any number of attractive things to do, always. I feel that it's rather presuming to suggest this. My idea was"—he hesitated a little and went on with a winning sincerity. "My idea was partly that the simplicity of the thing might be a change, after the way you get amusement generally. My young brother Bob is uncommonly good company too. I'm pretty sure you'd find him good company. And then—it would be such a pleasure to Bob and me. My wife has gone to England with her sister for August. Bob and I are off by ourselves on July 29th. I believe you'd enjoy it. Do come."

"My dear fellow," said the banker, and laid his hand on Morgan's hand, lying on the desk. "My dear fellow!" he repeated, and stopped a second. "Enjoy it! You've given me the best moment I've had for months merely in asking me. I'm so pleased to think you want me. I didn't know"—he stopped. "I'm getting old," he said, and his voice broke as the hidden soreness of his soul crept into it. "I'm old—and sick. Those things are not attractive. Young, strong people don't want detrimentals." Then quickly, giving no chance for an answer, he went on with calm dignity again. "I can't quite tell, Morgan. May I let you know in a few days? I may have to—be somewhere else, at that time."

Morgan was gone. Peter Schuyler sat at his desk with the door locked. He stared down at the litter of papers. For moments he sat so, staring. Then in a flash he was alert; a gleam came into the blue eyes. He drew a bunch of keys from his pocket and chose one and opened a drawer. Out of it he lifted a small, bright affair, and turned the barrel toward him. He looked into it, half longing, half curious.

"Peace down there," he whispered. "Peace, locked up—I *think*. I think it's peace. Shall I turn the key and let peace loose into my brain?"

He lifted and cocked the pistol and pressed the cold ring of the end of it against his forehead. His finger was on the trigger.

"One easy movement and this unbearable life would be over." He was whispering aloud again. "God knows what next. I've a right to see. Haven't I? Why haven't I? It's my own life." He was arguing now against some ghostly adversary.

With that he sighed suddenly, wearily; he lowered the pistol, put it at half-cock, laid it back in its drawer, and locked the drawer.

"Not yet," he spoke. "I can't leave loose ends to other men."

He whirled in his swinging chair and stared from the high window. Over New York Bay the June sunlight poured and broke across millions of wave-tops. Ships moved with leisurely swiftness; sail-boats fled before the wind, like irresponsible, playful big birds. Away down there the tall goddess lifted her torch eternally over the eternal ocean. It seemed, as he looked at it, a glaring happy planet, with no corner in it which needed him. His wife was dead; his children were grown and married and rich; he had more money than he could use; there was no point in piling up more still; he was ill; he was growing old. What dignity was there in a life with no work to do? So he reasoned, and, clear of brain as he was, never saw his fallacy. A disgust of the whole useless round of his days seized him as he sat at the wide window of the nineteenth story of the great building and looked over the teeming June world. He would not stay about this place, earth, and finish out an ever-sillier life of twenty or thirty more years. In September, when his business should be

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so arranged that he might leave it without giving too much trouble, here in his office he would take out the little steel affair and retire from life. The time between must be got through.

With that he was aware of a subconscious pleasant thought, and dragged the thought out. The Morgans had asked him to their camp for a month. He would go. It would be an agreeable taste for his last mouthful of life. With a brightening face the man who had decided on suicide drew a sheet of paper toward him and wrote. . . .

"Many happy returns, Bob."

The eight-o'clock sunlight of the August morning poured full on the lake dancing twenty feet away. In the woods it was cool; a light breeze was stirring. Schuyler, moving through sun-spotted shadows down the trail, from the big tent which was the guest-room, came in range of Bob Morgan on the log step hovering over an assortment of articles. He sprang up, a big young American in a gray flannel shirt, and towered above the small, elderly gentleman in his dapper woods togs.

"Thank you, Mr. Schuyler. Good morning, sir. I want to thank you a lot for this stunning reel. It's a wonder," said Bob. "I never saw one like it, and I'm clean crazy about it. It sure was nice of you." He shook hands with a smile like the morning and a grip that made Schuyler wince.

"Good," said the older man heartily, with a throb of satisfaction. "You've got a good bit of loot, I see."

"You bet—I mean, yes, indeed," agreed Bob. "Walter gave me these cunnin' things," and he dangled a huge pair of Canadian *bottes sauvages*, caribou moccasin boots. "And Margaret, my sister-in-law, sent this princely flybook; and my mother some silk socks, which I can't wear with the hunting-boots; and my uncle donated this shotgun. Walter bought it for him. Isn't that a beauty?" He handed it over for inspection. "And I've got other things—an electric torch, and books, and a subscription to *Country Life*—a lot of stuff. See."

"You're a lucky fellow," said Peter Schuyler. He thought of his sons, and the automobiles and checks which celebrated their birthdays, and of the satiated appetites which needed that and more to stir them. He considered the pleasure of Bob in his presents and found him lucky. "You're a fortunate lad," he repeated. "Where's your brother?"

Bob turned his head and lifted his hand. "Shaving," he whispered. "Hear!" Out of the other side of the camp issued sounds as of measured wailing. Indian medicine-men over a victim might chant such music. "That's his shaving-song," explained Bob. "It dies down when he's in action—hear? He's finished now; listen to that!" Loud and steady the wails swelled triumphant through the camp window.

"I want to be an ange-eye-el
And with th' ange-eye-els stand;
A crown upon my fore-eye-head
A harp within my hand-hand-hand
A harp within my—

"Bobby, you young cuss, where's my trewsies? Holy Moses, Bob, you've coopered my trewsies and I haven't got the wherewithal to appear in society and how——"

Bob sent a big laugh crashing into the everlasting hills. "Cut it out, Wallie," he shouted. "I'll bring the trewsies—left 'em in my room to dry," he explained *en passant* as he dashed inside, and then came swinging out, his tall head bent in the low doorway, with the cherished raiment.

Schuyler watched him as he went leaping like a giant young rabbit down the wide gallery of the camp. Bob's strength and youth never made him feel old and quiet, as that of many youngsters. It seemed rather that youth and strength were in the air and he himself likely to catch them. From the other side of the camp came now a chastened song of joy.

"Every night I used to hang my trewsies up
On the back of the bedroom door,"

warbled Morgan, far, far out of Harry Lauder's tune. Bob swung, moccasin-footed, around the corner, grinning.

"He'll be ready in a minute, sir. Hungry for your breakfast?"

And Schuyler, now he came to think of it, was hungry. The guides' camp and the dining-room and the kitchen were a

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hundred yards away through the woods. The procession of three filed down a brown thread of trail, deep in forest shades, bright with drops of sunlight, filtered, shaken through the birches and spruces. The breeze blew the tall ferns, and the ferns nodded a broken, continuous good-morning, and brushed them softly as they passed. A brown partridge ran across the brown earth by an old log and fled clucking up the hillside. Up there, one heard the ring of an axe, and knew that the *garçons*, the younger guides, were after firewood. The lake sparkled through the tree-trunks like a mammoth, tossing field of jewels. And with that the dining-camp was in view. Godin, the butler, stood smiling; a pleasant crackling of wood, a flash of flame, a sputtering of hot butter in the frying-pan, an appetizing smell of homely good things to eat, such as bacon and trout and coffee, met them full, coming around the moss-set trail. They sat down on backless plank benches about a table covered with white oil-cloth, and breakfasted from enamelled-ware plates, and the roof above their heads made all the dining-room there was. Yet that is a misstatement, for the walls of their dining-room were a panorama. The lake twenty feet from their feet lapped two sides of the knoll shadowy with spruce trees; across the lake green hills crowded to the water and beyond them tops of higher hills rolled into the blueness of the oldest mountains on the planet, the Laurentian range.

"Gosh," remarked Bob later, and patted his lungs, "I've et plentiful." And Godin carried away the last *poêlée* of flapjacks untouched. The butler here served flapjacks in the frying-pan. And with that Godin stepped forward and presented Morgan with a pile of envelopes.

"*La poste, m'sieur*," he said. "The morning's mail," and rippled a laugh.

Morgan put them in his corduroy pocket with a grave "Thank you," and led the way over the trail back to camp. There one proceeded to sit on the step of the wide log gallery, facing down the lake to the Damned Little River two miles away, and read the letters. There were five. In various forms, all unconventional, Jean Godin, Josef Vézina, Jacques Alouasse, Zoëtique Vézina, and Josef Godin accepted an invitation from Monsieur Morgan for the fête of his brother, Monsieur Robert Morgan, on the afternoon of August 9, from four to six o'clock.

"We always do it this way," explained Bob. "We send them each a solemn note the day before, and they accept it solemnly in a note apiece the morning of my birthday. They can't all write, but they worry out the answers among 'em. They're a good lot of fellows," he added, with a manner of protecting gentleness over the labored, ill-written papers. And Walter indorsed him.

"They're nice fellows, all of them," he said heartily.

"Josef Godin, that's Blanc," explained Bob further. "Here's his note, Mr. Schuyler. It makes me—well, sort of ashamed to have had all the chances."

And Peter Schuyler, putting on his gold-rimmed eye-glasses, read Blanc's note.

"MONSIEUR:

"I, Josef Vézina, present my respectful compliments to monsieur, with a thousand thanks for my invitation to the fête of Monsieur Bob, and I will come with all that there is of pleasure. Monsieur will be good enough to pardon my writing and also the spelling, because one has not had very much of instruction.

"Monsieur, I am

"*Votre serviteur*,

"JOSEF VÉZINA."

"He *is* a good fellow," Schuyler repeated, and was aware of a queer feeling which warmed him interiorly.

"I'm going across to Lake Harlan," announced Bob then. "It's getting too blamed beaverish over there. Zoëtique and I tore down the dam yesterday, and if those blessed beasts have built it again I'm going to hang up a handkerchief soaked in tar oil to smell 'em away. Want to come, Mr. Schuyler? I'd be delighted to paddle you across; and it's a nice walk to Harlan."

There was a quality in Bob's doing of things which made the things he did seem desirable. Schuyler was suddenly anxious to know personally if the beaver had rebuilt their dam, which flooded the lake and ruined it for hunting.

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"I'd like to go," he said, "and—and I'd rather like to paddle too."

"Sure, sir," said Bob. And presently the bright, long morning was gone, and then lunch was over.

"Now we've got to get ready for the festivities," said Walter Morgan, and Schuyler, at first looking on, and wondering, found himself, shortly, helping with his whole soul. Wiping perspiration from his brow he stood back, an hour later, and viewed with deep satisfaction the result of his labors.

"I think I've got those prizes pretty well arranged," he announced, and regarded a miscellaneous labelled lot of small articles spread on a box cover, on the gallery bench, with interest and pride.

There was a package of cigarettes, labelled "First, Potato race"; there was a box of letter-paper labelled "First, Axe-throwing"; there was a necktie, not from Budd's, marked "First, Obstacle race"; and four cigars which said "First, Shooting." Other first and second prizes of much the same ilk were there. On the writing-table inside, where one might reach through the window and serve them, were refreshments: punch, brewed of good ingredients, in the thermos bottles; candies brought from New York; a box of sweet wafers unknown of guides; that was all—except cigars, which were a crown of glory to these pipe-smokers.

At four o'clock sounds of desultory conversation and a little chopping and a little sawing of wood were heard back of the camp. The Morgans grinned at each other.

"You'll have to lep into the high-and-by-ways and lug in the party," said Bob. "They always lose their nerve at the last minute and fuss around in the woods," he explained to Schuyler. And shortly Morgan was heard genially adjuring his guests from the wings, in his own peerless French.

"*Venez, Godin, et Zoëtique, et Jacques, et toutes personnes. Le bal champêtre sommes prêt. Nous attendait pour vous. Tout sommes prêt. Venez avec moi.*"

And around the corner he led his sheep. Clean and scrubbed they were, in fresh cotton shirts and no coats, and conspicuously suspendered. The sheep were sheepish; they shook hands shyly, with pretty French politeness, as if they had not met for weeks, with Bob and Mr. Schuyler, receiving. And with that the *bal champêtre* began.

There was a shooting-match first, and the men who never wasted a cartridge because of expense were given Schuyler's English magazine rifle and cartridges galore, and everybody shot in turn. Jacques Alouasse won. Schuyler looked at him curiously as he swung forward, handsome, nonchalant, as full of grace as a wild animal, to take his prize of cigars.

Jacques was an Indian, unlike the others, who were French-Canadian brothers and cousins from the Rivière Sainte Anne. The ancestors of Jacques were those Hurons who had been chased from what is now central New York State by the Iroquois and had found asylum and made a little village, still called Indian Lorette, beyond Quebec. Here they live to-day, a tiny colony in a foreign land, pure-blooded Indians yet, and manufacture canoes and moccasins and do guiding. Schuyler looked at Jacques. Not only was the historic background a setting for the lithe and vigorous figure, but his personality was interesting. He was here in the Morgan camp to fill a vacancy, accepted here only because guides were scarce. Yet he was probably the best guide in the club, untiring, willing, powerful, capable.

"Just that one thing against him," said Walter Morgan, "but it's enough. You can never tell when he'll turn up wild drunk."

It was said that he was now deliberately drinking himself to death, and no one could give a reason why. His dark face was a mask of stolidity, but a smile flashed and was gone as he took the cigars from Walter Morgan with a deep-toned "*Merci, m'sieur.*" A heron's feather, stuck in his hat, gave a dramatic touch to his old clothes; a scarlet bandanna was around his straight throat; his shoulders were broad and his waist small and he moved springily as if every muscle played joyfully. He was lean and not too tall, a perfect figure of an athlete. "A beautiful creature," thought Schuyler regretfully, as Jacques turned away.

The games went on and each guide

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threw his heart into each event. No one ever had more delightful guests. They were interested in every moment, considerate, eager to help, quick to understand. Peter Schuyler, the world-worn, the blasé, forgot that he was either, forgot to remember himself at all. He roared with laughter as Blanc, driven by Bob, with long strips of red cotton for reins in the blindfold race, charged whole-heartedly into a spruce-bush; he presided with keen interest over the tableful of seventeen odds and ends which the men were to try to catalogue after ninety seconds' study, and he marvelled, with the appreciation of a trained brain, at the high percentage which these brains of home-made training could remember. He entered like a boy, like Bob Morgan, into the entire primitive festivity.

Then the laughing, happy Frenchmen had said their "au revoirs" with shy gratitude and thanks repeated over and over, and, each with his load of two-penny, precious prizes, each crowned with a bright-colored paper cap out of the "snappers" that were a wonderful novelty to these children of the remote world, had gone off down the little trail into the forest, with fainter and fainter sound of gay, excited voices. And Schuyler, as he turned with a sigh of pleasure toward the brothers, suddenly realized that he too had been happy. Unused nerve connections were tingling; atrophied muscles were aching deliciously from laughter and exercise. And he was conscious of pushing aside impatiently the familiar thought of his own wretchedness, to get room for the thought of the pleasure of a handful of French habitants.

"By Jove," he exploded. "I've had a remarkable afternoon. What fellows they are—what a joyful lot! And what gracious manners! *I* never had a party with such guests. It makes me feel like going home and shovelling cart-loads of things to give them."

Walter Morgan shook his head. "You mustn't spoil them, Mr. Schuyler. You could do it, you know. Their life runs in narrow grooves. They're contented inside those grooves, and mostly they've got to stay inside." And Schuyler deferred to the man who knew them.

"But I'd like to do something for—or to—that fellow Jacques Alouasse," he reflected aloud. "Does any one know why —" and behold here was Godin, slipping noiselessly back, a brown figure, out of brown afternoon shadows. Would M'sieur speak to him a moment? And as Morgan went down the portage, Bob grinned. "They're going to surprise me," he stated. "Just wait, sir—it's going to be awfully pretty. You'll see."

As they went through the twilight woods to dinner Schuyler saw. When they turned the corner of the trail toward the dining-camp, suddenly all the forest of Canada was dancing with many-colored lights. High in the darkness, low, and near and far they hung and swung and sparkled; red and green and yellow they were, and ringmarked and speckled. One cannot believe, till one has seen, what a magic earth fifty paper lanterns can manufacture, with a lake reflecting manyfold their broken brilliancy.

As they came to the camp all the guides stood at the fire, smiling, pleased with the great fête, gay yet with the afternoon's pleasure. Sitting at the table to trout and bacon and fried potatoes was feasting in fairyland, and the men's figures moving about, serving, topped with the mad-shaped, colored-paper head-dresses were as unreal as a story of German elfs. And then, when one had devoured corn bread and flapjacks and other delicacies, at the last came Godin emerging from a secret place, bearing in state a large frosted cake blazing with candles, one for each year of Bob's great age and one "to grow on." And the guides, in their bright caps, trooped respectfully behind Godin, for one did this each year—one knew what was expected.

The cake was set in front of the hero of the day, and all the bright head-dresses bent about the table around the *messieurs* seated there, and blew mightily to see who should be the last one married. And with great laughter it was judged to be Bob himself, who proceeded to knock out the pretty pink candles brought from New York and cut open the cake to give a slice to each one. The little regiment stood under the gay Japanese lanterns, odd and picturesque in their white and blue and crimson and orange caps, and each one held his plate with its huge slice of

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fruit-cake, and munched a bit slyly and searched surreptitiously for what might be found. Till Godin discovered a thimble, amid much laughter, for Godin was an old bachelor, a "*vieux garçon.*" And then promptly Zoëtique had a silver ten-cent piece and Blanc a ring and Jacques Alouasse had found a toy watch for the one who should live the longest. A lightning gleam flashed across the immobile Indian face.

"*Crais que non*"—"I think not," said Jacques Alouasse, and swiftly he had laughed and was saying his deep-toned "*Merci, m'sieur*" to Bob.

When the *messieurs* went home, lantern-guided, through the velvet darkness, the night was so warm and the lure of the starlit lake so strong that they strolled down twenty feet to the dock, and then Bob shoved a canoe into water and the three stepped in and floated into the dimness between sky and sea, to the silent pushes of a paddle. And behold, as they rounded a point toward the guides' camp, a miracle: the black mass of Canadian woods was all alight and the lake gave back enchantment, redoubling the elusive sparkle of the lanterns in the rippled water. There seemed no end of the lights; all the woodland was *en fête;* it might have been a casino at Newport or Narragansett Pier; one listened for the music of an orchestra, for sounds of revelry. Instead there came voices and laughter of the guides, out of the clump of spruces where the flame of candles told of the dining-table. Excited words floated to the three on the lake.

"M'sieur Bob—*crais*—but he fell hard in the potato race—*crais que oui!*" and much laughter. Then an animated discussion of the eating of the biscuit and smoking of cigarettes in the obstacle race: "But the biscuits there were dry—but yes! Me, I choked on the second and thou, Blanc, I saw thee gobble a whole one at a *bouchée*—a mouthful. I saw it." Shouts of laughter again, at Blanc's expense. The men, simple-hearted as children, were going over the events of the "*fête* of M'sieur Bob," the great day of the summer.

Schuyler, an hour later, lying on his cot, inhaling the balsam through his tent-door, stared out at the dark rim of mountains across the lake back of which a six-foot golden moon was slowly lifting, and wondered what was the hidden magic which had made this day a landmark in his history.

"The *fête* of M'sieur Bob," he spoke half-aloud in the dark. "The *fête* of M'sieur Bob. I wonder why it has been such a beautiful day." And was asleep.

He woke to the scolding trill of a squirrel and a cannonade of pine cones on his tent. He laughed. The squirrel whisked into a tree-top, and Schuyler lay and basked in a peace which passed understanding. Noiselessly across the tent roof wove a dance of breeze-blown branches. Reflected inside the tent walls, the light and shade of the lake waves played unendingly; one heard birds in the tree-tops and silver lapping of water against the pebbled shore; far off, dreamily, one heard the slow ring of an axe. Schuyler looked at his watch; half an hour yet before it was time for the dash to the lake and the swim in the sharp, sweet water. He lay still and thought.

"The *fête* of M'sieur Bob" was still his consideration. How had it been possible to construct hours of genuine delight out of a dozen or two paltry jimcracks whose total value would not have exceeded five dollars; out of association with a number of ignorant peasants? It sounded to this man of opportunity paradoxical. Yet it had happened; he had felt it. Slowly, as he considered, it came to him, more or less unphrased, that perhaps all people, even though they do not know it, enjoy giving themselves—that yesterday every one had given the best that was in him to all the others; that consequently—perhaps consequently, for this was only a theory to Peter Schuyler—each one had enjoyed himself hugely. That might be it. With that came the memory of a dark young face masked in stoic calmness; of a reserved dignity which Schuyler felt akin to something in himself. The two thoughts fused. If it was so delightful an amusement to do things for some one, why should he not try the trick with this fellow who attracted him, Jacques Alouasse?

About four that afternoon, armed with the last thought in a four-ounce rod, with a fly-book *de luxe* and the general sporting outfit of a dandy who was yet a sport,

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Schuyler stepped into the bow of a canoe which Alouasse held. He took his place facing the stern and watched with fastidious satisfaction the perfection of the guides' movements as he slid the boat to the end of the dock and sprang into the flying stern effortless and sure. Down at the *tête du lac,* in a bay, was a hole which was in shade early. With short, strong strokes, as the Canadian woodsman paddles, Alouasse brought the canoe to this place, and Schuyler, as they came, trailed his leader and his flies to take the curl out of them. Then he cast carefully; he was conscious of doing his best for the knowledge in the dark, watchful eyes. He was conscious of a desire to win the good opinion of an Indian guide who was drinking himself to death. He was an expert fisherman and he cast to-day as even Jacques had seen few people cast. The nine-foot thread of light which was the leader lifted, folded back into space, paused, and with a single movement of the forearm shivered forward, out and out in a clean loop till it hung straight; till seventy-five feet away the tail fly touched, then the second, and then the hand fly. The three bright spots flecked the water in a line scientifically zigzagged, not too slow and not too fast; it was perfect casting and Schuyler knew it, and knew that Jacques knew it. A truly Indian grunt at the third cast spoke approval. But no fish rose to break the brown surface with a flash of white, and the whir of the reel and the glory of the fight were not forthcoming.

After ten minutes of exhibition casting, "Go somewhere else, Jacques," ordered Schuyler. And Jacques, twisting his paddle under water, had the boat about in forty-five seconds and shortly they were landing at the portage up the Rivière à la Poêle.

There is probably no sweeter spot on earth. The spruces lean over the afternoon water in a dark canopy; back of them are silver birches and a shadowy trail up a slope; above, the river spins and whirls, a sliding mass, in crests of foam, in polished, dangerous pools, over and around and through great gray rocks tossed about as if giant children had been at play. There is a gentle murmur all about one, and under that one detects the swift rush of strong water, and under, deep under all, is the hollow, booming beat of the heart of the rapids. One is drowned in a luxury of rich sound, of keen, fragrant air, of pervading dim greenness.

Schuyler, after walking the half-mile portage to the pool above was disappointed to find it still partly in sunlight.

"One must wait," said Jacques Alouasse philosophically, and squatted at a civil distance and filled his pipe.

Schuyler sat down on a log and followed his example. "It was a good party yesterday, Jacques?" he inquired. "The *fête* of M'sieur Bob, eh!"

"But yes, m'sieur," said Jacques, and said no more.

Schuyler wished the man to talk. "You have been here before at such times?" he went on.

"But no, m'sieur," said Jacques, and fell into another pool of silence. This time, however, he was moved to climb out alone. "I have wished to be here for that *fête,*" Jacques volunteered. "One has heard much of it. In Saint Raymond, where I worked at boat-building last winter, they spoke of the *fête* of M'sieur Bob. The men had told of it, and it was wonderful to the people of Saint Raymond. They could hardly believe that such things could happen in the woods."

Schuyler gasped. Was this naïveté possible? But Jacques was perfectly serious. His enthusiasm had carried away his reserve; he went on:

"Me, I wished to see such an affair. I asked the steward of the club, M'sieur Demers, to say a good word for me if m'sieur should wish another guide. And he did."

A sudden thought flashed to Schuyler's mind, to his lips.

"Everybody is ready to say a good word for you, Jacques, in every way except one," said Schuyler.

A silence; the older man felt his pulse quicken as he thought, "Now, I've spoiled it all—now he will think he is to be lectured and go back into his shell."

Jacques spoke. "Ah! I get drunk," he agreed with quiet dignity.

"Yes," Schuyler nodded. "What makes you?"

Jacques visibly hesitated, and Schuyler, in the pause, was conscious of a feeling

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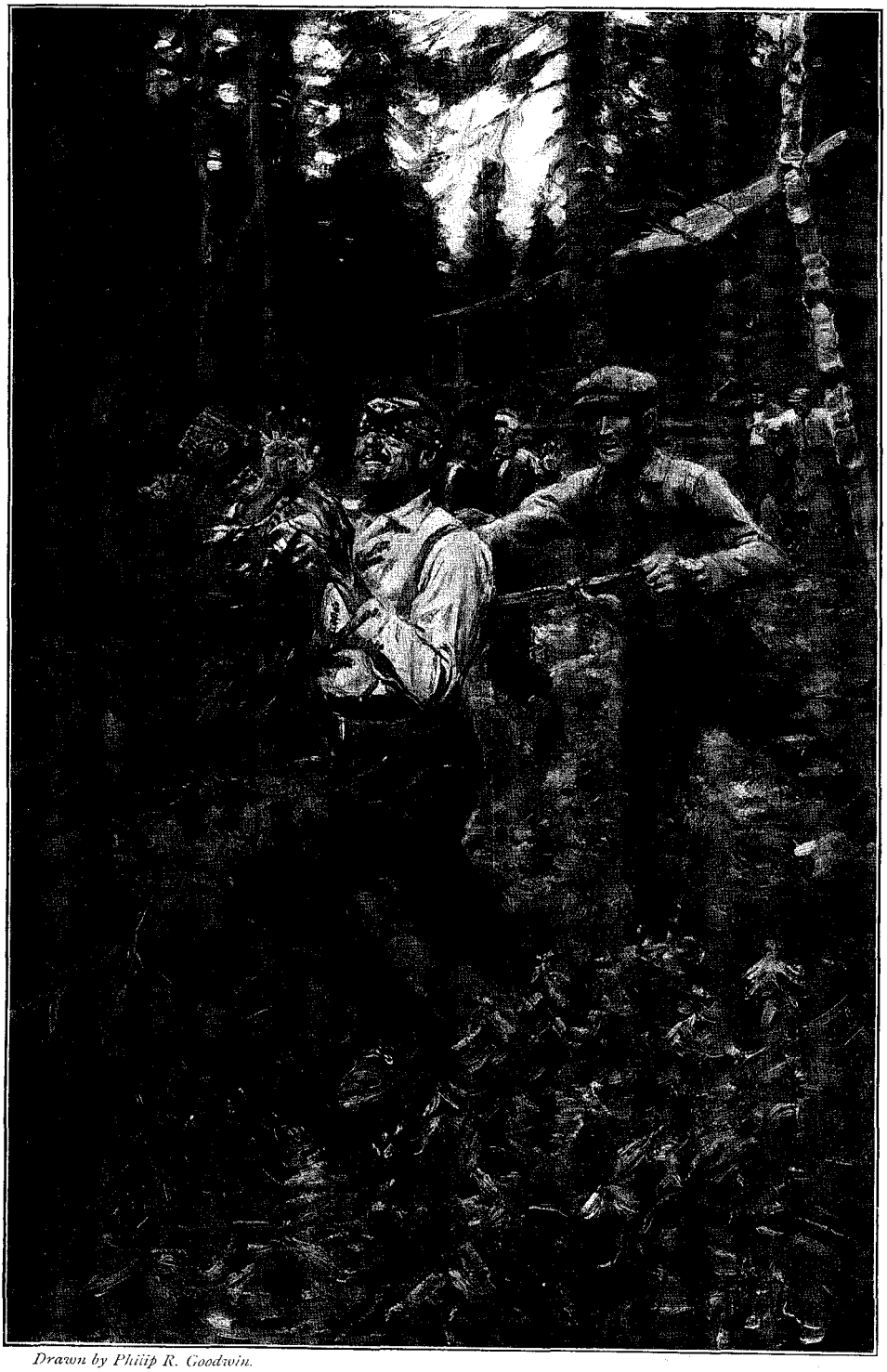

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

He roared with laughter as Blanc, driven by Bob, . . . charged whole-heartedly into a spruce-bush.—Page 332.

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which most people, all people surely who have what is called temperament, have known a few times. It was the feeling that between this man and himself there stretched a definite bond of comprehension. Perhaps no intangible proof is stronger than this that we are all rather literally "members one of another"; that under all our small personal manifestations of life lies the universal linking life which is God. Neither Schuyler nor Jacques had any such formulated thought; yet both felt the unmistakable glow and opening of spirit which is the thing meant. The mask seemed to drop from the Indian face; the dark, bright eyes met Schuyler's, wistful, troubled. Schuyler's heart warmed to the look.

"M'sieur would like to know about me?" asked Jacques. And m'sieur briefly indicated that he would.

So Jacques, in bare sentences, told a curious, mediæval tale. He had been wild; he had drunk whiskey and gotten *en fête;* he had played tricks on the chiefs at Lorette; he had been absent from mass many times, and one Sunday morning while so absent he had fought a bear and killed him without a gun; when he had gone back in high glee with his game, the priest, Père Augustin, had made him come into his house and had told him that it was the devil who had helped him to kill that bear—that he was no doubt possessed of the devil. Père Augustin had gone farther; he had told Jacques that there was no doubt that, for his many sins, he was now damned to all eternity; also that if Marie Gros-Pierre should marry him she also would be damned. Jacques had come out from that interview a desperate man. He had gone to Marie and freed her from her promise. But Marie would not be freed. She would marry Jacques if he were a lost soul or not; she would go to hell with him if that must be. He was hers; she would not leave him for heaven or hell.

Jacques, squatting by the brown, lapping water, laid down his pipe and gazed at Peter Schuyler from dark eyes filled with the tragedy of a race. "What, then, can one do?" he demanded. "Me, I cannot let Marie be damned. I cannot refuse to marry her. So I kill myself. It is all the way I can think of. It is more trouble to my people and to Marie if I shoot myself, so I drink. I drink very much. I am strong, so it go more slow, but I kill me in one year, maybe. Maybe more. It is a good way; m'sieur thinks so?"

M'sieur did not. M'sieur stared speechless for a moment, and then found energetic speech. Jacques listened attentively.

"But, m'sieur," he reasoned gently, "the good God had doubtless told Père Augustin that I was damned. In fact he said so."

"The good God never told any one any such thing," Peter Schuyler answered hotly. "The good God is ready to help you out of the mess you are in the minute you're ready to try to get out." Schuyler marvelled as he heard his own voice in this unmistakable sermonizing. But he was too eager to think about that.

Jacques shook his head. "I thank you, m'sieur. It would be agreeable to believe m'sieur. But the priests know. That is their *métier*," he repeated.

Schuyler considered. He thought of the saintly priests whom he had known, of the church to which Jacques belonged; of shepherds of little flocks, such as this Huron fold at Lorette, and their kindly guidance and lifelong examples of self-sacrifice and loving-kindness; he thought of priestly orators, swaying masses of ignorant souls to better things; he thought of busy, earnest years of unselfish men threading in their worn black clothes the close streets of crowded cities; he thought of Father Jogues and the martyrs who had counted their lives as nothing for the souls of other Indian people three hundred years ago; and then he marvelled that the poor little village had somehow missed the multitude of good men and fallen into the hands of a rascal. For rascality will happen in any calling, and a sacred one is no exception.

Then Schuyler squared himself to argument. Had Jacques meant to be wicked? Why, no, Jacques answered, not at all. He had been foolish; he had perhaps wished to be more daring than others, but that was all. Would Jacques himself forgive a person who had done these things? Schuyler asked. Why, certainly, Jacques said. Then, threw back

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Schuyler, what sort of a God would it be who would not be as generous as Jacques Alouasse? Who would send a young fellow to eternal torture for foolishness? Why, reasoned he, dragging out long-neglected teachings, why, even if a man were a criminal, the wickedest man on earth, the good God was so great and so kind that he would gladly forgive him the moment he tried to do better.

A gleam of grim amusement lighted the tragic black eyes. "M'sieur doesn't know God very well," suggested Jacques. M'sieur agreed to that.

"We are not instructed of him like that in our village," Jacques went on. "Père Augustin has taught us that if one does not do as Père Augustin says, God will give him the stick, one way or another. It is probably well for us to believe so. Mostly it makes a person careful. Me, I have a feeling here"—he tapped his broad chest—"that if God is unjust to me like that I will not do his way, but my own. And"—with a shrug—"take the punishment. Also"— an arrow of light glittered from the black eyes—"also, I hate the good God. And I hate Père Augustin."

"I don't wonder," agreed Schuyler. And then: "Why do you hate him?"

All the bright head-dresses bent about the table around the *messieurs* seated there, and blew mightily to see who should be the last one married.—Page 332.

"Because when I am dead he will force Marie to marry his nephew. His nephew, Achille, will give him Marie's money. Marie is rich. She has nine hundred dollars which her father left her. Me"—and he lifted his head haughtily—"me, I do not want Marie's money. I want Marie." And any one listening would have known that he spoke the truth.

Schuyler meditated. He formed a mental picture of a greedy plotter, exploiting the poor little village. He followed the windings of the sordid plan. Jacques, the difficult black sheep, driven to suicide; Marie bullied into marriage with Achille, his tool; and Marie's money absorbed, under some pretence, by himself; then Père Augustin, with his wealth of nine hundred

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dollars, might leave Indian Lorette and go afield for a career.

"Jacques," spoke Schuyler, "you make a mistake to kill yourself."

Jacques shrugged his shoulders Frenchly.

"That makes nothing. I go to hell in any case. God is bad. He send me to hell no matter what I do now."

With that Schuyler argued again as to the inevitable character of a good God. Jacques listened even more attentively.

"M'sieur, is there another God than the God of Père Augustin?" he asked hopefully.

And Schuyler, considering, thought how each of us, in his groping to find out, shapes that great unknowable after his own feeble pattern. Very gently he tried to tell the man, listening breathless to the tale of wonder, how the reality must be kinder, stronger than any vision of any of us. "Your life is a part of him," explained Schuyler. "It is for that you have no right to cut it short"—and was aware with a jump that his words applied to others than Jacques. Yet, he thought hurriedly, it was most different. Jacques was young, strong, at the beginning; he himself was ill and growing old, nearing the end; it was another question; also, he was capable of judging; Jacques was not. He went on.

"Do you think you are a brave man, Jacques?" The troubled eyes met his with a glance like a blow.

"I have not the habit to be afraid, m'sieur."

"Then, if you are brave, why should you act like a coward?"

Schuyler had a glimpse then of how the forebears of Jacques, only a few generations ago, had looked, on the war-path. But Jacques said nothing. Schuyler went on. "To live our lives here is a battle. Many creatures suffer to make a life possible. We come here through suffering. The poor beasts suffer whose flesh we eat and whose skins and fur are our clothing. Isn't it honorable that we should suffer something in return for all this innocent pain? Also, isn't it the part of a brave man to stay in the fight till the fight is ended? Or—or"—Schuyler stammered a bit—"or as good as ended. You are just beginning. It would be like a coward to throw down your bow and arrow and run out of the battle. And how do you know what is coming? It may be good things. It may be honest work and a man's place in the world. Prove that Père Augustin is wrong. Take up your life and live it well. God will not damn you because any one says so."

"Won't he?" inquired Jacques surprised.

Schuyler brought down his fist on the old log with a force that sent loose bark flying. "You have a better chance for heaven than Père Augustin. It's damned nonsense and malice. The game is in your own hands. Stop drinking, live the best life you know how, and you'll get to heaven in spite of Père Augustin."

"Ah!" said Jacques, with a shadowy smile. "I thank m'sieur." And with that a large fish jumped and the case rested for this sitting.

There were other sittings. Paddling in the gleaming, hill-set fastnesses of the Rivière à la Poêle, floating down the west side of Lac Noir, deep in afternoon shadow, casting the long light-ray of the leader over the dark bay at the head of the lake, fishing the Lightning River amid murmuring waters, one held séances. One discussed heaven and hell when the fish did not rise. Schuyler's blood was up; he would save this fellow. More and more he grew to like him. He threw the force of his trained brain into the combat, and he began to see that he scored. Jacques was intelligent. The wall of prejudice was sapped from within while it was battered from without.

"M'sieur is very clever? The education of m'sieur *coûtait cher*—cost much?" he asked wistfully one day, twisting the canoe deftly to a better position. He wanted to believe in this strange new hope.

And Schuyler went to work, half-smiling, half with tears in his eyes, to set forth the expense of sending a boy to Groton, to Yale, to Oxford, and around the world. Jacques was impressed to speechlessness. It was apparent that the brains of Schuyler, translated into cash, were more than the brains of Père Augustin so translated. Schuyler saw the blind faith of years crumbling before this battering-ram of dollars. Yet the argu-

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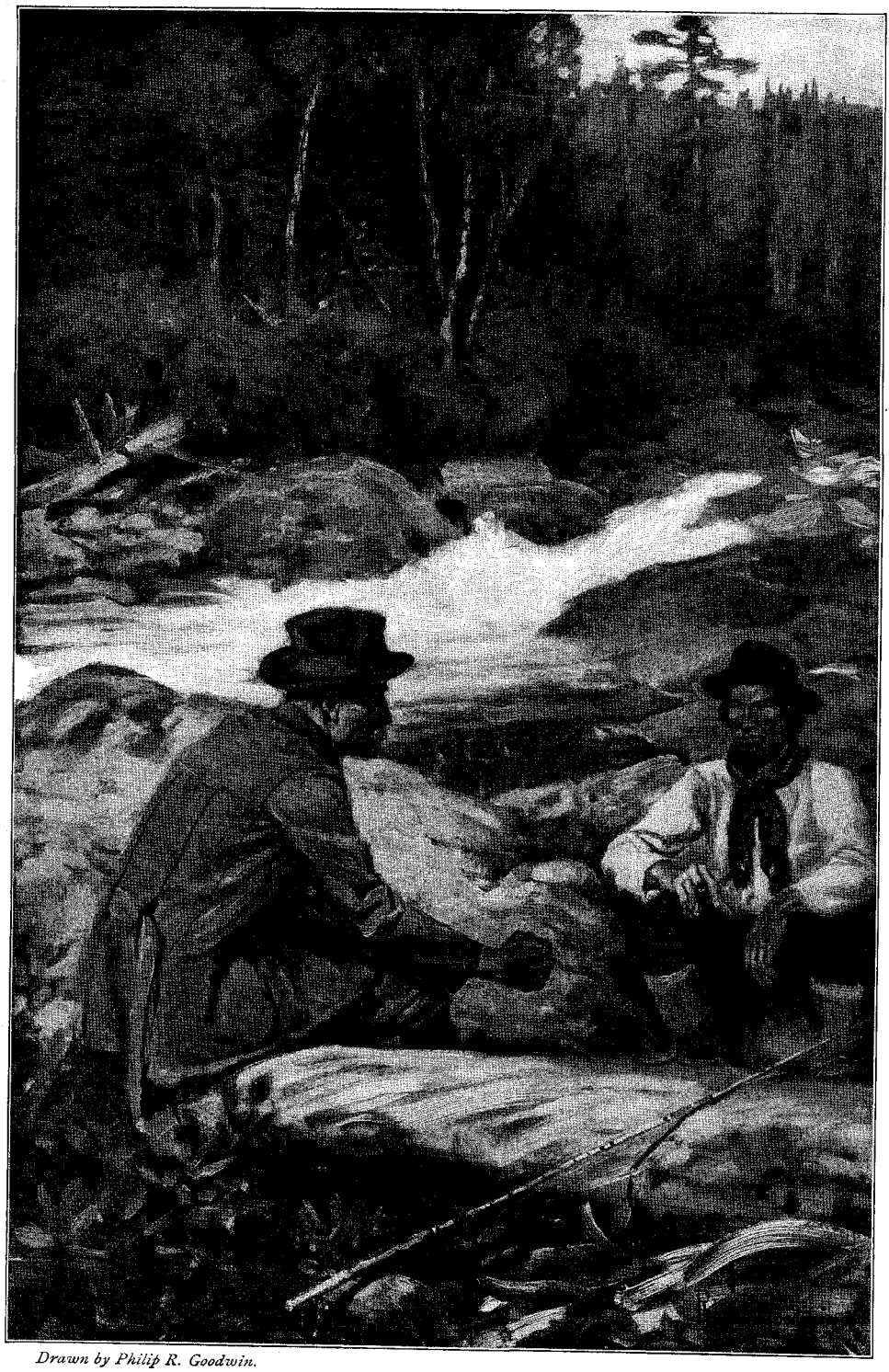

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

"You have a better chance for heaven than he."—Page 338.

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One discussed heaven and hell when the fish did not rise.—Page 338.

ments which fetched Jacques in the end were better arguments than this. The mind behind the keen black eyes was a thinking mind, once stirred. Schuyler drag-netted his brain for the reading of years back and put it in battle-array, and so Jacques, who did not know how to write, came to be fairly well informed in the broadest modern views of philosophy and religion.

Then, on a day, the *garçons* came back from a two-days' trip to the club with mail. Among the letters was one for Schuyler from the daughter whom he loved the best of his children.

"Can't you pick up a trustworthy, interesting guide for little Peter?" wrote Mary Van Rensseller from her Adirondack place. "He reads too much, and I can't get him excited over paddling and woodscraft as a boy should be. Our guides are too old for him, I think, and not one is dramatic enough to appeal to little Peter, who is greedy for a Cooper, King Arthur, Robin Hood incarnation. Can you lay hands on such, father? He needs it physically."

And Schuyler recognized the letter as a crisis in a life not that of little Peter.

The water was high that afternoon; the foam lay in mounds of whipped cream under the bushes of "thé Sauvage," which overhung the shores of the Rivière à la Poêle, the Frying-Pan River. The water being so high, it was not good fishing, but yet it was worth while to paddle to the wide mouth of the stream, sentinelled with bowlders, with grouped serene spruce-spires pointing upward to the sky, reflected downward in the lake. It was worth while to cast across cold brown water and know that big trout lay hidden there and might by chance rise to the fly.

"Jacques," said Schuyler, when, after fifteen minutes, no trout had risen, "Jacques, would you like to go back with me and guide for my little grandson?"

The black velvet eyes glittered with a swift light; Jacques said nothing. Schuyler briefly stated the case.

"M'sieur jokes?" inquired Jacques.

M'sieur made it clear that he did not joke. There was a silence. Schuyler waited. Out of the black-green depths of a spruce wood on the hillside an hour-bird, a hermit thrush, sang his liquid, lingering four notes and stopped. The earth was deep peace.

"M'sieur knows my affair, that I am a drunkard?" Jacques asked.

"I know your affair," answered Schuyler.

"M'sieur would trust the grandchild which m'sieur loves, the little chief, to a drunkard?"

"You are wrong," said Schuyler. "The man to whom I would trust my grandchild would be a man who has got through with drink forever."

Then he waited rather breathlessly. Jacques sucked in a long breath.

"M'sieur would trust *me*, the outcast, with a child dear to him?"

"I would trust you," Schuyler answered.

It was the crucial moment. Neither of the two men missed the largeness of the four words. To Schuyler a vision of little

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Peter rose, and he shivered a bit. Who was this wild Indian that for his salvation he should hand over the safety of that beloved cropped head and those priceless bare brown legs? Yet some force held him to his bargain. As he stared at the wild Indian concerned he was aware with a start of embarrassment that the brilliant black eyes were staring back through a mist; two drops rolled on the lean, dark cheeks of Jacques.

"M'sieur," said Jacques, "my life is not good enough to give you. But I will give it to you, for it is all I have."

He turned, and helped to alight one of the very prettiest dark girls whom Schuyler had ever seen.

Three years after this Peter Schuyler waited, on a day, at a little country station in the far northern part of New York State. His great-grandfather had owned a tract of land thereabouts before the Revolution, and much of it had come down to him. He had lately installed a new superintendent, trained for the purpose, over the farms and their industries, and he was interested in the young man's success. The young man had gone away to get married, and Schuyler, at the little station on the road to Canada, sat in his touring-car and waited to meet him and his bride.

Far down the rails a whistle tooted distantly, a locomotive slid into the gap between the great hills, raced screaming toward him, stopped; the train had arrived. Schuyler, on the platform, watched a dark, lithe young man spring out with a free grace a bit incongruous with his middle-class new clothes. He turned, and helped to alight one of the very prettiest dark girls whom Schuyler had ever seen. And then in a moment the two had spied him and the man's black eyes were ablaze.

"It is my wife—it is Marie Gros-Pierre," Jacques cried eagerly, sweeping the slim figure forward, and looked proudly from one to the other. And Schuyler took the girl's hand and said friendly things with a graciousness which many high-born ladies had never known from him. And with that Marie Gros-Pierre was having the first motor-drive of her life, and Schuyler was wondering more and more, as he talked to her, not shy, not forward, sparkling with happiness, responsive to every kind look, at the perfect breeding which nature gives to some of her children free gratis. He had made plans for Marie Gros-Pierre's well-being for years to come, before the car drew up at the stone farm-house in the deep valley by the stream.

"But, m'sieur, it is a palace," said Marie, gazing awe-struck at her home. "Jacques and I, we can never deserve it. But yet we will try." And she went to get supper in her palace.

Two hours later, as Marie rattled dishes happily, Schuyler and his superintendent talked outside in the scented June darkness. First practically, of crops and machines and money. Then, as the pipes

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burned low, Jacques, in his deep, vague tones, resonant yet of forest streams and still hills, thanked Schuyler straightforwardly for giving him life and God and a career and his wife. "There is nothing of the great things I have this night which I do not owe to m'sieur," Jacques said. And Schuyler, laying his pipe on his knee, had no answer. Yet after a time he spoke.

"Jacques," said Schuyler, "I owe you as much as you owe me."

"Me, m'sieur?" Jacques was surprised. "M'sieur owes me anything? M'sieur jokes."

So Schuyler, seeing of Jacques only the light of adoring black eyes, talked for a few minutes as if to his own soul. He told of his illness, his loss of interest in the world, his dread of old age; he told of the little steel affair in his desk and of his resolve to use it that September, of his going to Canada to fill in the interval; he told how the simple joy of living of the Morgans had given him a manner of happy shock; how he had found himself, with his resolve of suicide still unbroken, feeling oftener and oftener inconsistently contented. Then he told how, with this preparation, he had grown interested in Jacques himself; how he had come to feel it vitally necessary to save him; how in reasoning against Jacques's self-murder he had reasoned against his own, and how at last the keen interest in another life had undermined the morbid desire to end his own. He told how it had come to him as an illumination, as world-old truths often come, that the one thing which keeps a life fresh is that it should, like a stream, continually spend itself. These inmost soul-secrets Schuyler, the reserved, the haughty, who could not have said such things to his brother or his son, these things he expounded to an Indian guide, his farm-superintendent. It is likely that when a soul gets down to bottom reality it talks, if talking is done, to a soul, without regard for race, creed, or color. Jacques's soul was a strong one, and developed by suffering, and given once for all, with Indian finality, to the service and worship of Schuyler. Also, now, of a new God introduced by Schuyler. Jacques listened, and understood.

When the older man had finished, and the quiet June night had closed about his voice and laid over it two or three soft moments, and built it into the great wall of things past, then Jacques answered, with a liquid, hollow depth of tone which had often made Schuyler think of the rapids on the Rivière à la Poêle, booming distantly at midnight.

"M'sieur," Jacques said, and his English still carried a strong accent and an effect of translation. "I am an ignorant man, but I see more clearly than I did formerly. It appears to me, m'sieur, that if a man's life is for himself he becomes rather sick of it, *ennuyé*, m'sieur; and sometimes would like to end it because it is tiresome; but if it is for others, which I believe is the better arrangement, and which is m'sieur's way,"—and Schuyler in the dark felt ashamed and contented—"then it is clear that a man has no right to end his life. For how can one tell at what moment one may be of use to those others—anybody—everybody? One cannot tell; therefore, one must live on, and keep the lookout to be of service; for that is what living is for. Also that way is more amusing. *N'est-ce pas*, m'sieur?"

"You are undoubtedly right, Jacques," answered Peter Schuyler calmly. "I began to see that point of view on the day of the *fête* of M'sieur Bob."

"Ah!" Jacques was smiling in the darkness. "The *fête* of M'sieur Bob! It was a day of good luck for me, that day."

"And for me," agreed Schuyler.

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THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE ON

By Gerald Chittenden

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR C. ANDERSON

"THE rose arbor—" began Havens.

"The pergola, you mean," interrupted Mrs. Havens, smiling.

"The rose arbor," repeated Havens, with emphasis. "I won't call it a pergola. When I design houses for the criminal classes, I call such things pergolas because the name adds ten per cent to my fees. I can't afford the luxury, and, anyhow, it's a rose arbor. Madeira isn't Long Island or Newport."

"No. Madeira is just Madeira, though it would smell as sweet by any other name," answered his wife. "What were you going to say about the per—rose arbor?"

"The per—rose arbor," Havens continued, "ought to be on the edge of the cliff over there to the left, with a stone balustrade broad enough to sit on and watch the ships in the harbor and be glad you didn't have to go away."

"And it must join on to the dining-room."

"By all means. Is there soil enough for roses, do you think?"

"Plenty." Mrs. Havens poked the point of her parasol deep into the heavy loam that brings forth flowers that have no peers under the sun. "Plenty. Roses, and rhododendrons, and—and radishes; everything that begins with an 'R.' It will be a dream of a place, Jim."

"A dream of a place," he assented, and looked for a long time down upon the roofs of Funchal, jasper against the jade and sapphire of the bay. A steamer had just rounded to under the wide sweep of the point opposite, and the brief rattle of her anchor-chain came to them, mellowed by distance to an almost musical cadence.

"Union Castle line," he commented, "bound for Cape Town. The sun's setting."

She rose and stood beside him, leaning on her parasol.

"A dream," she mused; "do the best ones ever come true?"

"They're the only kind that do," he replied.

They walked slowly away from the cliff, and through a tangle of bushes and vines to the road, where José and the mules awaited them, and then rode downward through the unreal dusk to Funchal.

It was their last night on the island; tomorrow the liner would call at the port on her way to New York, and Madeira would be but the Mecca of another year, as it had been the Nirvana of many a spring. His friends called him the hardest-working architect on Manhattan Island; he had always in his office two or three impecunious young men, whose goal was the Beaux-Arts, and whom he instructed variously in drawing and French. He spent almost as much time advising them about their designs as he did on his own ideas, and did not lose sight of them even when they had left him and gone to Paris. He always spent the summer in his office; week-end parties along the Sound welcomed him and his wife for their good-fellowship and their thousand whimsicalities. At several places it was probable that some one would speak of Madeira; the mention of the island would induce no incriminating comment from either Jim Havens or his wife.

"Oh, yes. We've been there. A beautiful spot."

No more than that. Only a few of their intimates had certain knowledge that every spring for the last ten years they had gone to the island and seen the flowers freshen in the ocean-softened air, and heard through the smooth night the theme of old and pure romance—the vagrant thrumming of a guitar, the lilt of a murmured song, the light laugh from a balcony veiled in rose and bougainvillea. Keenly analytical in most of the relations of life, Havens took Madeira for granted, just as in his childhood he had accepted fairy-tales, and later

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stories of buried treasure. His feeling for the island was vital to him, and yet so delicate a thing that he never spoke of it. Clients found him an eminently practical architect, who never attempted to shoe-horn a fifteen-foot load of hay through a highly ornamental stable door twelve feet high; contractors were unable to circumvent him or to put him off with excuses. Acquaintances of his college days from whom he had grown apart wondered at the change the world had wrought in him; his friends marvelled that he had never changed. He had only put on a surface for the daws to peck at; a shell for the soul behind his eyes.

Jim Havens and Mrs. Jim had discovered Madeira on their wedding-trip; they had meant to stop over one steamer, and had stayed on for two months. Three years later, when their child had died, he had taken her back to the island and they had spent the spring there. After that, at first every two or three years and then more frequently, they had returned to the island, and had found new beauties in it at every visit. The quarantine boat had never quite cleared the ship's gangway before Manoel, dressed in fresh white dungarees to do honor to their arrival—Manoel, with the sinewy throat and the huge gold rings in his ears, appeared on deck to take entire charge of them and their effects. "I kiss your hands, senhora," he would say, and did it forthwith, while Cooks and Cookesses stood about them, vocal in the ribaldry of raw surprise. Long since the Havenses had forsworn Madeiran hotels; Manoel had an aunt who owned two teeth, a passion for cleanliness, and a reverential affection for the senhor and the senhora.

"But next year," she was used to say as she served them on the first evening, "next year the senhor and the senhora will have their own house on the cliff?"

"Who knows?" Havens always answered. "Next year is—next year, Anita."

Anita usually vanished at that, and returned presently with an old, old bottle, wherein lay such nectar as Ganymede was wont to put aside for his own consumption when Jove wasn't looking.

"What vintage this time, Anita?"

"Sixty-three, if the senhor pleases."

The senhor always did please, and the senhora also, to the extent of one glass sipped slowly. More would have been a desecration. They paid for these things in the bill, or Anita thought they did. She charged them the equivalent of two dollars a day, and lived for the rest of the year on the proceeds of their visit.

They were never without occupation in Madeira. Sometimes they sailed with Manoel when he went fishing, sometimes they took his boat for the whole day, and visited the little villages that melt into the flowery shores of unknown coves, or cruised to the furrowed cliffs of Las Desertas—"No man knows what is on top of them, senhor." Thence they would come back in the level sunlight, and sail under the stern of some newly arrived vessel to see what her name was, while the passengers looked down upon them in the inquisitive and superior manner that is characteristic of passengers, and so through the high surf, where half-naked boys caught the boat by the gunwales and rushed it up the beach on the crest of a roller.

"And to-morrow?" Manoel always asked

"We shall not want the boat to-morrow."

"The mules, perhaps?"

"Not to-morrow."

From the wharves they would wander inland through the clean, pebbled streets to their dinner of soup with sweet peppers, baked fish, and a Spanish omelet of the finest, topped off with a glass of the sixty-three. Thereafter, they sat among the roses on the balcony, or strolled into the Botanical Gardens and watched the population of Funchal parade in the half-light under the palms and rhododendrons. Here Mrs. Havens kept calling Jim's attention to this and that and the other person—to a slim dandy with a malacca cane, to the play of long-lashed eyes between a mantilla and a fan. Every night is a festa to your right Madeiran, a time for the making of love and the superficial bruising of hearts, and every new senhorita the loveliest of the year. The Havenses watched it all, and sometimes, when the moon was large, summoned José and the mules and rode out to their point to see how it looked when every rock was tarnished silver.

On certain—or rather uncertain—mornings, José came for them before the sun was up, and they drank their morning coffee to the jingle of shaken head-stalls and the stamp of impatient little hoofs in the street below.

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"We shall be gone three days, senhor?"

"Yes, José. The kit is packed, and the food?"

"In the alforjas, senhor—as you directed."

In proof he always lifted a corner of a tarpaulin, while Havens glanced beneath it. There was no need for closer inspection; Manoel, the father of José, never forgot any necessary thing. They would jog inland, past the vines and villas that the tourist knows, and up the long ravine that he looks down upon from the hotel on the heights. Even the children seemed prettier on the mountain farms and vineyards; the griminess of them was less evident—no more than a contrast to their red cheeks. There were woods also, and mountains to be clambered over, and at night a grove of live oaks by a stream in which to sling their hammocks. Their excursion over, they would return to Funchal, a little torn, on Havens's part a little unshaven, but not in the least bored or weary of the island.

They never had enough time to do all they wanted to do. Almost every day some hour would find them on the point which, in defiance of the Portuguese Admiralty, they had christened simply "Havens," and they could never decide which of its many aspects they liked the best. Days there were when the woolly sea fog glistened upon the rocks, dripped from the leaves, and shut them into a world twenty feet in diameter; other days when it hung low over the bay, and the sun touched the billows of it with fairy argent, and the topmasts of ships pricked through it like the lances of a giant cavalry. There were days when the seas pounded at the foot of the cliffs, when the spindrift bit like hail, and the orange-trees leaned before the storm. More often the ocean stretched calm to the horizon in a tinted harmony of blues and grays and greens. The nights were as various as the days—now intensely and caressingly dark, now cameo-cut in contrast of silver and sable shadows. There were dawns also, and sunsets.

The house which they meant to build had changed its shape with a protean whimsy in the first years, but of late it had taken on a permanent form, and only details were altered. It never grew much larger than they had at first conceived it, however, but remained a miniature—small and perfect. Six or eight weeks out of the fifty-two were all they could spend in Madeira, but those weeks restored Havens as nothing else could have done, and sent him back to his office a new man. Six or eight weeks' vacation—it was none too much for Jimmy Havens, said those who knew him. They wondered how a man of his physique got along with so little and did so much. They wondered also why he took it in the spring, and whether he always went to Madeira. Many accused him of a periodical and uncontrollable liking for certain vintages, and of very great selfishness in keeping them all to himself; for all their exploratory badinage, they got nothing save a conclusive repartee.

Coombe, however, got a little more. He came one raw March day into Havens's inner draughting-room, and found Havens busy on the plans for a house.

"Hello, Nelson," said the architect, looking up for a moment from the drawing-table. "Want a house or a cigarette?"

Coombe chose a cigarette, and busied himself with examining the elevations and floor plans upon which Havens was working.

"I want a house," he said at length, leaning on his elbows over a finished drawing. "Why are all these measurements in metres?"

"I asked you if you wanted a house *or* a cigarette," answered Haven, sketching in the bowl of a fountain; "you can't have both." He sat back, cocked an eye at the drawing, and added, "Pig."

Coombe came around the table and looked over Havens's shoulder.

"More than that," he said, "I want this house."

"You can't have it," responded Havens.

"What multimillionaire has monopolized it?"

"A fellow called Havens," said the other, "and he isn't even an unprefixed millionaire."

"So that's it?" commented Coombe. "Madeira, I suppose? It looks as if it belonged on a rugged coast. That's the reason I wanted it—Maine, you know. Tell me about it."

"You've been to Madeira, Nelson?" Coombe nodded. "Then you must remember the long, high point on the eastern side of Funchal Bay. That's where I've

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bought land. The open side of the patio"—he indicated the plan—"faces the west."

Coombe leaned forward in interest; Havens went over the sketches one by one with the detail of an enthusiast.

"Helen insists on calling that a pergola," he concluded. "What do you think of the place?"

"Helen's right, as usual," asserted Coombe. He looked appreciatively at the outline of the patio. "Spanish, rather—concrete and red tiles. As good a house as you've ever designed. How appropriate that you have to build the cellar first, even in Madeira!"

"It is the most important part. I knew that you would come and visit me, you see."

"Why did you select Madeira?"

Havens laid aside his pencil, clasped his hands over one knee, and leaned back against the pull of them, looking out over the roofs of the lower office buildings toward the Hudson, just visible in the distance.

"There are many poets," he said slowly, "and somewhere in their poems you find the reasons for most things—this among others:

> 'God gave all men all earth to love,
> But, since man's heart is small,
> Ordained for each one spot should prove
> Beloved over all.'

Madeira attracted me first because it was an island; the name meant romance to me even when I was a small kid, though I didn't call it romance in those days. Then Helen and I went there on our wedding-trip, and found that it was beautiful; a few years later we found it was more than that—consolatory, and—and soothing. Ships call there, too, on their way to all the improbable ports in the world, and you get to know them, and hail them as old friends. It's an improbable place, is Madeira; just as Venice is. It seems to be the only place where I can really rest and get acquainted with myself after a year in New York. I can't explain my feeling for it very well; it's more as if the island was a person I was very fond of. Do you see?"

"I see," said Coombe, after a few minutes. "No wonder you wouldn't duplicate the house. When will it be done?"

"A year from now. We're sailing this week to get things started."

"There it is," said Mrs. Havens a year later, handing the binoculars to Jimmy.

"Yes," he said, not taking them, "there it is."

Manoel took charge of them as usual, only, instead of going to his aunt's they took a carriage out along the upland road to "Havens." Manoel had seen to everything; old Anita cooked and served their dinner that evening.

"There is a cook," she said haughtily, as she brought coffee to them in the patio, "but I wished everything to be well to-night. Is everything well, senhora?"

"Quite well, Anita," answered Mrs. Havens.

Manoel came later, cat-footed through the dark, and to him also they said, "Everything is well."

"Good night, senhora and senhor."

"Good night, Manoel."

He vanished into the house, and the lowered hum of his voice and Anita's came to them from somewhere in the rear.

"Last year," said Havens, throwing away his cigar, "they would have sat here and told us the gossip: the latest cure of that old witch Maria, and who had had children, and who had married whom."

"They don't want to intrude on the first night," said Mrs. Havens.

But they did not bring their budget of island news on the next night, or on any following night. Once, when Havens made Manoel sit on the parapet and talk to them, the Portuguese was so evidently uncomfortable and so stiltedly communicative that Havens took pity on him and let him go. It was the same, though to a less degree, in Manoel's boat, and even the mercurial José stood at a low temperature on the inland excursions. They were landowners now, and guests no longer. The old intimacy of their humble friends gave place to a certain aloofness; the men bowed to them with bent shoulders, and not standing upright as heretofore, and the women swept a lower courtesy. They enjoyed their excursions as much, or nearly as much, as formerly, but their property had brought them an undesired standing in the community; there was a shadow between the old life and the new one. The

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gossamer of their dreams had given way to the coarser thread of reality.

"It's a jewel of a spot," mused Havens, "but——"

"But what?" asked his wife.

"Damn," said he.

"Exactly," said she, reflecting his smile.

One morning Manoel brought them a wireless message; Coombe would arrive that afternoon. A year ago even Coombe would have been almost an intruder; now his imminent arrival made them eager. They went out to the steamer for him in Manoel's boat; during the drive out to "Havens" they kept stopping the carriage to show him a typical view, or to point out a characteristic group of Madeirans in the vineyards. Somehow his coming had in some degree revived their old childish delight.

Anita, who firmly believed that she alone of all the islanders knew what things tickled the palate, had come voluntarily to "Havens," and had for the second time ousted the regular cook; she outdid Savarin that evening. After dinner the three of them sat in the pergola—even Havens called it that now—and breathed in the fused odors of the night, and watched the lights in the harbor below, and luxuriated in the sensation that there was nothing to do in the morning. Coombe rose as the coal of his cigar burned near his lips, and leaned on the broad parapet.

"I don't wonder at you at all," he said; "I don't wonder."

"All the same," said Havens, "if you still want a house like this on Seguin Island, I'll build you one."

MY FIRST YEARS AS A FRENCHWOMAN

BY MARY KING WADDINGTON

III—M. WADDINGTON AS PRIME MINISTER

1879

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS

THERE had been a respite, a sort of armed truce in political circles as long as the Exposition lasted, but when the Chambers met again in November, it was evident that things were not going smoothly. The Republicans and Radicals were dissatisfied. Every day there were speeches and insinuations against the marshal and his government, and one felt that a crisis was impending. There were not loaves and fishes enough for the whole Radical party. If one listened to them it would seem as if every préfet and every general were conspiring against the Republic. There were long consultations in W.'s* cabinet, and I went often to our house in the rue Dumont-d'Urville to see if everything was in order there, as I quite expected to be back there for Christmas. A climax was reached when the marshal was asked to sign the deposition of some of the generals. He absolutely refused—the ministers persisted in their demands. There was not much discussion, the marshal's mind was made up, and on the 30th of January, 1879, he announced in the Conseil des Ministres his irrevocable decision, and handed his ministers his letter of resignation. We had a melancholy breakfast—W., Count de P., and I—the last day of the marshal's presidency. W. was very blue, was quite sure the marshal would resign, and foresaw all sorts of complications both at home and abroad. The day was gloomy too, gray and cold, even the big rooms of the ministry were dark. As soon as they had started for Versailles, I took baby and went to mother's. As I went over the

* W., here and throughout these articles, refers to Mme. Waddington's husband, M. William Waddington.

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bridge I wondered how many more times I would cross it, and whether the end of the week would see me settled again in my own house. We drove about and had tea together, and I got back to the Quai d'Orsay about six o'clock. Neither W. nor Count de P. had got back from Versailles, but there were two telegrams,—the first one to say that the marshal had resigned, the second one that Grévy was named in his place, with a large majority.

W. was rather depressed when he came home,—he had always a great sympathy and respect for the marshal, and was very, very sorry to see him go,—thought his departure would complicate foreign affairs. As long as the marshal was at the Elysée, foreign governments were not afraid of coups d'état or revolutions. He was also sorry that Dufaure would not remain, but he was an old man, had had enough of political life and party struggles—left the field to younger men. The marshal's letter was communicated at once to the Parliament, and the houses met in the afternoon. There was a short session to hear the marshal's letter read (by Grévy in the Chamber of Deputies) and the two houses, Senate and Chamber of Deputies, were convoked for a later hour of the same afternoon. There was not much excitement, two or three names were pronounced, but every one felt sure that Grévy would be the man. He was nominated by a large majority, and the Republicans were jubilant—thought the Republic was at last established on a firm and proper basis. Grévy was perfectly calm and self-possessed—did not show much enthusiasm. He must have felt quite sure from the first moment that he would be named. His first visitor was the marshal, who wished him all possible success in his new mission, and, if Grévy was pleased to be the President of the Republic, the marshal was even more pleased not to be, and to take up his private life again. There were many speculations as to who would be charged by Grévy to form his first cabinet—and almost permanent meetings in all the groups of the Left. W.'s friends all said he would certainly remain at the Foreign Office, but that depended naturally upon the choice of the premier. If he were taken from the more advanced ranks of the Left, W. could not possibly stay. We were not long in suspense. W. had one or two interviews with Grévy, which resulted in his remaining at the Foreign Office, but as prime minister. W. hesitated at first, felt that it would not be an easy task to keep all those very conflicting elements together. There were four Protestants in the ministry, W., Léon Say, de Freycinet, and Le Royer. Jules Ferry, who took the Ministry of Public Instruction, a very clever man, was practically a freethinker, and the Parliament was decidedly more advanced. The last elections had given a strong Republican majority to the Senate. He consulted with his brother, Richard Waddington, then a deputy, now a senator, president of the Chamber of Commerce of Rouen, and some of his friends, and finally decided to accept the very honorable but very onerous position, and remained at the Foreign Affairs with Grévy, as prime minister. If I had seen little of him before, I saw nothing of him now, as his work was exactly doubled. We did breakfast together, but it was a most irregular meal—sometimes at twelve o'clock, sometimes at one-thirty, and very rarely alone. We always dined out or had people dining with us, so that family life became a dream of the past. We very rarely went together when we dined out. W. was always late,—his coupé waited hours in the court. I had my carriage and went alone. After eight or ten days of irregular meals at impossible hours (we often dined at nine-thirty) I said to Count de P., W.'s chef de cabinet: "Can't you arrange to have business over a little earlier? It is awful to dine so late and to wait so long," to which he replied: "Ah, Madame, no one can be more desirous than I to change that order of things, for when the minister dines at nine-thirty, the chef de cabinet gets his dinner at ten-thirty." We did manage to get rather more satisfactory hours after a little while, but it was always difficult to extract W. from his work if it were anything important. He became absorbed, and absolutely unconscious of time.

The new President, Grévy, installed himself at once at the Elysée with his wife and daughter. There was much speculation about Madame Grévy,—no one had ever seen her—she was absolutely

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unknown. When Grévy was president of the National Assembly, he gave very pleasant men's dinners, when Madame Grévy never appeared. Every one (of all opinions) was delighted to go to him, and the talk was most brilliant and interesting. Grévy was a perfect host, very cultivated, with a marvellous memory—quoting pages of the classics, French, and Latin.

Jules Ferry.

Madame Grévy was always spoken of as a quiet, unpretending person—occupied with domestic duties, who hated society and never went anywhere—in fact, no one ever heard her name mentioned. A great many people didn't know that Grévy had a wife. When her husband became President of the Republic, there was much discussion as to Madame Grévy's social status in the official world. I don't think Grévy wanted her to appear nor to take any part in the new life, and she certainly didn't want to. Nothing in her former life had prepared her for such a change, and it was always an effort for her, but both were overruled by their friends, who thought a woman was a necessary part of the position. It was some little time before they were settled at the Elysée. W. asked Grévy once or twice when Madame Waddington might call upon his wife—and he answered that as soon as they were quite installed I would receive a notice. One day a communication arrived from the Elysée, saying that Madame Grévy would receive the Diplomatic Corps and the ministers' wives on a fixed day at five o'clock. The message was sent on to the Diplomatic Corps, and when I arrived on the appointed day (early, as I wanted to see the people come in, and also thought I must present the foreign ladies) there were already several carriages in the court.

The Elysée looked just as it did in the marshal's time—plenty of servants in gala liveries—two or three huissiers who knew everybody—palms, flowers, everywhere. The traditions of the palace are carried on from one President to another, and a permanent staff of servants remains. We found Madame Grévy with her daughter and one or two ladies, wives I suppose of the secretaries, seated in the well-known drawing-room with the beautiful tapestries—Madame Grévy in a large gold armchair at the end of the room—a row of gilt armchairs on each side of hers—Mademoiselle standing behind her mother. A huissier announced every one distinctly, but the names and titles said nothing to Madame Grévy. She was tall, middle-aged, handsomely dressed, and visibly nervous—made a great many gestures when she talked. It was amusing to see all the people arrive. I had nothing to do—there were no introductions—every one was announced, and they all walked straight up to Madame Grévy, who was very polite, got up for every one, men and women. It was rather an imposing circle that gathered around her—Princess Hohenlohe, German ambassadress, sat on one side of her—Marquise Molins, Spanish ambassadress, on the other. There were not many men,—Lord Lyons, as "doyen" of the Diplomatic Corps, the Nuncio, and a good many representatives of the South American Republics. Madame Grévy was perfectly bewildered, did try to talk to the ladies next to her, but it was an intimidating function for any one, and she had no one to help her, as they were all quite new to

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the work. It was obviously an immense relief to her when some lady of the official world came in whom she had known before. The two ladies plunged at once into a very animated conversation about their children, husbands, and various domestic matters—a perfectly natural conversation, but not interesting to the foreign ladies.

We didn't make a very long visit—it was merely a matter of form. Lord Lyons came out with me, and we had quite a talk while I was waiting for my carriage in the anteroom. He was so sensible always in his intercourse with the official world, quite realized that the position was difficult and trying for Madame Grévy,—it would have been for any one thrown at once without any preparation into such perfectly different surroundings. He had a certain experience of republics and republican manners, as he had been some years in Washington as British minister, and had often seen wives of American statesmen and ministers, fresh from the far West, beginning their career in Washington, quite bewildered by the novelty of everything and utterly ignorant of all questions of etiquette—only he said the American women were far more adaptable than either French or English —or than any others in the world, in fact. He also said that day, and I have heard him repeat it once or twice since, that he had *never* met a stupid American woman. . . .

. I have always thought it was unnecessary to insist upon Madame Grévy's presence at the Elysée. It is very difficult for any woman, no longer very young, to begin an entirely new life in a perfectly different "milieu," and certainly more difficult for a Frenchwoman of the bourgeoisie than any other. They live in such a narrow circle, their lives are so cramped and uninteresting—they know so little of society and foreign ways and manners, that they must be often uncomfortable and make mistakes. It is very different for a man. All the small questions of dress and manners, etc., don't exist for them. One man in a dress coat and white cravat looks very like another, and men of all conditions are polite to a lady. When a man is intelligent, no one notices whether his coat and waistcoat are too wide or too short and whether his boots are clumsy.

Madame Grévy never looked happy at the Elysée. They had a big dinner every Thursday, with a reception afterward, and she looked so tired when she was sitting on the sofa, in the diplomatic salon, making conversation for the foreigners and people of all kinds who came to their receptions, that one felt really sorry for her. Grévy was always a striking personality. He had a fine head, a quiet, dignified manner, and looked very well when he stood at the door receiving his guests. I don't think he cared very much about foreign affairs—he was essentially French —had never lived abroad nor known any foreigners. He was too intelligent not to understand that a country must have foreign relations, and that France must take her place again as a great power, but home politics interested him much more than anything else. He was a charming talker —every one wanted to talk to him, or rather to listen to him. The evenings were pleasant enough in the diplomatic salon. It was interesting to see the attitude of the different diplomatists. All were correct, but most of them were visibly antagonistic to the Republic and the Republicans (which they considered much "accentuée" since the nomination of Grévy) the women rather more so than the men. One felt, if one didn't hear, the criticisms on the dress, deportment, and general style of the Republican ladies.

We saw a great many English at the Quai d'Orsay. Queen Victoria stayed one or two nights at the British Embassy, passing through Paris on her way south. She sent for W., who had never seen her since his undergraduate days at Cambridge. He found her quite charming, very easy, interested in everything. She began the conversation in French (he was announced with all due ceremony as Monsieur le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères) and W. said she spoke it remarkably well,—then, with her beautiful smile which lightened up her whole face: "I think I can speak English with a Cambridge scholar." She was much interested in his beginnings in England at Rugby and Cambridge—and was evidently astonished, though she had too much tact to show it, that he had chosen to make his life and career in France in-

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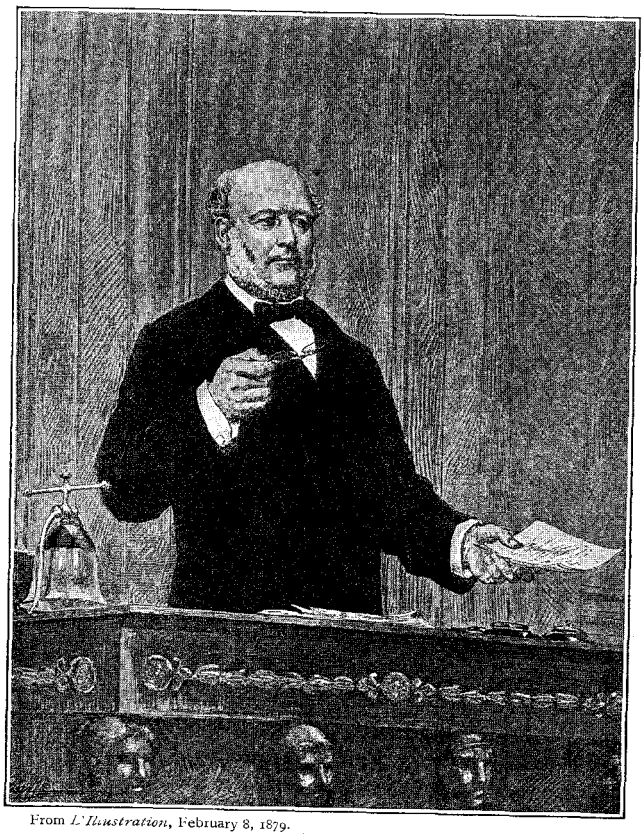
stead of accepting the proposition made to him by his cousin Waddington, then Dean of Durham, to remain in England and continue his classic and literary studies under his guidance. When the interview was over he found the Queen's faithful Scotch retainer, John Brown, who always accompanied her everywhere, waiting outside the door, evidently hoping to see the minister. He spoke a few words with him, as a countryman,—W. being half Scotch—his mother was born Chisholm. They shook hands and John Brown begged him to come to Scotland, where he would receive a hearty welcome. W. was very pleased with his reception by the Queen. Lord Lyons told him afterward that she had been very anxious to see him; she told him later, in speaking of the interview, that it was very difficult to realize that she was speaking to a French minister—everything about him was so absolutely English, figure, coloring, and speech.

Many old school and college experiences were evoked that year by the various English who passed through Paris. One night at a big dinner at the British Embassy I was sitting next to the Prince of Wales (late King Edward). He said to me: "There is an old friend of your husband's here to-night, who will be so glad to see him again. They haven't met since he was his fag at Rugby." After dinner he was introduced to me—Admiral Glynn—a charming man, said his last recollection of W. was making his toast for him and getting a good cuff when the toast fell into the fire and got burnt. The two men talked together for some time in the smoking-room, recalling all sorts of schoolboy exploits. Another school friend was



From *L'Illustration*, February 8, 1879.

Jules Grévy, reading Marshal MacMahon's letter of resignation to the Chamber of Deputies.

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Sir Francis Adams, first secretary and "counsellor" at the British Embassy. When the ambassador took his holiday, Adams replaced him, and had the rank and title of minister plenipotentiary. He came every Wednesday, the diplomatic reception day, to the Quai d'Orsay to talk business. As long as a secretary or a huissier was in the room, they spoke to each other most correctly in French; as soon as they were alone, relapsed into easy and colloquial English. We were very fond of Adams—saw a great deal of him not only in Paris, but when we first lived in London at the Embassy. He died suddenly in Switzerland, and W. missed him very much. He was very intelligent, a keen observer, had been all over the world, and his knowledge and appreciation of foreign countries and ways was often very useful to W.

All the autumn of '79 was very agitated. We were obliged to curtail our stay at Bourneville, our country home. Even though the Chambers were not sitting, every description of political intrigue was going on. Every day W. had an immense "courrier" and every second day a secretary came down from the Quai d'Orsay with despatches and papers to sign. Telegrams came all day long. W. had one or two shooting-breakfasts and the long tramps in the woods rested him. The guests were generally the notabilities of the small towns and villages of his circumscription, —mayors, farmers, and small landowners. They all talked politics and W. was surprised to see how in this quiet agricultural district the fever of democracy had mounted. Usually the well-to-do farmer is very conservative, looks askance at the very advanced opinions of the young radicals, but a complete change had come over them. They seemed to think the Republic, founded at last upon a solid basis, supported by honest Republicans, would bring untold prosperity not only to the country, but to each individual, and many very modest, unpretending citizens of the small towns saw themselves "conseilleurs généraux," deputies, perhaps even ministers. It was a curious change. However, on the whole, the people in our part of the world were reasonable. I was sorry to go back to town. I liked the last beautiful days of September in the country. The trees were just beginning to turn, and the rides in the woods were delightful, the roads so soft and springy. The horses seemed to like the brisk canter as much as we did. We disturbed all the forest life as we galloped along—hares and rabbits scuttled away—we saw their white tails disappearing into holes, and when we crossed a bit of plain, partridges a long distance off would rise and take their crooked flight across the fields. It was so still, always is in the woods, that the horses' feet could be heard a long way off. It was getting colder (all the country folk predicted a very cold winter) and the wood fire looked very cheerful and comfortable in my little salon when we came in.

However, everything must end, and W. had to go back to the fight, which promised to be lively. In Paris we found people wearing furs and preparing for a cold winter. The house of the Quai d'Orsay was comfortable, well-warmed, "calorifères" and big fires in all the rooms, and whenever there was any sun it poured into the rooms from the garden. I didn't take up my official afternoon receptions. The session had not begun, and, as it seemed extremely unlikely that the coming year would see us still at the Quai d'Orsay, it was not worth while to embark upon that dreary function. I was at home every afternoon after five—had tea in my little blue salon, and always had two or three people to keep me company. Prince Hohenlohe came often, settled himself in an armchair with his cup of tea, and talked easily and charmingly about everything. He was just back from Germany and reported Bismarck and the Emperor (I should have said, perhaps, the Emperor and Bismarck) as rather worried over the rapid strides France was making in radicalism. He reassured them, told them Grévy was essentially a man of peace, and, as long as moderate men like W., Léon Say, and their friends remained in office, things would go quietly. "Yes, if they remain. I have an idea we sha'n't stay much longer, and report says Freycinet will be the next premier." He evidently had heard the same report, and spoke warmly of Freycinet,—intelligent, energetic, and such a precise mind. If W. were obliged

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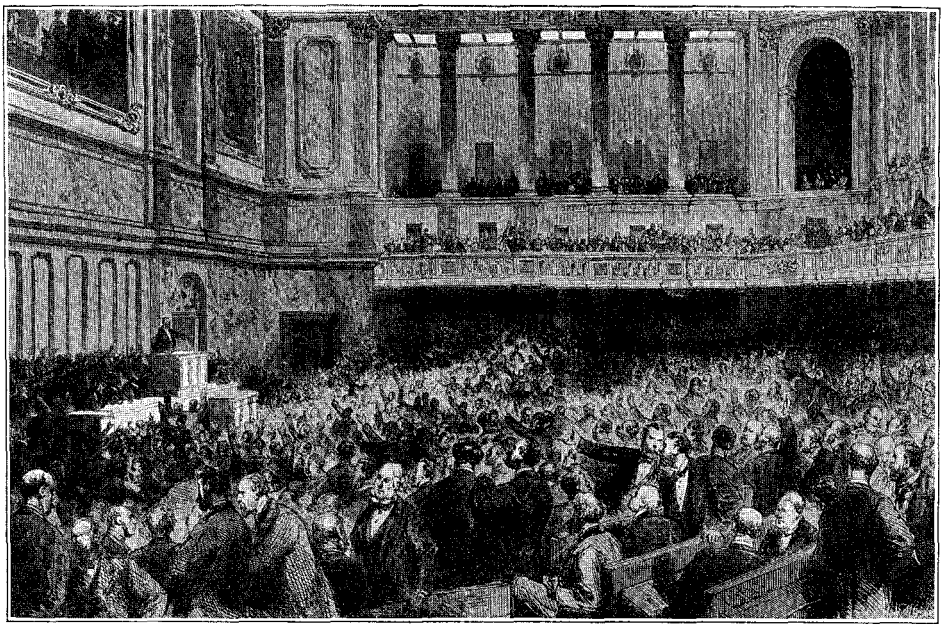
to resign, which he personally would regret, he thought Freycinet was the coming man—unless Gambetta wanted to be premier. He didn't think he did, was not quite ready yet, but his hand might be forced by his friends, and of course if he wanted it, he would be the next président du conseil. He also told me a great many things that Blowitz had said to him—he had a great opinion of him—said he was so marvellously well-informed of all that was going on. The Nuncio, Mgr. Czaski, came too sometimes at tea-time. He was a charming talker, but I always felt as if he were saying exactly what he meant to and what he wanted me to repeat to W. I am never quite sure with Italians. There is always a certain reticence under their extremely natural, rather exuberant manner. Mgr. Czaski was not an Italian by birth—a Pole, but I don't know that they inspire much more confidence.

The question of the return of the Parliament to Paris had at last been solved after endless discussions. All the Republicans were in favor of it, and they were masters of the situation. The President, Grévy, too wanted it very much. If the Chambers continued to sit at Versailles, he would be obliged to establish himself there, which he didn't want to do. Many people were very unwilling to make the change, were honestly nervous about possible disturbances in the streets, and, though they grumbled too at the loss of time, the draughty carriages of the parliamentary train, etc., they still preferred those discomforts to any possibility of rioting and street fights, and the invasion of the Chamber of Deputies by a Paris mob. W. was very anxious for the change.



From *L'Illustration*, February 8, 1879.

M Jules Grévy elected President of the Republic by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies meeting as the National Assembly.

He didn't in the least anticipate any trouble—his principal reason for wanting the Parliament back was the loss of time, and also to get rid of the conversations in the train, which tired him very much. He never could make himself heard without an effort, as his voice was low, had no "timbre," and he didn't hear his neighbors very well in the noise of the train. He always arrived at the station at the last minute, and got into the last carriage, hoping to be undisturbed, and have a quiet half-hour with his papers, but he was rarely left alone. If any deputy who wanted anything recognized him, he of course got

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in the same carriage, because he knew he was sure of a half-hour to state his case, as the minister couldn't get away from him. The Chambers met, after a short vacation in November, at last in Paris, and already there were so many "interpellations" announced on every possible subject, so many criticisms on the policy of the cabinet, and so many people wanting other people's places, that the session promised to be very lively—the Senate at the Palais du Luxembourg, the Deputies at the Palais Bourbon.

M. le Marquis de Molins, Ambassador to Spain.

The end of December was detestable. We were "en pleine crise" for ten days. Every day W. went to the Chamber of Deputies expecting to be beaten, and every evening came home discouraged and disgusted. The Chamber was making the position of the ministers perfectly untenable—all sorts of violent and useless propositions were discussed, and there was an undercurrent of jealousy and intrigue everywhere. One day, just before Christmas, about the 20th, W. and his chef de cabinet, Comte de P., started for the house, after breakfast,—W. expecting to be beaten by a coalition vote of the extreme Left, Bonapartists, and Legitimists. It was insane policy on the part of the two last, as they knew perfectly well they wouldn't gain anything by upsetting the actual cabinet. They would only get another one much more advanced and more masterful. I suppose their idea was to have a succession of radical inefficient ministers, which in the end would disgust the country and make a "savior," a prince (which one?) or general, possible. How wise their reasoning was time has shown! I wanted to go to the Chamber to hear the debate, but W. didn't want me. He would be obliged to speak, and said it would worry him if I were in the gallery listening to all the attacks made upon him. (It is rather curious that I never heard him speak in public, either in the house or in the country, where he often made political speeches, in election times.) He was so sure that the ministry would fall that we had already begun cleaning and making fires in our own house, so on that afternoon, as I didn't want to sit at home waiting for telegrams, I went up to the house with Henrietta. The caretaker had already told us that the stock of wood and coal was giving out, and she couldn't get any more in the quarter, and if she couldn't make fires the pipes would burst—which was a pleasant prospect with the thermometer at I don't remember how many degrees below zero. We found a fine cleaning going on—doors and windows open all over the house—and women scrubbing stairs, floors, and windows, rather under difficulties, with little fire and little water. It looked perfectly dreary and comfortless—not at all tempting. All the furniture was piled up in the middle of the rooms, and W.'s library was a curiosity. Books and pamphlets accumulated rapidly with us, as W. was a member of so many literary societies of all kinds, and packages and boxes of unopened books quite choked up the room. H. and I tried to arrange things a little, but it was hopeless that day, and, besides, the house was bitterly cold. It didn't feel as if a fire could make any impression.

As we could do nothing there, we went back to the ministry. No telegrams had

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come, but Kruft, our faithful and efficient "chef du matériel," was waiting for me for last instructions about a Christmas tree. Some days before I had decided to have a Christmas tree, about the end of the month. W. then thought the ministry would last over the holidays, the "trève des confiseurs," and was quite willing I should have a Christmas party as a last entertainment. He had been too occupied the last days to think about any such trifles, and Kruft, not having had any contrary instructions, had ordered the presents and decorations. He was rather depressed, because W. had told him that morning that we surely would not be at the Quai d'Orsay on the 29th, the day we had chosen for our party. However, I reassured him, and told him we would have the Christmas tree all the same, only at my house instead of the ministry. We went to look at his presents, which were all spread out on a big table in one of the drawing-rooms. He really was a wonderful man, never forgot anything, and had remembered that at the last tree, the year before, one or two nurses had had no presents, and several who had were not pleased with what was given to them. He had made a very good selection for those ladies,—lace scarfs and "rabats" and little "tours de cou" of fur,—really very pretty. I believe they were satisfied this time. The young men sent me up two telegrams: "rien de nouveau,"—"ministère debout."

Lord Lyons.

W. came home late, very tired and much disgusted with politics in general and his party in particular. The cabinet still lived, but merely to give Grévy time to make another. W. had been to the Elysée and had a long conversation with Grévy. He found him very preoccupied, very unwilling to make a change, and he again urged W. very much to keep the Foreign Office, if Freycinet should succeed in making a ministry. That W. would not agree to—he was sick of the whole thing. He told Grévy he was quite right to send for Freycinet—if any man could save the situation he could. We had one or two friends, political men, to dinner, and they discussed the situation from every point of view, always ending with the same conclusion, that W. was right to go. His policy wasn't the policy of the Chamber (I don't say of the country, for I think the country knew little and cared less about what was going on in Parliament), hardly the policy of all his own colleagues. There was really no use to continue worrying himself to death and doing no good. W. said his conversation with Grévy was interesting, but he was much more concerned with home politics and the sweeping changes the Republicans wanted to make in all the Administrations than with foreign policy. He said Europe was quiet and France's first duty was to establish herself firmly, which would only be done by peace and prosperity at home. I told W. I had spent a very cold and uncomfortable hour at the house, and I was worried about the cold, thought I might, perhaps, send the boy to mother, but he had taken his precautions and arranged with the minister of war to have a certain amount of wood delivered at the house. They always had reserves of wood at the various ministries. We had ours directly from our own woods in the country, and it was en route, but a

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flotilla of boats was frozen up in the Canal de l'Ourcq, and it might be weeks before the wood could be delivered.

We dined one night at the British Embassy, while all these pourparlers were going on, "en petit comité," all English, Lord and Lady Reay, Lord Edmond Fitz-Maurice, and one or two members of Parliament whose names I have forgotten. Both Lord and Lady Reay were very keen about politics, knew France well, and were much interested in the phase she was passing through. Lord Lyons was charming, so friendly and sensible, said he wasn't surprised at W.'s wanting to go—still hoped this crisis would pass like so many others he had seen in France; that certainly W.'s presence at the Foreign Office during the last year had been a help to the Republic—said also he didn't believe his retirement would last very long. It was frightfully cold when we came out of the Embassy—very few carriages out, all the coachmen wrapped up in mufflers and fur caps, and the Place de la Concorde a sea of ice so slippery I thought we should never get across and over the bridge. I went to the Opera one night that week, got there in an entr'acte, when people were walking about and reading the papers. As I passed several groups of men, I heard W.'s name mentioned, also that of Léon Say and Freycinet, but just in passing by quickly I could not hear any

From a photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria, about 1879.

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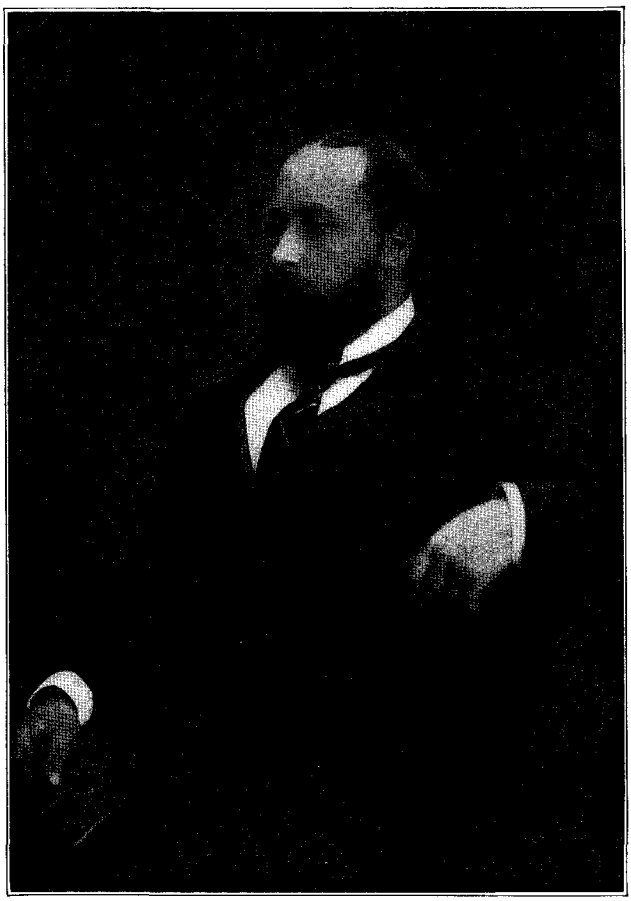
comments. I fancy they were not favorable in that "milieu." It was very cold in the house—almost all the women had their cloaks on—and the coming out was something awful, crossing that broad "perron" in the face of a biting wind.

end on the 26th of December, and the next day the papers announced that the ministers had given their resignation to the President, who had accepted it and had charged M. de Freycinet to form a cabinet. We dined with mother on Christmas day,



From a photograph by Lock and Whitfield, London.

His Royal Highness, Edward, Prince of Wales, in 1876.

I began my packing seriously this time, as W.'s mind was quite made up. He had thought the matter well over, and had a final talk with Freycinet, who would have liked to keep both W. and Léon Say, but it wasn't easy to manage the new element that Freycinet brought with him. The new members were much more advanced in their opinions. W. couldn't have worked with them, and they certainly didn't want to work with him. The autumn session came to a turbulent

a family party, with the addition of Comte de P. and one or two stray Americans who were at hotels and were of course delighted not to dine on Christmas day at a "table d'hôte" or café. W. was rather tired; the constant talking and seeing so many people of all kinds was very fatiguing, for, as long as his resignation was not official, announced in the *Journal Officiel*, he was still minister of foreign affairs. One of the last days, when they were hoping to come to an agreement, he was obliged to come home

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early to receive the mission from Morocco. I saw them arrive; they were a fine set of men, tall, powerfully built, their skin a red-brown, not black, entirely dressed in white from turbans to sandals. None of them spoke any French—all the conversation took place through an interpreter. Notwithstanding our worries, we had a very pleasant evening and W. was very cheerful—looking forward to our Italian trip with quite as much pleasure as I did.

W. made over the ministry to Freycinet on Monday, the 28th, the "transmission des pouvoirs." Freycinet was very nice and friendly, regretted that he and W. were no longer colleagues. He thought his ministry was strong and was confident he would manage the Chamber. W. told him he could settle himself as soon as he liked at the Quai d'Orsay, as we should go at once, and would sleep at our house on Wednesday night. Freycinet said Mme. de Freycinet (whom I knew well and liked very much) would come and see me on Wednesday, and would like to go over the house with me. I was rather taken aback when W. told me we must sleep in our own house on Wednesday night. The actual packing was not very troublesome, as I had not brought many of my own things from the rue Dumont-d'Urville. There was scarcely a van-load of small furniture and boxes, but the getting together of all the small things was a bore,—books, "bibelots," music, cards, and notes (these in quantities, "lettres de condoléance," which had to be carefully sorted as they had all to be answered). The hotel of the Quai d'Orsay was crowded with people those last two days, all W.'s friends coming to express their regrets at his departure, some very sincerely sorry to see him go, as his name and character certainly inspired confidence abroad—and some delighted that he was no longer a member of such an advanced cabinet—(some said "de cet infect gouvernement") when he was obliged by his mere presence to sanction many things he didn't approve of. He and Freycinet had a long talk on Wednesday, as W. naturally wanted to be sure that some provision would be made for his chef de cabinet and secretaries. Each incoming minister brings his own staff with him. Freycinet offered W. the London Embassy, but he wouldn't take it, had had enough of public life for the present. I didn't want it either, I had never lived much in England, had not many friends there, and was counting the days until we could get off to Rome. There was one funny result of W. having declined the London Embassy. Admiral Pothuau, whom W. had named there, and who was very much liked, came to see him one day and made him a great scene because Freycinet had offered him the London Embassy. W. said he didn't understand why he made him a scene, as he had refused it. "But it should never have been offered to you over my head." "Perhaps, but that is not my fault. I didn't ask for it—and don't want it. If you think you have been treated badly, you should speak to Freycinet." However, the admiral was very much put out, and was very cool with us both for a long time. I suppose his idea was that being recalled would mean that he had not done well in London, which was quite a mistake, as he was very much liked there.

We dined alone that last night at the ministry, and sat some time in the window, looking at the crowds of people amusing themselves on the Seine, and wondering if we would ever see the Quai d'Orsay again. After all, we had had two very happy interesting years there—and memories that would last a lifetime. Some of the last experiences of the month of December had been rather disillusioning, but I suppose one must not bring any sentiment into politics. In the world it is always a case of "donnant—donnant" and—when one is no longer in a position to give a great deal—people naturally turn to the rising man. Comte de P., chef de cabinet, came in late as usual, to have a last talk. He too had been busy, as he had a small apartment and stables in the hotel of the ministry, and was also very anxious to get away. He told us all the young men of the cabinet were very sorry to see W. go—at first they had found him a little cold and reserved—but a two years' experience had shown them that, if he were not expansive, he was perfectly just, and always did what he said he would.

The next day Madame de Freycinet came to see me, and we went over the house. She didn't care about the living-rooms, as they never lived at the Quai d'Orsay, remained in their own hotel near the Bois de

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Boulogne. Freycinet came every day to the ministry, and she merely on reception days—or when there was a party. Just as she was going, Madame de Zuylen, wife of the Dutch minister, a great friend of mine, came in. She told me she had great difficulty in getting up, as I had forbidden my door, but my faithful Gérard (I think I missed him as much as anything else at first), knowing we were friends, thought Madame would like to see her. She paid me quite a long visit,—I even gave her some tea off government plate and china,—all mine had been already sent to my own house. We sat talking for some time. She had heard that W. had refused the London Embassy, was afraid it was a mistake, and that the winter in Paris would be a difficult one for him—he would certainly be in opposition to the government on all sorts of questions—and if he remained in Paris he would naturally go to the Senate and vote. I quite agreed that he couldn't suddenly detach himself from all political discussions, must take part in them and must vote. The policy of abstention has always seemed to me the weakest possible line in politics. If a man, for some reason or another, hasn't the courage of his opinions, he mustn't take any position where that opinion would carry weight. I told her we were going to Italy as soon as we could get off after the holidays.

John Brown, Queen Victoria's Scotch retainer.

While we were talking, a message came up to say that the young men of the cabinet were all coming up to say good-by to me. I had seen the directors earlier in the day, so Madame de Zuylen took her leave, promising to come to my Christmas tree in the rue Dumont d'Urville. The young men seemed sorry to say good-by—I was, too. I had seen a great deal of them and always found them ready and anxious to help me in every way. The Comte de Lasteyrie, who was a great friend of ours as well as a secretary, went about a great deal with us. W. called upon him very often for all sorts of things, knowing he could trust him absolutely. He told one of my friends that one of his principal functions was to accompany Mme. Waddington to all the charity sales, carrying a package of women's chemises under his arm. It was quite true that I often bought "poor clothes" at the sales. The objects exposed in the way of screens, pin-cushions, table-covers, and, in the spring, hats made by some of the ladies, were so appalling that I was glad to have poor clothes to fall back upon, but I don't remember his ever carrying my purchases home with me.

They were much amused when suddenly Francis burst into the room, having escaped a moment from his "Nonnon," who was busy with her last packing, his little face flushed and quivering with anger because his toys had been packed and he was to be taken away from the big house. He kicked and screamed like a little mad thing, until his nurse came to the rescue. I made a last turn in the rooms to see that all trace of my occupation had vanished. Francis, half pacified, was seated on the billiard-table, an old gray-haired huissier, who was always on duty up-stairs, taking

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care of him. The huissiers and house-servants were all assembled in the hall, and the old Pierson, who had been there for years, was the spokesman, and hoped respectfully that Madame "would soon come back. . . ." W. didn't come with us, as he still had people to see and only got home in time for a late dinner.

We dined that night and for many nights afterward with our uncle Lutteroth (who had a charming hotel filled with pictures and "bibelots" and pretty things) just across the street, as it was some little time before our kitchen and household got into working order again. The first few days were, of course, very tiring and uncomfortable—the house seemed so small after the big rooms at the Quai d'Orsay. I didn't attempt to do anything with the salons, as we were going away so soon—carpets and curtains had to be arranged to keep the cold out, but the big boxes remained in the carriage-house—not unpacked. We had a procession of visitors all day—and tried to make W.'s library possible,—comfortable it wasn't, as there were packages of books and papers and boxes everywhere.

Prince Hohenlohe.
After the painting by F. E. László.

I had a good many visits and flowers on New Year's day—which was an agreeable surprise,—Lord Lyons, Orloff, the Sibberns, Comte de Ségur, M. Alfred André, and others. André, an old friend of W.'s, a very conservative Protestant banker, was very blue about affairs. André was the type of the modern French Protestant. They are almost a separate class in France—are very earnest, religious, honorable, narrow-minded people. They give a great deal in charity and good works of all kinds. In Paris the Protestant coterie is very rich. They associate with all the Catholics, as many of them entertain a great deal, but they live among themselves and never intermarry. I hardly know a case where a French Protestant has married a Catholic. I suppose it is a remnant of their old Huguenot blood, and the memories of all their forefathers suffered for their religion, which makes them so intolerant. The ambassadors had paid their usual official visit to the Elysée—said Grévy was very smiling and amiable, didn't seem at all preoccupied. We had a family dinner at my uncle's on New Year's night, and all the family with wonderful unanimity said the best wish they could make for W. was that *1880 would see* him out of politics and leading an independent if less interesting life.

An interesting life it certainly was, hearing so many questions discussed, seeing all sorts of people of all nationalities and living as it were behind the scenes. The Chamber of Deputies in itself was a study, with its astounding changes of opinion, with no apparent cause. One never knew in the morning what the afternoon's session would bring, for, as soon as the Republican party felt themselves firmly established, they began to quarrel among themselves. I went back to the ministry one afternoon to pay a formal visit to Mme. de Freycinet on her reception day. I had rather put it off, thinking that the sight of the well-known rooms and faces would be disagreeable to me and make me regret, perhaps, the past, but I felt already that all that old life was over—one adapts oneself so quickly to dif-

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ferent surroundings. It did seem funny to be announced by my own special huissier, Gérard, and to find myself sitting in the green drawing-room with all the palms and flowers arranged just as they always were for me, and a semicircle of diplomats saying exactly the same things to Mme. de Freycinet that they had said to me a few days before, but I fancy that always happens in these days of democracy and equalizing education, and that, under certain circumstances, we all say and do exactly the same thing. I had quite a talk with Sibbern, the Swedish minister, who was very friendly and sympathetic, not only at our leaving the Foreign Office, but at the extreme discomfort of moving in such frightfully cold weather. He was wrapped in furs, as if he were going to the North Pole. However, I assured him we were quite warm and comfortable, gradually settling down into our old ways, and I was already looking back on my two years at the Quai d'Orsay as an agreeable episode in my life. I had quite a talk too with the Portuguese minister, Mendes Leal. He was an interesting man, a poet and a dreamer, saw more, I fancy, of the literary world of Paris than the political. Blowitz was there, of course—was always everywhere in moments of crisis, talking a great deal, and letting it be understood that he had pulled a great many wires all those last weeks. He too regretted that W. had not taken the London Embassy, assured me that it would have been a very agreeable appointment in England—was surprised that I hadn't urged it. I replied that I had not been consulted. Many people asked when they could come and see me—would I take up my reception day again? That wasn't worth while, as I was going away so soon, but I said I would be there every day at five o'clock, and always had visits.

M. de Freycinet.
After a photograph by M. Nadaz, Paris.

One day Madame Sadi Carnot sat a long time with me. Her husband had been named under secretary at the ministry of Public Works in the new cabinet, and she was very pleased. She was a very charming, intelligent, cultivated woman—read a great deal, was very keen about politics and very ambitious (as every clever woman should be) for her husband and sons. I think she was a great help socially to her husband when he became President of the Republic. He was a grave, reserved man, didn't care very much for society. I saw her very often and always found her most attractive. At the Elysée she was amiable and courteous to everybody and her slight deafness didn't seem to worry her nor make conversation difficult. She did such a charming womanly thing just after her husband's assassination. He lay in state for some days at the Elysée, and M. Casimir-Périer, his successor, went to make her a visit. As he was leaving he said his wife would come the next day to see Mme. Carnot. She instantly answered: "Pray do not let her come; she is young, beginning her life here at the Elysée. I wouldn't for worlds that she should have the impression of sadness and gloom that

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must hang over the Palace as long as the President is lying there. I should like her to come to the Elysée only when all traces of this tragedy have gone—and to have no sad associations—on the contrary, with the prospect of a long happy future before her."

Photograph, copyright by Pierre Petit, Paris.

President Sadi Carnot.

W. went the two or three Fridays we were in Paris to the Institute, where he was most warmly received by his colleagues, who had much regretted his enforced absences the years he was at the Foreign Office. He told them he was going to Rome, where he hoped still to find some treasures in the shape of "inscriptions inédites," with the help of his friend Lanciani. The days passed quickly enough until we started. It was not altogether a rest, as there were always so many people at the house, and W. wanted to put order into his papers before he left. Freycinet made various changes at the Quai d'Orsay. M. Desprey, directeur de la politique (a post he had occupied for years) was named ambassador to Rome in the place of the Marquis de Gabriac. I don't think he was very anxious to go. His career had been made almost entirely at the Foreign Office, and he was much more at home in his cabinet, with all his papers and books about him, than he would be abroad among strangers. He came to dinner one night, and we talked the thing over. W. thought the rest and change would do him good. He was named to the Vatican, where necessarily there was much less to do in the way of social life than at the Quirinal. He was perfectly "au courant" of all the questions between the Vatican and the French clergy—his son, secretary of embassy, would go with him. It seemed rather a pleasant prospect.

W. went once or twice to the Senate, as the houses met on the 12th or 14th of January, but there was nothing very interesting those first days. The Chamber was taking breath after the holidays and the last ministerial crisis and giving the new ministry a chance. I think Freycinet had his hands full, but he was quite equal to the task. I went late one afternoon to the Elysée. I had written to Mme. Grévy to ask if she would receive me before I left for Italy. When I arrived, the one footman at the door told me Mme. Grévy was "un peu souffrante," would see me upstairs. I went up a side staircase, rather dark, preceded by the footman, who ushered me into Mme. Grévy's bedroom. It looked perfectly uncomfortable—was large, with very high ceilings, stiff gilt furniture standing against the wall, and the heat something awful,—a blazing fire in the chimney. Mme. Grévy was sitting in an armchair, near the fire, a gray shawl on her shoulders and a lace fichu on her head. It was curiously unlike the bedroom I had just left. I had been to see a friend who was also "souffrante." She was lying under a lace coverlet lined with pink silk, lace, and embroidered cushions all around her, flowers, pink lamp-shades, silver "flacons,"

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everything most luxurious and modern. The contrast was striking. Mme. Grévy was very civil, and talkative,—said she was very tired. The big dinners and late hours she found very fatiguing. She quite understood that I was glad to get away, but didn't think it was very prudent to travel in such bitterly cold weather—and Rome was very far, and wasn't I afraid of fever? I told her I was an old Roman—had lived there for years, knew the climate well and didn't think it was worse than any other. She said the President had had a visit from W. and a very long talk with him, and that he regretted his departure very much, but that he didn't think "Monsieur Waddington était au fond de son sac." Grévy was always a good friend to W.—on one or two occasions, when there was a sort of cabal against him, Grévy took his part very warmly—and in all questions of home policy and persons W. found him a very keen, shrewd observer—though he said very little,—rarely expressed an opinion. I didn't make a very long visit—found my way down-stairs as well as I could—no servant was visible either on the stairs or in the hall, and my own footman opened the big doors and let me out.

Mme. Sadi Carnot.

From a drawing by Mlle. Amélie Beaury-Saurel.

We got off the first days of February—as, up to the last moment, W. had people to see. We went for two or three days to Bourneville—I had one or two very cold tramps in the woods (very dry) which is quite unusual at this time of the year, but the earth was frozen hard. Inside the woods one was well sheltered, but when we came out on the plain the cold and icy wind was awful. The workmen had made fires to burn the roots and rotten wood, and we were very glad to stop and warm ourselves. Some had their children with them, who looked half-perished with cold, always insufficiently clad, but they were quite happy, roasting potatoes in the ashes. I was so cold that I tied a woollen scarf around my head, just as the women in Canada do when they go sleighing or skating.

We had a breakfast one day for some of W.'s influential men in the country, who were much disgusted at the turn affairs had taken and that W. could no longer remain minister, but they were very fairly "au courant" of all that was going on in Parliament, and quite understood that for the moment the moderate, experienced men had no chance. The young Republic must have its fling. Has the country learned much or gained much in its forty years of Republic?

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THE BRAVEST SON

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

JOHN RODNEY and the North Country committee of the Toronto Board of Trade came to Haileybury on the same June day. The committee's special train steamed in from Cobalt to the little station on the hill ten minutes before Rodney fell from the van of a freight that had been scorched in two bush fires on its way southward from the Porcupine gold camps. In those minutes Haileybury had welcomed its important visitors with a fearful brass band, and started them on a steamer chartered to keep them out on the silver waters of Lake Temiskaming, while the Ladies' Aid Society stacked up the evening's banquet in the big hockey rink. Every man in the town, except the bishop, the habitants, the bartenders, and MacLaren, who was supervising the banquet preparations, was at the dock. The habitants, already drawing the lines of the approaching elections, kept to their own part of the town, disdaining to notice the coming of the party from southern Ontario, and so, with the rest of Haileybury, missing the reappearance of Rodney, usually the signal for the rise of the curtain on some wild adventure.

Rodney must have felt the omission of the half-laughing, half-jeering welcome the depot crowd was wont to give him, for he stared a little uncertainly around the deserted platform before he found a flaring announcement in red-and-yellow that flaunted the more sombre bulletins of the railroad. He rubbed his fire-smartened eyes to read its grandiloquent phrasing of the Haileybury Commercial Club's invitation to the public to attend the after-dinner speeches in the rink. He nodded to express his acceptance of it before he strode down the hill to the nearest saloon. For John Rodney was drunk and bent on getting drunker.

By the time he reached the bar of the hotel near the lake he had succeeded so well that MacLaren, just over from the rink, suggested to the few stragglers in the room that Rodney be put in jail until after the guests from the south had departed. "He's so varry noticeable," the little Scotchman argued, "with his size and record, that he'll shame the city. The Board of Trade 'll never be knowing that he's just drifted in from the Porcupine with the desire of tearing up our town." But his record and his size were the factors that saved John Rodney from the Haileybury jail. Not even the sergeant of provincial police cared to approach the big man without more urgent cause than MacLaren's civic pride.

With his arms set solidly on the brass rod of the hotel-bar the man from the Porcupine defied MacLaren's diplomatic efforts to take him out of the place that would be the area of the spotlight as soon as the steamer brought the Board of Trade men back to the town. He had arrived at his most joyous mood of rollicking good humor. He reeled off tale after tale of other men's splendid deeds in his inimitable narrative manner. He recalled Odyssean wanderings and Hectorean combats. John Rodney had taken to every big gold-camp the world has erupted in the last twenty years his gift of dropping a plumb-line into the heart of every man he met—when he was sober. Drunk, he dramatized his wanderings and his visionings in vivid flashes of brilliant prose that seldom failed to surround him with avidly interested listeners. But to-day, although men kept coming to and going from the room, no one but MacLaren paid any heed to his monologue. And after a time MacLaren went, warned by the shrill whistle of the returning steamer. Then Rodney addressed himself to a statue of Robert Burns that decorated the bar.

"There was a time in Dawson, Bobbie Burns," he confided to the gray plaster

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image of the poet, "when men came in from the trails to hear John Rodney. Big men they were, too, men who sent the fame of the Klondike ringing around the span of this little old earth, Ladue, and MacCormack, and Henderson, and old Juneau, the first of them all. And they vowed they'd rather hear John Rodney tell a habitant story than find a new strike. But they're gone, all gone." He shook his head at the statue lugubriously. Then his arm swept out in oratorical circling. "And down in the Diamond Town," he cried, "he used to play to bigger crowds than ever Bernhardt drew. Dukes and earls, and little knights sought to know him there. Cecil Rhodes used to listen to him and laugh at him. But you can't laugh at me, old Timber-toes," he blazed out at a lumber-jack who made hasty retreat after his mistake of the questioning smile that had called Rodney's attention to him. "Do you see that?" He drew from the pocket of his blue flannel shirt a shining bit of metal on a red ribbon that he swung before the uninterested watchers. "Do you know what that means?" His contemptuous scorn leaped over every man in the place. "It means a thing you can't understand," he sneered at them, replacing the ribbon, and its dangling bauble swiftly in his pocket, "but I'll tell you something you will understand." He whirled his back against the bar and faced the little group of loungers defiantly. "You'll have to build an empire before you can laugh at me!" he boasted.

He rubbed his fire-smartened eyes to read . . . the Haileybury Commercial Club's invitation to the public.—Page 380.

No one took his challenge. For a moment, while the room was so still that the chugging of the steamer sounded close, the raucous tones of the band arose in the strains of "The Maple Leaf Forever." Rodney, catching the tune, hummed it for three bars, then shifted his song to one of the plaintive melodies of the habitants on the Quebec side of the lake. Almost as quickly again, with the mimetic facility that made him the fame and the game of the North Country, he had launched into the swing of "Mandalay" just as MacLaren returned. The Scotchman was puffing furiously, holding to the edge of one of the swinging doors. "Your husky dog," he trumpeted to Rodney, "the brute you brought with you from the fretful Porcupine, is eating the head off the Episcopal minister's bulldog. If you'd see a grand fight, Jack Rodney, you'll find it going on near the church at the top of the hill." He could not wait to see the effect of the inspiration that had come to him from an urchin's rumor, for the steamer was coming against the pier; and as he ran toward the dock he looked back, fearful lest Rod-

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The man watched the tussle for a time with apparently concentrated interest.

ney should follow him rather than climb the hill to the promised entertainment. But Haileybury was safe for the time. Rodney's great figure was vaulting over shorts cuts to the sentinel spire that marked the scene of bitter conflict.

It was a good fight that John Rodney's husky and the minister's bulldog waged against each other on the Haileybury hill. The pup was gamely fighting a losing battle when Rodney came close enough to see its progress. The man watched the tussle for a time with apparently concentrated interest, but he did not interfere till his husky began to show the wolf in his breed. Then Rodney called off the brute, and addressed himself to the yelping bulldog with maudlin philosophy.

"Blood tells," he said solemnly, "and if the fight's in you, it stays. But that wolf of mine would have killed you if I hadn't stopped him, for he's the concentrated essence of all that's wild in the North. But, never mind, doggie," he assured the aggrieved but none the less combative victim, "you'll get your chance to fight again, and that's no more than any of us get." He whistled the husky to him and with the wolfish creature at his heels, sauntered loiteringly along the street.

At the first intersecting avenue he paused, looking down on the crescent of the town that sloped out to the gleaming twilight beauty of the great lake of the voyagers. From the farther purple shore of the Quebec province dusk was rising, softly looming over Temiskaming and drifting in to the harbor where the white steamer lay close to the long pier. On the northern horizon against the blackness of the bush blazed the line of one of the fires Rodney had come through on his

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way down from the Porcupine. To the southward along the track of the railroad Cobalt had already lighted the beacons of her welcome to the men coming in from the silver mines. "Good old Cobalt," said Rodney, "I'll see you later." He waved a promising hand to the sweeping headlight of an electric car that rushed along the ridge between the towns. An arc light over his head sizzled into flame with a hundred others, flinging long lines of brightness and shadow over Haileybury. Down at the shore the great building of the hockey rink suddenly blazed into a hulk of lavender light. The banquet to the North Country committee of the Board of Trade had begun.

Some recollection of the red-and-yellow invitation to the public must have flickered nebulously across Rodney's brain, for the illumination sped him down the avenue toward the rink. But at the next corner chance again aided MacLaren. The pink door of a little green-and-white saloon stood open. Rodney, attracted toward the doorway by the sound of fiddling, saw a lithe little Frenchman, who wore the sash of the Rivière Quinze voyager, dancing with gay abandon to the accompaniment of an old man's violin. The dance was one that the watcher, familiar as he was with habitant steps, had never seen, and he moved nearer to observe it. A shout of welcome greeted him from the dozen men within, calling him to their revelry, to their yarns, to their dance, to their cherry brandy. He joined them in all, making himself one of them in speech and in act, echoing their political sentiments against his own people's party —for in the North racial difference had come to be the line of political cleavage —with a bitterness none of them knew, and amusing them with his mimicry till twilight had run into darkness before he came out of the pink doorway.

The sound of the band led his wavering steps through the quiet streets to the rink. The music was coming to a sharp stop as he paused under the great open windows. Fluttering echoes of applause were rising as he shoved his husky into a corner by the threshold and went blinkingly forward into the brilliancy of the improvised banquet-hall.

On the floor of the rink the tables had been shoved back so that the diners might cluster around the board from behind which the speakers of the evening faced their hearers. There was a long line of speakers and many of them had already spoken overlong. The hosts of the occasion, vividly alert to the opportunity of instructing their guests in the magnitude of the North Country, had set no time-limit on the speeches of glorification. The men of the Board of Trade listened with polite interest, but the crowd, packed closely behind the netting that separated it from the rink floor, had come to the point of restive weariness. MacLaren, watching the men there with the nervousness of a little man who tries to shoulder the Atlean burden of his world, was the first to see Rodney. He signalled to old man Parr, the big Englishman whose boredom had led him into heavy pacing of an imaginary line at one side of the tables while he puffed furiously on a thick black pipe. "Watch Rodney," ordered MacLaren.

Old man Parr changed his pacing to a line that brought him close to the pillar where Rodney stood. Rodney grinned at him sleepily. "Got on the boiled shirt, haven't you, grandad?" he inquired genially. "Saw it out on the line this afternoon. Great occasion, eh?"

Old man Parr nodded ponderously. He expressed his dominating idea, that of the greatness of the British Empire, by solemnity of personal demeanor, particularly in the presence of Rodney, who always seemed to him a personified mockery of certain ideals he held sacred.

"What are they playin'?" Rodney inquired, peering through the rising cigar smoke toward the tables. "Playin' hockey, grandad?"

"No," said Parr.

"Not hockey," Rodney went on. "'Nother old game, then. Know it now. 'You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours' we used to call it in the service."

"Hush!" commanded the other.

For a silence had fallen on the restless crowd. The president of the Board of Trade, chairman of the committee and honored guest of the evening, had risen amid the applause of the Haileybury men and was standing in readiness to make answer to the celebrating welcome their

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North Country hosts had given to him and his fellows. There was in his waiting a quality of authority that held the crowd before he began to speak. When he spoke he drove in his words incisively.

"You have a wonderful country," he said, raising his hand to hold back the outbreak of self-gratulatory cheers, "a country that has impressed us in every way, by its vast resources, by its impelling beauty, by its magnificent power. But I pass over these glories without comment. You, yourselves, have been telling us of them, showing them to us. May I speak of something that I've found for myself?

"It is always true that new countries draw the best and the worst of men. They have a way of tempering the best, and of making over the worst so that in the long run the new country's excellence lies in its men. There is no new land without its heroes, but it has always seemed to me that no point of the compass has ever drawn so many brave men as has the North. I do not know by what magic the North draws to itself the splendid men of the earth. I only know that it is the magnet for the braver adventurers."

"Little Lajeune in Frenchtown makes a better speech," muttered Rodney. "Talks for Laurier, too."

"Keep still," rumbled old man Parr.

"I am sure that I should have remarked on the men of the North Country," the speaker was saying, "even without the coincidence of discovering that my own particular hero was now in this part of the world. When I chanced to see in one of your newspapers the mention that this man of whom I had not heard in ten years, but whom I have held in my heart as the standard-bearer of a true ideal of heroism, was in the Porcupine camp, I realized how truly was the North magnetic to men of his quality.

"I never met this man. I heard of him only as tens of thousands of others did, at a time when an empire thrilled with the tale of his courage." The president of the Board of Trade dropped his voice to the conversational level with the ease of the practised orator. "Ten years ago," he said, "I was in London when the news of the taking of Bloemfontein flashed across the world. I was dining in one of the hotels with three English merchants when the boys on the street began to cry the news of a great fight on the South African veldt. We had the papers brought, searching them for the special tale of how our men had broken the cordon that held Bloemfontein so long. One of us began to read jerkily phrases that set our blood on fire. We grasped our own papers to leap past his reading to the heart of the tale.

"'Oh, it's great!' one chap cried out.

"'That's fightin'!' some one banged.

"'Glorious!' 'Splendid!' 'They're the boys!' 'Went it alone, that chap!' All around us men at the tables were crying out in praise of some one whose deed shouted from the black-and-white of the print.

"'One of your countrymen,' the man who was dining us cried to me. A dozen men circled me. 'D'ye know him?' they were asking. 'One of us,' a boy declared. 'As English as we are, God bless him.'

"I couldn't find the part they'd been reading and the boy read it to me. I don't know what it said. There were burning words trying to picture the story of how one man's courage under fire had inspired the army behind him till he had swept them into Driefontein, the key to the city of the siege. 'How many men do they make like him over in your land?' they asked me. And never in all the days of my life have I known such a thrill of glory as I had in the joy of knowing that the hero of the great battle of the Boer War was my countryman. I was as proud of him that night in London as you have occasion to be proud of him to-night, for that captain of Canadian scouts who won the Victoria Cross for continued, repeated, and glorious bravery on the battle-fields of Africa is one of you, one of the men of your North Country, the greatest of your Iliad of heroes. I give you Canada's bravest son, Captain John Rodney!"

The president of the Board of Trade raised high his glass. The members of the committee came to their feet with courteous haste. But for a full instant there was a pause of hesitation among the men of Haileybury. Then a score of them rose stragglingly, the others following. In silence they drank the toast while along the benches back of the netting there ran

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a snickering laugh. "Jack Rodney?" The derisive inquiry pierced the space between the benches and the pillar where Rodney stood.

"The braves' son," Rodney was repeating. "Who was he, grandad?"

Old man Parr removed his thick black pipe from his mouth, and looked contemptuously at the lounging figure. "He *was* you," he said. Then he turned his back on him and crossed to the tables.

Rodney stared after him with the dawning of resentment rising to his flushed face. A feeble hurrah was forming amid the crowd on the benches where some one had recognized the hero of Driefontein. Rodney caught the beginning of the cheer. He pulled himself up, standing erect and facing the speakers' table with arm uplifted for attention. "Hooraw!" he shouted. "Vive Laurier! Vive reciprocité! Vive la France!"

The president of the Board of Trade peered down under the lights at Rodney's vivid pose. "The voyagers have started their electioneering?" he inquired smilingly.

The cheer of the crowd, halted by Rodney's daring shout, took life again as the men on the benches caught the full humor of the situation. Jeers were volleying into roars when MacLaren gave frantic signal to the band. Loud and louder shrilled the strident brasses into bars of martial music, dinning cheers and jeers alike, and rousing the man who stood alone at the back of the rink to some recollection of times he had listened to more stirring strains. He squared his shoulders, clicked his heels, raised his hand to his hat in an officer's salute to his men, and turned to the door. The Haileybury band was playing "Rule, Britannia" as Captain John Rodney went out of the banquet-hall.

All the way up the street the music followed him. Its dinning insistence must have irritated him, for he pushed from the narrow sidewalk the husky that came to his heels and paced on in dejected slouching to where the electric car stood waiting for passengers from the lake town to Cobalt. "We don't go to-night till the crowd comes," the conductor told him as he shoved through the rear platform. Rodney disdained answer, slouching through the car to the front where he took his stand beside the motorman. "Been at the banquet?" asked the man at the lever. "No," said Rodney shortly, peering ahead toward the lights of Cobalt.

For the sting of old man Parr's contempt was corroding its way through his befuddled senses. He fumbled in his coat-pocket for a worn wallet that he opened with over-cautious care to find a newspaper clipping. In the dim light of his post he read it dazedly. "Man at the table was right," he said as he replaced the bit of worn paper. "Did all of it years an' years ago." The motorman gave him a curious glance. "Yes, I did," he reiterated. "Time when I was Rodney of the Scouts. An' Rodney of the Scouts won the Victoria. That was I!" With the phrase the toxin of old man Parr's slur struck the canker of the man's vanity. "Did he mean that I couldn't do it now?" he cried to the astonished motorman. "Did that old grandad mean that I'm not brave any more? Just you wait," he promised. "Wait till I get another chance and I'll show him."

"Sure, you will," said the motorman soothingly. He looked at his watch, then back into the car. "We've our crowd," he said as the conductor gave him the signal. He had been about to order Rodney back from the platform, but a look at the suddenly disclosed ugly lines around the man's mouth deterred him. "You can stay here if you keep quiet," he compromised.

As the car whirled along the high ridge to the silver camp, Rodney, standing motionless, tried in vain to reconstruct a mental picture of the scene in the rink. He felt vaguely that the speaker's words, the shouts, the toast, the braying of the band, had all concerned him, but he could not give them visual reality. Whenever the key-thought came close to the lock of realization, some laughter in the car dispelled it. Once he had groped into nearness of the meaning of the scene in which he had been the semiconscious actor, but just when he was about to enter it again the blazing headlight of the car illuminated the rails with so vivid a likeness to a memory Rodney held of a night run in an armored train across the African veldt toward Wolvespruit that he lost thought of intervening time and circumstance and was living again through those days of war.

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Before he came from his drowsy dreaming, the car had swung into Cobalt, and had stopped with a jerk at the first street-crossing. Most of the crowd had alighted, and Rodney, seized by a sudden impulse, opened the door at the front, and dropped down to the road. Across the track, not fifty feet away, rose the workmen's shacks of the Right-of-Way Mine. A score of men from the car were coming toward him on their way there. The track was clear as the motorman's gong clanged and the car shot forward.

Then—and to Rodney it seemed a scene in a moving picture, so flashing, so graphic, and so unreal that he gazed at it without emotion—the headlight found just in front of the shacks the running figure of a boy—a child who stopped in sudden terror, tried to turn, stumbled, arose, stumbled again, and fell upon the rail as the car slid over him. There came the racking sound of grating brakes, the cries of the men on the road, and Rodney had plunged beneath the car before the man at the lever could bring it to pulsing stillness.

Ten seconds later the men of the crowd surrounded him as he knelt over the poor, crushed body of the boy. He raised to them a face so white that no one of them knew him. "I was too late," he told them. "He's dead."

The conductor held a shaking lantern over the bright curls of the dead boy. A sob, strangling, unforgettable, rasped in the throat of one of the watchers. "He is my little boy," he said, "and he was waiting for me." In the wavering circle of light Rodney, looking up, saw him, and knew him for one of the company with whom he had spent the twilight in the gay little saloon of the pink door.

"Could no one save him?" the man moaned.

"I could have saved him," Rodney said, "if—if I hadn't been drunk."

For John Rodney was sober now. He turned to the men who stood by. "Take his father away," he ordered. "Get a track-jack." He snapped out his commands with the abruptness of his officer's training. Men stumbled to do his bidding, driven by the mastery in his tone no less than by their awe of the pitiful tragedy. For long, dragging minutes he held the helm of his grewsome task, directing, advising, commanding, till the moment came when he rose with the limp little body in his arms and stood revealed in the flare of the futile headlight.

Half-way up to the shacks from the rails he paused. "Where's his mother?" he asked a man in the trailing group. "Dead," some one answered. "There was just him and his father. They came from the Quebec side."

"Who's his father's buddy?" Rodney demanded.

"I am." A grimy miner stepped out from the others.

"You'll look after him?"

"Yes, captain," the other promised.

With martial certainty Rodney went up the grade to the central shack, holding his burden tenderly close to him. With martial peremptoriness he set his rule within the shack in spite of the coming of the mining company's superintendent and doctor. He was the one who thought of all that should be done for the dead boy and his father, and who ordered its accomplishment without question of convenience or courtesy. And he was the one who, after all others had gone, folded the maimed hands over the rough coat and drew the sheet over the bright hair of the child. Then he lighted the candle on the table and went out into the night.

Below the ridge where he stood the lights of Cobalt beckoned in welcoming friendliness their promise of evasion of that law which forbade the sale of liquor in the mining-camps of the North Country. With a heavy, relaxing sigh of relief he turned his steps toward them. His utter exhaustion cried for stimulant after the hour of strain that had left him clammy-cold. He groped through his pockets to find a handkerchief to wipe the dampness from his forehead, then remembered that he had used his own for the boy who died. Still searching, he thrust his hand in the pocket of his flannel shirt. His fingers closed on something colder than they, a sharp-pointed bit of metal on a worn ribbon. They clutched it, brought it out, and dangled it before his gaze. And as John Rodney saw it for what it was he clenched it in his fist till the points drove themselves into his flesh. For the man who had won the battle of Driefontein was holding the badge of his courage, his Victoria Cross.

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Before him the lights of Cobalt dimmed to vagueness as there swung in their stead a wider range, a dry, parched veldt, rolling for illimitable miles under the blazing sunlight of Africa, gigantic scene of gigantic conflict. Once more the man on the hill was one of the army sweeping forward to meet another army of daring, determined fighters. Once more he was hearing the sharp *ping* of Mauser bullets. Once more he was dodging the flying lyddite. Once more he smelled the smoke that came rolling toward him. Once more he heard the call to the charge. Once more he spurred out in front of his men. Once more he was riding over the plain, all athrill with the joy of knowing that he had no fear. He had dashed down the man who sought to hold his bridle as the dark shape rose from the grass. He felt the blood trickling down after the sharp sting had pricked his arm. He had known that he was falling, and falling; he had seen the colors of his regiment going down as the color-bearer sank. From the man's hand he had caught them up. He was rushing on. There was film coming over his eyes. A roaring was in his ears, a burning in his nostrils. But he was going on across the veldt to where the low kopje of Driefontein seemed to be falling toward him. He was climbing the hummock, breasting it, shouting, yelling, sobbing, cursing in his fury. He was battling now with a black-bearded Boojer whose hand clutched the standard while the two of them rocked in conflict. He had flung him over, and he stood alone on the kopje, the splendid target of the whistling bullets. The weight of the standard was piercing his arm like a thousand needles, and the pain, driving up to his brain, maddened him. But men, he knew not whether they were friends or foes, were sweeping toward him. He braced himself on the summit as darkness filmed over his eyes. Then an arm steadied his shoulder, and a familiar voice, his colonel's voice, rang out over the yells, and the cries, and the singing bullets, and the shrieking artillery, "You're in, Jack, you're in! We've taken Driefontein!"

As a dreamer, slipping without transition through times and places of his dream, John Rodney watched the ghosts of his time of glory passing across the stage of his memories. There had been hundreds of men to give him praise for his deed, men of power, and position, and authority; but of them all he remembered only the colonel whose belief in him had been justified; Kitchener, who had shaken hands with him on the day the army entered Bloemfontein, and who had written him down for the decoration; and the great Rhodes, who had laughed when he said to him, "You're as quick to lead an army as you are to tell a tale, eh?" For after Bloemfontein had come the time when thousands of the service men pointed him out as the panther of the scouts, the man whose daring dash had won a great battle. Only to-night, over there in Haileybury, had come an echo of those days in the speech of that man who recalled how London had thrilled at the story of a man's courage.

And he, John Rodney, had been that man!

Now, less than a hundred feet away, a little bright-haired boy lay dead because the man whose plunging quickness of brain had won a momentous battle for an empire had not been quick enough to save him. The thought, piercing to Rodney's soul more deeply than the points of the cross in his clenched hand cut into his flesh, corroded there in bitter festering. Through the years in which he had been slipping down into degradation John Rodney had not lost faith in himself. The mirage of Driefontein had shone for him across deserts of discouragement, gleaming in promise that if need of courage should come again he would be ready to meet it. He had laughed at his own vices, balancing them against equally flagrant virtues, boasting to himself that no emergency should find him ungirded. On the raft of that belief he had weathered the storms of ten useless, drifting years. And now that faith was gone. John Rodney saw himself for what he was, a roystering drunkard of the camps, comrade of other besotted drifters, the butt of scorn of men he had once thought to scorn.

His fingers unclasped themselves slowly from the medal. He looked at it tensely as if he would read in the darkness the inscription. "I thought," he said, "that I'd keep you till I died. But I've lost the right to you—and so——"

He caught his breath sharply as he

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raised his arm to fling the bit of metal from the ridge. Across his whirling brain there raced another scene, trivial, absurd in its setting of mightier thoughts, the recollection of the fight his husky had waged that afternoon with the little bulldog. But Rodney's memory of it went past the mere picturing of its details, going to the heart of its lesson as he had once gone to the thick of battles. "That dog'd be fighting yet, if I hadn't pulled off mine," he thought. He set his jaw hard and held his arm taut. "By God," he cried, "if the pup could hold on, so can I!" Once again his fingers closed over the points of the medal. Before him the lights of Cobalt still blinked in their beckoning. Gone was the vision of the veldt, the thrill of glory, the fires of courage. But in the ashes of self-respect, of honor, of bravery there leaped a tiny flame. "So help me," said John Rodney, "I'll prove up!" And he put back his cross in the pocket of his shirt.

Unsteadily, uncertainly, he stood in waiting on the crest of the ridge, his decision mocked by his knowledge that every street in the camp held for him the temptation of old haunts of his visits there. But back of him lay that boy who was dead because he had not reached him in time. The morbid horror of repassing the shack daunted him. While he hesitated, a lithe figure swung down the dark road toward him. When the stranger came near he spoke. "M'sieu l' capitaine?" he asked of Rodney. He struck a match to light a cigarette, and by its sputtering flame Rodney recognized him as the voyager who had danced in the Haileybury saloon. When Rodney failed to answer, he held the light close enough to see his face. Instantly, with the camaraderie of the river men for the captain who had crossed the barrier of race to make himself one of them, he drew from his wide sash a flask of brandy. "M'sieu is ill?" he inquired with solicitude.

"No," said Rodney. His eyes devoured the flask. He kept wetting his parched lips with his tongue. His hands trembled as he put them behind his back. "No," he repeated. And he strode back along the ridge to the shack where the dead boy lay.

All through the night he kept vigil there. The red of dawn was rising in the east when he went out into a gray world, turning his back on Cobalt. Daylight blazed its blue through the iridescent mists of the lake when he came to the little station on the Haileybury hill. The special train of the Board of Trade committee was holding the right of way to the north, but on the siding the engine of the freight on which he had come down yesterday puffed in waiting for its return trip. He swung himself up to the van. A sleepy brakeman looked up from his bunk when Rodney opened the door. "Thought we just landed you," he said. "Did you forget something?"

Rodney did not answer.

"What are you going back for?" asked the brakeman curiously.

"For something I lost," said Rodney.

"Well, turn in," said the man, too accustomed to Rodney's eccentricities of conduct to interest himself further. "Help yourself to a blanket. We've all day, and a new fire ahead of us before we strike the junction." He turned on his side and was asleep again before Rodney had huddled himself on the narrow bench and sunk into the stupor of utter exhaustion from which he did not wake until the freight ran by the side of the junction platform. The accommodation train for the western branch toward the Porcupine camps was pulling out as Rodney, clearing the platform at a bound, almost knocked from his feet the provincial policeman who had just completed his search for contraband liquor in the luggage of the Porcupine pilgrims. "No use searching you, Rodney," the officer called after him. "You never had enough for your own use." But Rodney gave him no more heed than he seemed to give the crowd within the coach after he opened the door and dropped down into the nearest seat. Pulling his hat down over his face, he pretended to sleep. But the crowd numbered men who had been at the hockey-rink, men who had rioted and rollicked with Rodney, and to whom the idea of Rodney as a hero was deliciously, satirically funny. All afternoon on the way north from Haileybury on the express that was overtaking the freight the topic of the speech about Rodney had engrossed them out of their talk of gold. Now, with Rodney at their mercy,

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they directed their batteries of heavy sarcasm upon him.

Slouched in the corner of the seat Rodney listened to every word of their goading ridicule. From men he had called his friends came the most biting sneers, baits to catch him in speech that they might find amusement in his self-defence. Knowing their purpose, Rodney held his self-control with the apparent impassivity of a Greek. But when a boy, just in the camps that summer from a jerkwater college, sprang to his seat with arm upraised and the laughing cry, "I give you Canada's bravest son!" John Rodney threw aside his mask of sleep. His eyes blazed terribly as he flung off his hat and drew himself up to his great height. His face was drawn into hard lines of bitter determination and white with the fury of garnered rage. In the aisle he towered over the seats as slowly, surely, he made his way toward the boy. The crowd, seeing his anger and knowing his strength, fell back. The boy jumped to the floor, bringing his left arm before him for defence; but his eyes were shadowed by fear as they saw the flaring fires of Rodney's rage. He gave a swift signal of appeal to the men who had started the baiting he had climaxed; but all of them were waiting for Rodney's action. No one in the car moved but Rodney, advancing with the springing step of the panther he had once been likened to, and a thin, blond Englishman who, alien to the crowd, had been seated behind the boy. Just as Rodney came abreast of him the man thrust out his arm. "Captain Rodney," he said, and the sharp note of authority in his voice brought to the raging man the insistent memory of obedience to its mandates, "an officer does not engage in common brawls."

For an instant Rodney glowered as if he would veer his attack upon him. "They know you can fight," the man went on. He tossed a disdainful glance at the gaping crowd. "Let them alone," he ordered.

"Let me alone," yelled Rodney. "For the honor of the service, I'm going to teach that kid."

"For the honor of the service," asked the man between him and the frightened boy, "why don't you teach yourself?"

"What's it to you?" cried Rodney.

The man smiled. The unexpectedness of it startled the crowd more than had his interference. "I flattered myself that you'd recall me," he said. "I was Kitchener's aide at Bloemfontein. Hurst, you know. Do you remember me now?" His hand went out to Rodney's. But Rodney stepped back, his hand rising to his forehead in salute. "Captain Hurst," he said, "I'm fighting yet. When I've won the first battle, I'll meet you, man to man." As suddenly as he had risen from his place he turned his back on the men who watched him and went to his seat.

Some one in the crowd laughed. But the boy Rodney had come to fight spoke. "I want to apologize," he said. And there came no more laughter.

After that no one spoke of Rodney or to him. When the train came to the Frederick House River, the Englishman went toward him, but Rodney only nodded to him as he swung off across the girders of the railroad bridge on his fifteen-mile walk to Golden City.

Through the night, as he strode along the right of way under the diamond-clear stars of the north, John Rodney strengthened his decision by a determined plan of seclusion from his old haunts and his boon companions. He would not linger in South Porcupine, filled as it would be with men whose invitations were so hard to resist. He would go out on the Wallaby Track, that road through the bush to the greater mines strung along toward the Mattagami River, directing his prospecting from the river camp. But when he had crossed the lake from Golden City to South Porcupine the next day, he found that he had made his decision in vain. He would have to wait a week for the coming of his supplies.

He was hardly in the hotel before a half-score of men had invited him to drink with them, taking his refusal with careless amusement. By noon the forelopers of the crowd from Haileybury had brought to the camp the news of the scenes in the rink and the car. By night the tale of how Rodney had failed to fight the boy who jeered at him had become a story of a man's rank cowardice under insult. By the next day the game of trying to break down Rodney's determination to keep from drinking had become the amusement

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of his old companions of the town. All that saved Rodney from having to defend his resolve in physical combat was the general recognition by the men who plied him of his superior physical strength. But they took their revenge in other ways. Every man whom Rodney refused chose to regard the refusal as a personal affront and disdained to speak to him on the occasion of their next meeting. With the better element of the camp Rodney had never associated, having chosen from the beginning the easier way of finding his comradeships below his level. Hurst, new to the camp though he was, drifted in with the more reserved of the men there by virtue of his letters and his personality, and of him Rodney saw nothing. By the end of the week John Rodney was an exile in the camp he had pioneered.

While he waited impatiently for his delayed supplies Rodney took to long rambles out in the bush along the Wallaby Track. Out there a half-dozen times he noted smoke from forest fires that aroused his alarm. Had he been talking with his old comrades he would have warned them of the danger he believed was threatening. Once, indeed, he essayed to speak of it to the hotel clerk, but the latter had laughed it off. "That bush has been smoking ever since I came here," he declared.

"And it'll be smoking after you're gone," said Rodney ominously. But he spoke to no other of his dread. He watched the smoke, however, with the uneasiness of a ranger, calculating chances of fire-fighting, and throwing aside every feasibility in the face of his knowledge of the devastating swiftness of a bush fire. And the while he watched he was obsessed by the desire to go back to his old crowd in his old way. The sound of the phonographs in the "speak-easys" as he passed them at night on his way back to the hotel maddened him with a thirst for companionship rather than for liquor. Through the thin wooden walls of the hotel room he could hear the slamming of cards on the tables, the murmur of voices, the echoes of laughter. And he cursed himself for a fool for holding away from the thing he most desired; but his dogged strength of decision held him to the keeping of his promise until the morning when he met Hurst.

He had gone on a needless errand to one of the mines southwest of the town, and wearied by the heat was sitting on a fallen log, smoking furiously while he watched the wavering smoke-cloud toward the river, when he heard voices on the trail. Coming down the corduroy were four men, Hurst and three others. Rodney raised his hand in salute to the Englishman, but the four passed without even a look in his direction. Long after they had disappeared he sat there, watching the road. Then he rose. "Hell," he said, "what's the use?" And with the old dare-devil glint in his eyes he started back to the town.

As he walked the heat seemed to grow more oppressive. He took off his coat, and flung it over his shoulder. He tried to whistle the tune of "Tommy Atkins," but a curious dryness in his mouth halted the attempt. The bush seemed to be growing darker. But Rodney slouched on, heedless of everything but his own reckless intention of flinging away the weeks of self-denial, until the curiously pungent odor that a bush prospector never forgets when it has once come to him struck his nostrils. In the middle of the road he wheeled, looking back toward the Mattagami.

Less than a mile away the smoke hung, its scudding messengers of gray obscuring the sun into a distant and lightless ball of red. A great wind was rising, whirling before it the leaves from birches that stood in ghastly whiteness against the darkness of the smoke-palled forest. A rabbit rushed from cover. Down the corduroy a pack of huskies ran. A roar, growing with the wind, came to Rodney's ears just as his eyes sighted the leaping pillars of flame in the cloud. He put up his hand to feel the direction of the wind. Then, flinging his coat to the ground, he turned his back on the fire and ran toward the town.

As he ran he seemed to lose all sense but that of sight, becoming only a moving machine. Wild creatures passed him in their panic rush. From the mines on either side of the track the shrieks of whistles summoned men to action or to flight. Down the trails men ran, some bearing grotesque burdens, others with no thought but that of immediate safety. One of them struck at Rodney as he went

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by. "Keep your head," Rodney called after him, "you'll need it later." Every moment the roar of the fire grew louder, the smoke grew denser. Rodney, loping fire, kept steadily to the road. Only once did he pause. An old man had been thrown to the ground by the shock of one of those dynamite explosions that kept de-

But Rodney stepped back, his hand rising to his forehead in salute. "Captain Hurst," he said.—Page 389.

along with the steady swing of the trail-blazer, kept looking back over his shoulder mechanically at intervals, calculating the distance between him and the forerunners of the flames, those pyramids that flashed here and there through the trees. Squinting ahead, he measured the distance to the lake that showed itself a haven of refuge. "We'll make it, boys," he cried to the others.

Into the clearing between the bush and the town men and women came from north, south, and west, stumbling over stumps in their rush to the lake. Rodney, muttering to himself his bitterness for having failed to heed the signals of the tonating the approach of the fire to the mines. The crowd, heedless of anything but its goal, would have trampled on him had not Rodney waited to pick him up.

At the outskirts of the town the mob grew denser. Rodney wondered vaguely where the men and women who thronged the streets in their rush to their one chance of safety could have come from. At the doors of offices and stores men appeared, begging the runners for aid in taking out their goods; but the men from the mines passed them, careless of the less vital predicament, knowing that in the face of the flames life was the one issue.

When he had come to the dock Rodney

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stood, calculating with mathematical precision his exact chance of escape, and deciding that his ability to swim in any water assured it to him. As he unlaced his great boots he let himself watch the drama on the shore, where a thousand people were huddled, beseeching the boatmen to take them out of the danger zone. Already hundreds were taking to the water, standing up to their waists in its wash and ready to plunge deeper. Overweighted boats tossed on the waves that the wind from the fire was churning. At the foot of the dock a canoe, jammed with twice the number it could carry, went down as some one sprang into it from the pier. A man near Rodney kept shouting to some one on a row-boat to come back for a little girl who was crying piteously. Rodney had time to be glad that he was responsible for no one but himself, as he saw a gasolene-launch chugging in. "Put the women on it!" came the shout just as there swept from the street a maddened crowd of Hungarians from the mines, pushing, shoving, fighting in desperation to win their way to the end of the dock. Rodney, kicking off his boots, certain now of his safety, instinctively turned to drive back the frenzied men who threatened the only chance the others had for life. Then, "Why should I?" he asked himself. "What are they to me?" But one of the Hungarians, passing him in his crazed rush, drove his elbow into him. The shock of the impact galvanized him to awful rage. His hand went to his hip-pocket. In an instant he was on the dock, driving his way to the foot through the wall of men, towering above them all, forcing himself inch by inch to the place where he might face them.

"Stand back!" His cry clamored on the fearful stillness that held the crowd ominously. Only the sound of the motor-boat broke in on his command. "The women are going in that boat," he shouted, his staccato utterance thudding down on the upraised white faces, "and if one man dares to crowd up here, I'm going to kill him." The menace of his voice drove back the Hungarians inch by inch till the women had room to remain. The menace of his levelled gun kept them there. The motor-boat, with engine stopped, crept up to the dock. "Pull her in," Rodney ordered the man nearest to it. One by one the women stepped down until the boatman gave the signal that he could take no more. As the launch set off from the dock the man nearest to Rodney struck at him. Rodney dashed him off into the water. Clinging to the dock he made his wail, "There are no more boats!" and the crowd, with guttural cries, pressed forward toward the man who had cheated them of their chance.

Rodney held his gun steady. His voice, raised over the roar of the wind, never faltered as he spoke. "Just back of you," he said, "is a hardware store. Go over there and get axes, and hatchets, and nails. Break down the shacks for the lumber. Then we'll make rafts. It's your only chance if you can't swim."

Only the Hungarians, not understanding the command, lingered. Every other man joined in the rush toward the store. But while the sound of splitting lumber cracked, one of the foreigners, looking farther back, saw a great ball of fire tossed from the bush back of the clearing over to the first shack in the town. Instantly the shack was ablaze. Another and another spurted in flame. The watching man gave a throaty cry, and flung himself at Rodney. But Rodney had seen him in time to step to one side, and to let him sprawl on the floor of the dock. Then he set his foot on him, while he scanned the crowd around the store.

Men were working with driving fury, nailing boards together in haphazard haste. Rodney groaned as he saw how futile was their unskilled labor on rafts that would not stand the first frenzy of the gale. A blazing hot breath from the fire roused him to the urgency of haste. He could show them in five minutes how to make those rafts. But if he left these mad Hungarians on the dock, they would run wild. If they killed no one else, they would kill themselves in their fury. Rodney's eyes roved through the crowd beyond, sighting a tall, blond man who was splitting a long timber into poles. "Captain Hurst," he cried to him.

Hurst sprang from his task to the dock. "Captain Hurst," Rodney gave command, "you will hold these men here while I show those fools how to make rafts." Hurst's hand went up in acceptance of the order,

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Wild creatures passed him in their panic rush.—Page 390.

then came down again to his gun-pocket as he took Rodney's place.

With his own revolver still in his hand, Rodney jumped from the dock to the ground. From group to group he went, working, planning, counting, till the rafts were finished. And all the time the smoke from the fire was blinding him, the breath of the fire was scorching him. His hat was gone, and he could feel his hair growing crisp in the horrible heat that choked him as he drove the last nail in the last raft.

On the dock Hurst was piling the Hungarians on the rafts. "Get them off first," Rodney had yelled to him. After them came the men who bore the rafts to the shore as the fire blazed less than five hundred feet back of them, throwing lurid light on the darkness. The tornado of the fire was tossing the waves over the rafts, but Rodney saw that none of them was going down. At the dock men were tumbling on the last raft, calling to Rodney to join them. Hurst and he were the last on the shore. "Get in!" he ordered Hurst. The Englishman hesitated, then obeyed. Rodney, with one knee on the edge of the pier, set this foot down on the frail craft, reasoning that it increased his hope of safety tenfold. Then he drew it back. "Too heavy," he said. Hurst tried to clamber off, but Rodney shoved him back. "I'm going to swim," he said.

Through the choking darkness Hurst spoke to him. "Captain Rodney," he said, "twice you've proven yourself the bravest man of us all." Rodney held out his hand to him. "Thank you," he said. Then he shoved the raft away from the dock.

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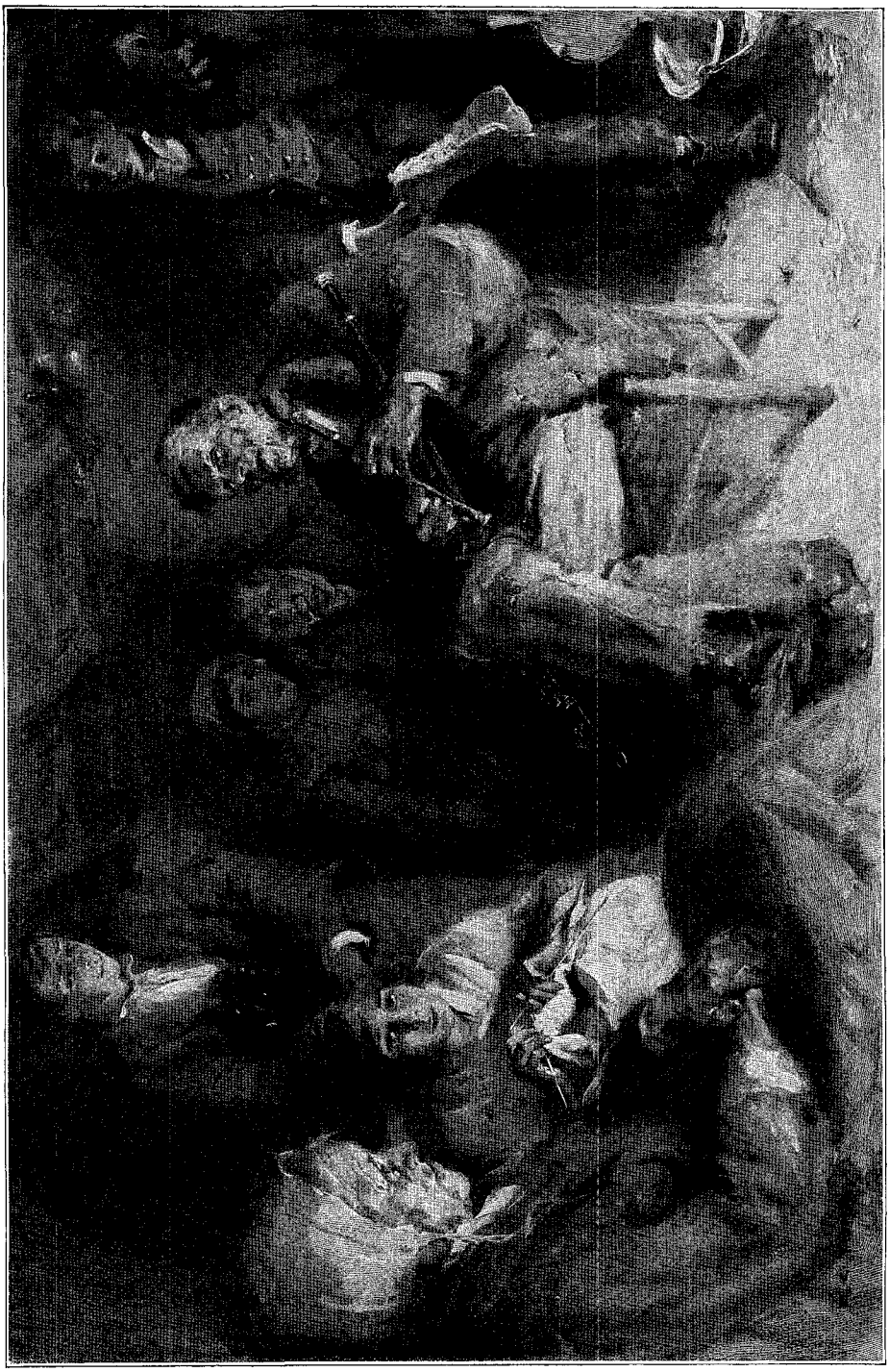

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"The Irish has danced to them, fought to them, laughed to them, wept to them, died to them!"—Page 396.

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CORMAC O'BRIEN, PIPER

By Amanda Mathews

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

CORMAC O'BRIEN, the ancient piper, and old Norah, his wife, lived up a bit of rooked stone-walled lane across the road from the Duffys. This bleak, cloudy winter afternoon the couple sat in their respective chimney-corners silent as their own hearth, for the peat never roars, spits, or crackles; it gives a tranquil fire of yellow glows and gentle, caressing orange flames.

A red cow walked confidently into the kitchen, her calf at her flank. Cormac rose and opened for them the door of what had once been "the room," but a great patch of roof had fallen in so that it was now used only as the byre. Behind the calf the procession was extended by ducks and chickens. These broke rank and dashed clamorously about the kitchen.

"Ye unmannerly birds!" admonished Norah, but she scattered food on the flagstones. Their supper over, they went peaceably to the byre. Norah lighted the candle. Husband and wife then resumed their low wooden chairs.

The fireplace was very shallow and smoked in all winds. A holy picture on the gable wall was so blackened that Mary and the Child could scarcely be recognized. The few small objects on the mantel might have been carved out of bog oak. A saucy smoke-puff fanned the piper's face, then made itself into a wreath about his head, instantly dissolved, and mingled with the general smokiness of the room. He coughed.

"There must a bit of black stone been builded into this chimly," observed his wife sympathetically. Her remark was as customary as the behavior of the chimney; her husband offered no reply.

The piper was blear-eyed from his eighty-five years but erect as youth. His abundant black hair was only slightly grizzled, though the sideburns framing his clear-cut old features were quite gray. He wore a gray homespun suit with patch on patch. Norah, ten years his junior, had a softly wrinkled face and pleasant brown eyes. She was dressed in black skirt, red "body," and blue kerchief. Her feet were bare.

Johneen Duffy slipped in, his right index-finger holding a place near the back cover of a book.

"I cannot read in me own home for the ructions of Kitty and Dermot," he explained plaintively.

"Ye be's welcome," encouraged the piper. "I perceive ye to be a lad of parts." In this sentiment old Cormac voiced the general changed opinion of the neighbors since Johneen had borne off the prize of the Letterkenny Feis for a Gaelic poem by a school-child. The boy stretched himself luxuriously on the warm flags with his book lying within the circle of yellow firelight.

Mary Anne appeared next with something wrapped in a cloth.

"I cannot keep clean the white coat I am knitting with me sister Kitty rubbing herself against it every minute," she complained.

"Ye be's welcome," repeated Mrs. O'Brien, as the girl took the creepie-stool and spread out on her knees the component parts of the white jersey.

"You are the great knitter entirely," approved Norah. "So was I once but that once is away. Me eyes are no more equal for it and now I never take the skivers in me hands. I mind, though, when I was a wee one and our old servant set me to learning with a couple of goose-feathers."

"I must finish this coat the night, for mother will be taking in all our knitting to the shop at Ardnagapery to-morrow," anxiously declared Mary Anne.

Her fingers fairly twinkled the skivers. A silence reigned which was most grateful to Johneen as he rapidly turned the thrill-

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ing final pages. He closed the book and looked into the fire.

"What be's your thought, lad?" inquired his host.

"I was wondering just, would you be blowing your pipes the night."

Old Cormac took down his instrument from the top of the dresser, deliberately tied the leathern string about his body, strapped the pad above his right knee, adjusted a bellows under each arm, and struck up McLeod's reel.

As if charmed in by the music, two more people entered. Mary Anne had started and dipped her flushed face almost into her work, but she looked up and nodded shyly when she heard the hearty voices of Tim McGarvey and his wife Peggy, who was Peggy Doogan before Tim returned from America and resumed his long-interrupted courtship. What had been Peggy's house was now the byre; Tim had built a grand new cottage exceeding the splendor of the O'Donnells'.

Mr. and Mrs. McGarvey were welcomed. They seated themselves side by side on the box-bed and begged that the music proceed.

It was proceeding through the mazes of McSweeney's march, when Mary Anne's face again dipped into her work at another step on the threshold. This time it was Shane O'Donnell, big, clumsy, and fairly gruff, what with being intensely bashful and now intensely conscious of Mary Anne's presence. He was monitor at school and on the high road to being a master.

"I am trying to think what the pipes sound like," said Johneen.

"Troth, what could they be sounding like but themselves?" queried Norah.

Her husband lifted his hand with affable yet commanding gesture.

"Remember, Norah, ye are only a woman. I am not denyin' ye do very well for what ye be's, but the faymale mind is lackin' raich."

"The pipes has the makings of a whole orchestra," chimed in McGarvey. "There is a flute and a pipe-organ on a jag and a beeskip after you have put a stick in it."

The piper scowled at the Yankee's well-intentioned encomium.

"It is a grand sound they make altogether," put in Peggy pacifically.

"A man has a big ear to be picking up all them tunes," McGarvey blundered on.

O'Brien straightened himself away from the back of his chair.

"It is plain you are no musicianer not to be telling pieces from tunes, Mr. Tim McGarvey. Boy," to Johneen, "open yon chest and fetch me dark music."

It was "dark" music in the most literal sense, being blackened by age and smoke until only an occasional note was visible, but the piper had Johneen hold it up in front of him while he went through "Farewell to Erin" without taking his eyes once from the blurred sheet.

"What say yez to me dark music?" he demanded.

"That is the tidiest piece whatever," responded Peggy. "It is not to-day nor yesterday you got to learn."

"I forgot to knit," said Mary Anne simply.

"I know now about the pipes—" began Johneen, restrained by shyness but driven by the urge of his thought.

"Speak up, lad."

"The wind gets caught in them and may not be away until it has told all its secrets to Cormac O'Brien."

The old man was mollified and thundered on with "Roderick Dhu."

"The pipes be's too wild for the tamer times we has now and too dark for the lazy ones to learn. Holy saints, but they had their day of old! The Irish has danced to them, fought to them, laughed to them, wept to them, died to them!"

As old Cormac ceased speaking Shane drew forth once more the white envelope from his pocket.

"This letter came to the master," he explained, "and the master was sending it to you by me. They will be having a grand Gaelic festival in Dublin come next month, and they are wanting to gather all the Irish pipers in the whole island. They will be giving them tickets to Dublin and there will be prizes——"

Cormac O'Brien looked inches taller in his chair, but his only immediate response was to plunge into a series of Irish jigs.

"Have I gone back in me piping?" he demanded. "Have I gone back?"

"Ye have not gone back!" cried Mrs. O'Brien.

"Norah," he answered, "I must be re-

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mindin' ye that ye be's only a woman. How can a man's wife hearing him all the time be telling if he has gone back?"

"Sure you have gone back nothing!" declared Shane. "I doubt the likes of you will be found in all Ireland. Was you not carrying off the first prize of the Donegal Feis three years since?"

"I was," responded the gratified musician. "Was I ever tellin' yez the answer I made to the band-master at Donegal when he was inquirin' how I come by such a strong grasp of music?"

Every one present had heard the anecdote innumerable times, but this momentous invitation to play at the Dublin Feis threw over it such a glow of fresh significance that the requests were sufficiently genuine and spontaneous.

"I am a son of nature," I told that band-master. "I live between two elements, the wind of the sea and the wind of the mountains, so I get the both winds mixed up like in me music."

Again he played—an impromptu medley of old selections threaded with his own variations of the moment. Indeed, his listeners seemed to hear screaming seagulls and the shrilling of wind among sails mingled with the tossing of wrenched boughs on storm-beaten mountain-tops. A sort of awe fell upon his hearers.

"You must be mending the hinges on your old bag or I doubt but it will spill your clothes on you."

Cormac wilted down in his chair looking dazed and troubled. This time he was plaintively petulant.

"Norah, why can ye no understand to let a man soar when he do be soaring!"

But Shane and the rest sympathized with Norah in realizing that there were certain practical aspects of the Dublin matter which the old man should be brought to consider.

"Me father will be proud to drive ye to the station in our donkey-cart," volunteered Shane.

"I am sure me mother will be killing a young bird for you to be eating along the road," ventured Mary Anne.

The Yankee plumped down a half-crown on the piper's knee. "Here is for you to bring Norah a gewgaw from Dublin."

Norah clasped her hands delightedly.

"That's terrible kind of you, Tim McGarvey, and himself will be seeing some brave fairing like a new handkercher——"

"Thank ye kindly," muttered the old man, but he was evidently still dazed and the half-crown rolled to the floor.

"Shane, what day must he be starting for beyant?" asked Peggy McGarvey.

Shane took out the letter and studied it.

"This day fortnight, I would say. That will let the master write for the booking."

"Yez mean well," the piper interposed, irritably, "but yez seem to be all pushing me out of me own house into the road. Has anybody yet heerd me say I was going? Tell me that!"

"But are ye not?" inquired one and another of his listeners.

Norah smiled into the fire. Her voice was so fresh and girlish it seemed to come from Mary Anne.

"I can fair hear ye swirling away to them all in Dublin and the wonder——"

"Norah," he protested, "ye are hearin' what ye are no called upon to hear."

"And for what would she no be called upon to hear it?" asked McGarvey.

The piper continued to look only at old Norah, who in her turn was still smiling into the fire.

"We have been married fifty-five years come Candlemas," he mused aloud. "I was a young gossoon on me way to pipe for a dance, and I met a big house I took for a workhouse, and I sent out a tune going by to hearten up the poor old souls inside, and who came running out but the tidiest jewel of a girl with her hair blowing all about her sweet face. Hashkee! Hashkee! how I wished I could pipe her after me down the road——"

"Ye were swirling 'Bonny Charlie.'"

"And I learned the big house to be a rectory and her the rector's daughter, and every day I passed piping and wishing her to follow. We got acquainted at the cross-roads, and the night come when I piped 'Bonny Charlie' down by the wall and she was away with me to be married."

"I wore a purple camelot gown," beamed Norah.

"Was her folks annoyed?" inquired Peggy.

"They was done with her the day she run off with a poor Catholic musicianer—so she come down to this miserable house instid of that grand rectory."

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"There was blue-velvet chairs in the drawing-room," crooned Norah, "but I had to follow the piper swirling 'Bonny Charlie,' and this house is warmer." She extended her bare feet to the glowing embers.

"Norah do be growing a bit childish-like with her years," offered Mr. O'Brien. "To be sure I am ten years older nor her and there be's nothing childish about me as yet, God be thanked, but that is because he made a man's brain stronger to bear up under his age."

"Cormac dear, ye be's the great man entirely for discourse. Give me a taste of your dudeen." He passed it to her.

"If you were not to go to Dublin," Shane expostulated, "it is the chance of your life you would be missing."

"But Norah is me life and I am more thinking it is me chance for losin' her——"

"Now do ye not be fretting about Norah," cheered Mrs. McGarvey. "It is fine care we will all be taking of her, and it is meself will be in and out and out and in—so will Shusan Duffy and the childer."

"Yez be good neighbors and mean kind by us, but yez have your own troubles with the fowl and the animals. Norah has dizzy spells, and the time ye was out might not be long and yet long enough for me Norah to fall into the fire. I will be stayin'."

Norah looked up happily.

"Cormac darlin', we have our pensions and ye need not be going up after that prize, though it's yourself would bring it away. I would be heart-scalded missing ye so long from the house." For once she was not reproved.

Shane and Mary Anne gazed dreamily at Cormac and Norah in their chimney-corners. Both were having a dim, solemn, prophetic vision of themselves at the far end of the long road down which they were now groping for each other's hands to make the start together.

REPRIEVE

By Charlotte Wilson

THE other day it dawned on me,
A sudden shock across our play:
He is so old—the miracle
May happen any day!

The miracle! at any hour
This small man-comrade at my knee
May grave upon his soul his first
Clear memory of me.

Some trivial moment, slackened mood,
Imperishably there may trace
My picture, as at heart I bear
My sweet, dead mother's face.

I—I, unworthy. Let me bow
(Like kneeling page of old, to feel,
Laid on his shoulder, stiff and shrewd,
The consecrating steel),

Abased in utter thankfulness
Before the mirror of his eyes:
He is so little yet—I still
May make his memories!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

A Washington's Birthday Reminiscence—"The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association" and Its Founder

APROPOS of the efforts made from time to time to take Mount Vernon away from the Association in whose hands it has been for more than fifty years, one is struck afresh by the amount of forgetting which is going on in the world. For there seems to be a wide-spread ignorance as to the actual ownership of the place. Some newspapers hand it over to the Daughters of the American Revolution, and, indeed, a member of that society has been heard to say blandly: "Oh, yes, we own Mount Vernon"; fancying, of course, that she was correct in the statement, and ignorant of the fact that there is one woman's patriotic society in America which antedates her own. But there are still persons living who remember the appeals to women in every town and village, from one end of the United States to the other, to subscribe the sum of one dollar apiece for the purchase of "The Home and Grave of Washington."

I have before me an interesting pamphlet giving a sketch of Ann Pamela Cunningham, the founder of "The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association." The first suggestion of the purchase of the estate came, however, from Miss Cunningham's mother, although it was far from her thoughts or wishes that her invalid daughter should carry the enterprise on her shoulders. Going down the Potomac one evening in the year 1853, Mrs. Cunningham noted, in the moonlight, the neglected and desolate condition of Mount Vernon. Reflecting on the ruin which was likely to overtake the place unless some speedy effort were made to save it, the idea came to her that the women of America should own and preserve it. She suggested the plan in a letter to her daughter, and Miss Cunningham at once said: "I will do it." At all crucial points in the undertaking, when the impossible had to be accomplished, Miss Cunningham had a way of saying: "I will do it." And she always made good.

She started the movement at once, but, being a gentlewoman of the old school, could not imagine herself coming before the public in her own person. She always signed herself "The Southern Matron," and it was only in 1858, when the estate had finally been purchased, that she yielded to the solicitation of Mr. Everett and other friends and signed a public letter with her own name. In 1861 she was horrified to see a notice of herself in a newspaper. Her return to South Carolina was mentioned, and her sympathy with secession was assumed. She wrote to a friend: "Conceive of my amazement and distress when the paper was handed to me. You know my horror of publicity for a lady—of her name appearing in the newspapers! . . . It was, under any circumstances, most improper and indelicate to draw a lady into the political arena; how much more to do it in connection with her relation to an association formed to have joint ownership and guardianship of the grave of the father of all—no matter how our country is divided." Which shows that this South Carolina woman was not sectional in her sympathies. As to the rest, her times were indeed different from ours, for when, in 1855, Philadelphia was responding enthusiastically to the call for money for the purchase of Mount Vernon, the leading men of that city suddenly refused any support to the movement, "because it was a woman's effort, and they disapproved of women's mixing in public affairs."

The movement was at first started wholly as a Southern affair. Southern women were to raise the two hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of the property, and Virginia was to hold it, "the ladies to have it in charge and adorn it if they could have the means." Fortunately the owner, Mr. John Augustine Washington, refused to agree to the first charter, and the Northern press then began to notice the movement, claiming that it should be a national one, in which the Northern States should aid. Miss Cunningham's patriotism rose to the occasion. As she wrote later concerning the first efforts, they failed because "Washington belonged not alone to the South"; while, as she went on to say, the second effort failed because "the title and power were to be given to one State, and Washington belonged not to one State alone."

An invalid, confined to her room, Miss

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Cunningham started the enterprise, founding "The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association" in 1853. From first to last she accepted no failure or rebuff. Nor did she depend on her pen alone. Was her presence required at Mount Vernon, to win over Mr. Washington; at Richmond, to persuade the legislature; or at Charleston, Philadelphia, or Washington, to those places she went, sometimes carried on a bed. A woman of great intellectual ability and force of character, she must also have been gifted with unusual charm; for obstacles, apparently insuperable, disappeared before her personal appeal. When she begged Edward Everett to aid her he found her arguments so convincing that he most generously devoted the proceeds of his lectures to the cause until he placed in her hands the sum of sixty-nine thousand dollars. She persuaded Mr. Washington to part with Mount Vernon; she made friends in Richmond, and, in spite of the opposition of those who warned the legislature not to be carried out of its propriety by "sentiment and female witchery," and the consequent loss of one bill, another one was entered and carried the next year. So great had been the wear and tear of the struggle that, after the victory, it seemed as if Miss Cunningham might die before the necessary papers could be signed. The lawyers and her friends waited in an anteroom for her to rally from an alarming attack, and finally the papers were read in due form, and then, as she describes it in a letter to a friend: "A gentlemen knelt beside my couch and held the papers for my signature; my lifeless fingers could hold a pen but a few moments; could only make two or three letters at a time." No wonder she was in a mental stupor for three weeks. She roused herself to raise money for restoration and repairs, and early in 1858 issued the appeal which was the first to be signed with her own name. Before the work had progressed very far came the Civil War. During the war Miss Cunningham was shut up for the greater part of the time in her South Carolina home, with heavy burdens of private affairs on her shoulders, but as long as she could keep in communication with the agents whom she had left in charge at Mount Vernon she continued to guide its affairs. She directed that a request should be made of the commanders of both armies to give a pledge for the safety of Mount Vernon, and this appeal doubtless had something to do with the fact that the spot was held sacred by both armies.

When the war was over Miss Cunningham and her vice-regents at once renewed their efforts to raise money for the restoration and care of the place. Her last great effort was to obtain an indemnity for the government use of the Mount Vernon steamboat during the four years of the war. She went to Washington and to the Capitol, and, although she "had not for twenty years dared to walk up such a long flight of steps," she ventured to do it. She had to climb those steps six or seven times during the next ten days. When the senator who was to introduce the bill told her that he could do no more; that no member of his committee would consent to ask him to introduce the bill without further consideration, he added: "But you can do it." She did do it. He needed three members of the committee to empower him to act. She selected three from the list, asked them one by one, and each one assented immediately to her request. On another day she went, ill with fever, to give the necessary information to enable her friend, the senator, to reply to the opposition, since every one seemed to be "as ignorant of an association whose work had filled the newspapers but a few years before as if America had not been the scene of action." And, after all, the bill did not pass at that time. Again, in February, 1869, she went to Washington, and in March Congress finally granted the claim, and the association received seven thousand dollars with which to repair the desolation at Mount Vernon. Miss Cunningham's great work was done. She kept the regency a few years longer and then, in 1874, resigned and, as her biographer says, "left Mount Vernon with just strength enough to reach Rosemont," her Carolina estate, where she died, May 1, 1875.

THE constitution of the association was drawn up by Miss Cunningham. It provides for "a regent, vice-regents, secretary and treasurer, and such subordinate officers as may be, from time to time, appointed." One vice-regent was to be appointed, "if practicable, from each State in the Union." The appointments are for life and, so far, there have been but

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four regents, the last one elected in 1909. Under them is a resident superintendent who has his assistant superintendent, head gardener, and such other officials as are needed. The Grand Council, composed of the regent and all the vice-regents, meets once a year at Mount Vernon, where the ladies remain in residence for a fortnight or more, during which time they carefully go over all details of the care of the place. They have never found it necessary to depart from the scheme laid down by their first regent. In Miss Cunningham's farewell address she said to those whom she was leaving: "The Home of Washington is in your charge; see to it that you keep it the Home of Washington. Let no irreverent hand change it; no vandal hands desecrate it with the fingers of progress! Those who go to the home in which he lived and died wish to see in what he lived and died. Let one spot in this grand country of ours be saved from change! Upon you rests this duty."

Its Administration

It is in this spirit that Mount Vernon is cared for. Everything is done to keep it in perfect repair, but the repairs are made in accordance with the period of the place. The visitor sees the finished result—the house as Washington lived in it; the garden as it was when Mrs. Washington and Nelly Custis walked along its paths. He sees nothing of the infinity of pains which produces this result: the watchful care of the mansion and the tomb, the minute attention to trees and shrubs, to garden and farm, to roads and drainage, and, finally, the way in which the income is helped out by gifts from the regents of every manner of thing, from furniture and relics within the house to stone boundary walls without. And so, not seeing, there are some restless souls who would like to change matters.

It is from the entrance fees that the income for the care of the estate is derived, an income none too large; yet there has been a clamor to abolish these fees, and the regents have even been grotesquely accused of dividing and pocketing them. Other persons have demanded that the United States Government deprive the association of its charter and turn the place into a national park. There has been considerable activity in this direction during the past year.

When, in the early days of struggle, Miss Cunningham was asked what qualifications were necessary for acceptable service on the board of regents, the reply was: "The qualifications needed on the part of a lady are that she shall be of a family whose social position would command the confidence of the State, and enable her to enlist the aid of persons of the widest influence. She must be in independent circumstances, as the office is not a salaried one, and attending the annual meetings would involve some expense. She must be able to command considerable leisure, as the duties will require much time until the stipulated funds are raised. She should also possess liberal patriotism, energy of character, cultivation of mind, and such a combination of mental powers as will insure that she shall wisely and judiciously exercise the power of voting in Grand Council upon the future guardianship and improvement of Mount Vernon."

This is the standard up to which the regents have always conscientiously tried to live. Is there any government office which demands such qualifications? Any person who knows something of the history of Mount Vernon since it came into the hands of the Association is satisfied that its present regent speaks nothing more than the truth when she says that the association has for more than half a century "maintained the high standards that have from the beginning characterized the management of this Mecca of the nation." And that "there is no record of failure on the part of any vice-regent to fulfil these inherited obligations." Where, in our public service, is there a record equal to this?

Some one may say that it is an aristocratic administration. What of it? It is a wonderful survival of the best traditions of the early days of the republic, and is itself a part of the sacred relic which Mount Vernon is to the nation. In addition, it is in all probability the sort of administration which would best please that aristocratic republican George Washington, and Martha his wife. Where could their tastes be more appropriately consulted?

IT came to me very clearly the other day in reading Herodotus that the great need of our present civilization is for a Delphic Oracle. We show plainly enough that we yearn for authoritative utterances on all such subjects as art, education, poli-

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tics, and philosophy. We accept final words almost too docilely when we find them—and we find them constantly—only they are so liable to change. It is discouraging to go so often through the same experience: to be told an eternal truth, to learn it by heart, to decide that on this subject at least we need never again do the smallest amount of thinking, and then to find that something entirely different and even more authoritative has been promulgated by the powers that be. There again is one of our great difficulties. The Powers That Be! It is not always easy to reach the critic who knows absolutely the last fashion in art; or to induce some hermit-scientist to tell us what we ought to be accepting as scientific truth.

On Oracles

Fancy how restful it would have been last winter if we could have sent in a body to a good dependable oracle and asked: "Is this Futurist movement in art anything we must really trouble ourselves about?" or as a friend of mine would more succinctly put it, "Is it any good?" Imagine the amount of unenlightening discussion that a definite reply to this question would have spared us. Can you not fancy a messenger from the present administration approaching the pythoness to inquire whether the proceeds from the income tax would balance the losses in revenue consequent on the reduction of the tariff; to say nothing of all the personal problems of manners and business and love with which our daily press attempts to deal with a reasonableness far from convincing? We don't want to be taken behind the scenes; we don't want "the facts set before us so that we can judge for ourselves." We want to be told yes or no.

Some superficial thinkers will say that the age lacks faith, and that without faith an oracle is impossible. This is a complete mistake. The ancients themselves were sceptical. Nothing could be more scientific than the spirit in which Crœsus tested the oracles before he decided to which he would submit the question of his Persian campaign. He first sent messengers to all the best-recommended oracles. Exactly one hundred days from the time of departure each messenger was to address the same question to the shrine to which he had been accredited: What was the king doing at that time? Observe that the messengers did themselves not know the answer. This is in the style of the Society for Psychical Research at its most rigorous. Probably, at the time the messengers left Sardis, Crœsus had not yet decided. He did, however, manage to think of an unlikely occupation. He was cooking two different kinds of meat in a brass vessel with a brass top. Only the oracles at Delphi and of Amphiaraus were able to give the correct reply.

To such simple tests as these our oracle would of course be subjected; and for my part, in these days of thought-transference, I have no doubt the priestess would know the answer to such a demand as "What was I doing a year ago last Easter?" But if her occult powers should fail her in an emergency, such a reply as "Secretly wishing for that which once had been yours for the asking," or, "Trying in vain to forget what your heart forever remembers," would do very well with nine inquirers out of ten. And how a few successes would run like wildfire over the country and be written up by the daily papers!

The stage setting would be simple—a deep cavern in some rocky range preferably near, but not too near, one of our more fashionable health resorts; a young woman of pleasing appearance and psychic temperament; a tripod, and, since a pythoness might still be regarded as requiring a python, an amiable snake.

The more one thinks of it, the more the prospect opens. For instance, one of the minor benefits would be the profession offered to a class of people who as things are find few useful employments open to them—the overeducated, subtle men and women too sensitive for drudgery and not robust enough for creative work. They would be admirably adapted to act as interpreters of the oracle's replies.

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THE FIELD OF ART

Rock-Ribbed Hills. By Gardner Symons.

THE APPEAL OF THE WINTER LANDSCAPE

THE art of the landscape-painter makes its appeal to the public from two widely different standpoints—each legitimate in its way and each finding its source in one of the fundamental and universal instincts of the human race. The first and by far the more usual avenue of approach is by way of association and suggested sentiment. Helen and John strolling through the spring academy come upon a delightful little picture of the woods in June, with a streamlet meandering through the open spaces, reflecting here a tree and there a bit of sky in its limpid mirror. It reminds them irresistibly of that red-letter day long ago when they wandered together through just such a patch of woodland and seated themselves upon the mossy banks of just such a delightful little stream; and it recalls to them the memorable fact that they came home hand-in-hand an engaged and blissful couple.

Although it means many a small sacrifice in other ways, they purchase the picture, and install it in the breakfast-room, where it will meet their gaze morning after morning.

There were other canvases which impressed them less favorably—a gray day in autumn, for instance, which left them oppressed with a sense of sadness; and a certain snow scene which positively made them shiver.

They derive genuine pleasure from their periodic rounds of the picture-galleries—but their pleasure is purely derivative—the result of association and suggestion. They are very apt to demand anecdotal interest in a figure picture, and a landscape must recall something, or suggest some experience of their own. Their interest is intellectual

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rather than artistic. The intrinsic beauty of the work itself does not suffice.

It was the Johns and the Helens of this world who placed Raphael on a pedestal and kept him there for three hundred years, while Velasquez and Hals and Rembrandt and Vermeer remained in outer obscurity and neglect. In the generation immediately preceding our own, they did not understand Turner. Their children did not care much for Inness and they allowed John Twachtman to die unrecognized. Beauty in itself and by itself made no appeal to them.

There is another class of picture-lovers, however,—smaller, it is true, than the group to which John and Helen belong, but rapidly increasing in numbers nevertheless—who demand only of a work of art that it shall be beautiful. It was they who, some fifty years ago, rediscovered Velasquez; who, twenty-five years later, found in the forgotten corners of the old Dutch galleries certain pictures by an unknown painter named Vermeer of Delft, pictures which have now taken their place among the great masterpieces of the world. It was they who acclaimed Constable and Millet and Corot and Manet when these great artists were caviare to the vulgar. They possessed the true vision. They were sensitive to beauty. They recognized it whenever and wherever it appeared, and hailed its creators as the "masters."

Now, just as false standards in art have frequently dominated humanity for long periods, so false standards have sometimes been used for generations in judging nature's own beauties; and the decrees rendered under their influence have been repeated over and over again until they have become traditional, and so firmly rooted in the convictions and prejudices of the race that even the artist is affected by them and at times doubts the verdict of his own vision.

A good example of one of these false and misleading world traditions is that which proclaims the tropical landscape to be nature's supreme effort in the domain of natural out-of-door beauty, and which classes the landscape of the temperate zone as a very poor and uninteresting second by comparison. Of course the very opposite of this is true. Any one who has resided long in the tropics, and who has suffered as I have from the barbaric riot of tropical color—the howling greens and blues and reds and yellows that everywhere afflict the eye in equatorial regions—understands why the only really great school of landscape-painting which the world has ever seen should have grown up in the misty north. It is not contrast which makes beauty, but harmony. Contrast is the joy of the savage; harmony the delight of the civilized man. The Patagonian stalks triumphant in a blanket whose alternate bands are of bright crimson and vivid blue, but the cultivated man finds his highest æsthetic pleasure in subdued tones of harmoniously blended color. It is at least open to reasonable doubt if the most vociferous efforts of our post-impressionist brothers will succeed in wholly destroying our taste for the work of Whistler and of Botticelli.

The distinction which is here drawn between the landscape of the tropics and that of the temperate zone in my opinion holds good (if in a somewhat milder degree) when applied to our own American landscape under its summer and its winter aspects. The interest which John and Helen found in that picture of the woods in summer was due wholly to association and not at all to the intrinsic beauty of the picture itself—for of that the canvas had little or none.

The crude green of its trees contrasting with the crude blue of its summer sky made a color relation that was anything but agreeable, for blue and green are not complementary colors; and only when used in attenuated scale and handled by a master like Corot can they be fused into a true work of art. This same landscape, however, when mantled with snow—its white vistas stretching away to meet the deep blue of the winter sky—might easily have furnished the motive for a work of art of the first order.

And herein we find the dividing line between the two points of view above noted. In the first it is sentiment which counts; in the second beauty pure and simple. The first is intellectual; the second visual. The first would make of the painter a story-teller; the second demands that he be an artist.

And it is the growing recognition of the fact that the true function of art is the creation of beauty which has turned the attention of so many of our first landscape-painters to winter subjects, for there can be no question that the inclement season of the year, which is least productive in the material sense, is by far the most productive in the artistic sense. Considered in terms of color

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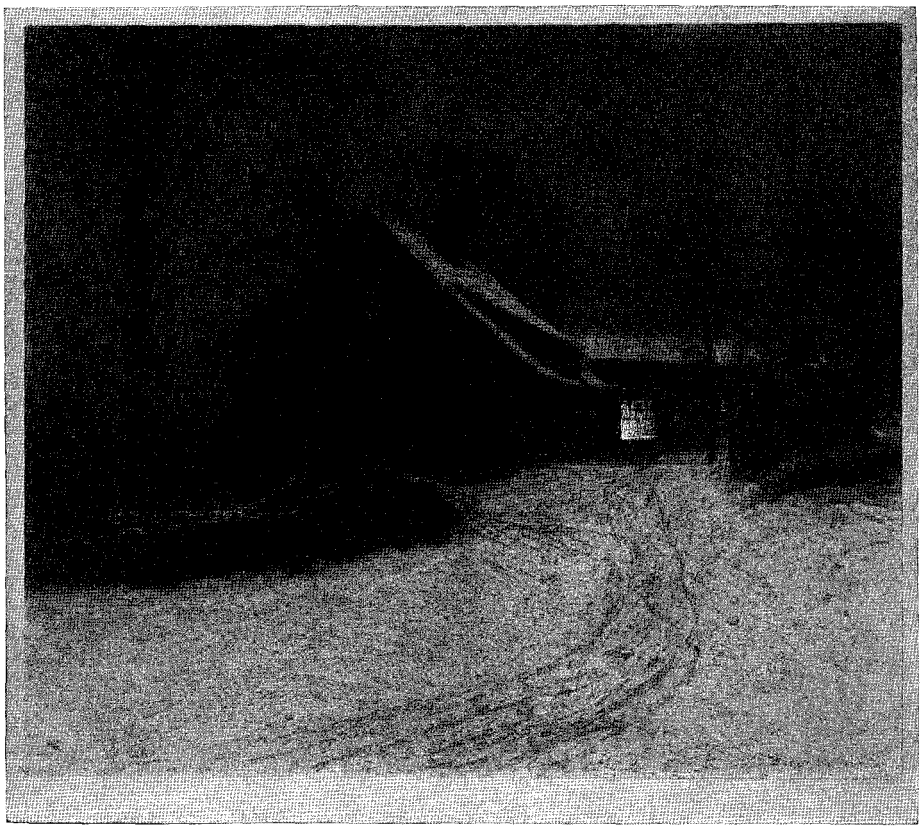
and of decorative line, winter is far more beautiful than summer. It would almost seem as if kindly mother Nature, desiring to compensate her children for the loss of the peas and the peaches, had provided them with a special feast for the eyes and the spirit. "But why," asks Helen, "should plain white snow be considered more beautiful than the lovely green of summer leaves? A sheet of paper is clean and fresh and pleasant to look upon, but after all it is just white paper."



The Old Inn at Cos-Cob. By Birge Harrison.

Ah! There you are! Snow is never white! It will take on a thousand exquisite and varied tints—you can exhaust the vocabulary of jewels and of flowers in attempting to describe them and still leave more than half unmentioned—but it is *never white!* It is an instrument upon which Nature plays wonderful color symphonies, with never a harsh or a discordant note. It changes color a hundred times a day in response to changes in the color of the sky—for the sky color is always the key-note of a snow-scene. And its response to this color call will invariably be the complementary color; so subtly stated, however, that to the non-professional eye the snow will appear to remain a pure and virgin white.

If the sky is yellow, as at sunset, the snow will reply with a note of exquisite lavender blue; if the sky is blue, the snow will be delicately yellow; if the sky is greenish, the snow will be roseate in hue. I have even seen it assume an unbelievable tone of crimson pink in reply to the call of a violently emerald sunset sky.

But snow has still another attribute which occasionally interrupts and varies the action of this general law of complementaries. In a shy and gentle way it reflects adjacent color-masses much in the same way as water

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reflects near-by objects. So that, like a capricious maiden, the snow is constantly offering surprises even to the trained expert who is conversant with her ways and her general character. It therefore behooves the painter to bring each day a fresh and unprejudiced vision if he would catch her most delightful moods.

At one time it was my unfortunate lot to reside in the tropics for a period of more than ten years. When, at last, I came north again I was frankly fascinated by the beauty of our New England winter, and especially when the whole country was transfigured and glorified by the white beauty of the snow. I could not get enough of it, and like a Saint Bernard dog returning to his own I rolled in the white drifts for the pure joy of the thing.

During my ten wandering years I had sailed more than once around the world, visiting almost all of the spots which have been admired for their rare and special beauty; yet I found the snow-covered hills of New England more beautiful than any of these famous places of the earth.

Opposite my present home in the Catskills there rises a wooded and rather featureless hill, at the foot of which nestles an old Dutch farmhouse. When it is clothed in its usual garb of summer green no one would suspect it of any æsthetic or artistic possibilities. But when the snow comes its climbing pastures suddenly develop a delightful and most interesting pattern; and, as its white mass stands forth against the ringing blue of the December sky, it makes an ideal motive for a landscape-painter.

At sunrise its summit receives the first rosy kiss of the mounting sun, while all else sleeps in amethystine shadow. At noonday it rises pale and beautiful through the sunny winter haze—a symphony in mother-of-pearl. At twilight it looms a mass of ultramarine and turquoise against a sky of palest amber; and under the ghostly light of the December moon it floats a dream mountain of faintest blue against the deeper blue of the midnight sky. I have painted it six times under as many different effects, and I shall probably paint it as many times again. Every one of these pictures of "the hill" has been sold at its first public exhibition, and I am convinced that were I to make a picture of the hill in summer it would go the weary rounds of the exhibitions for years unsold and undesired—if, indeed, it were ever accepted by the exhibition juries.

No one certainly would find any touch of beauty in its crude blue-and-green contrasts. Even John and Helen would pass it by, as it has no possible human or anecdotic interest to feature it—to pull it out of the slough.

But our American winter landscape is paintable even when devoid of its white mantle of snow. The general color of the woods and the fields is a tender russet-yellow enlivened with a brilliant touch of rose or orange here and there. This, of course, makes a delightful color harmony against a sky that has in it the faintest tint of crystal-green, drawn over an ashes-of-roses underground. Indeed, at this season it is just about as difficult to find a picture motive which is not beautiful in color and harmonious in line as it is in midsummer to discover one which has these qualities. But after all it is the snow which gives to our winter landscape its greatest beauty; and the frequency with which snow-scenes are now appearing in the annual exhibitions is due to the fact that our landscape-painters have discovered this cardinal truth.

BIRGE HARRISON.

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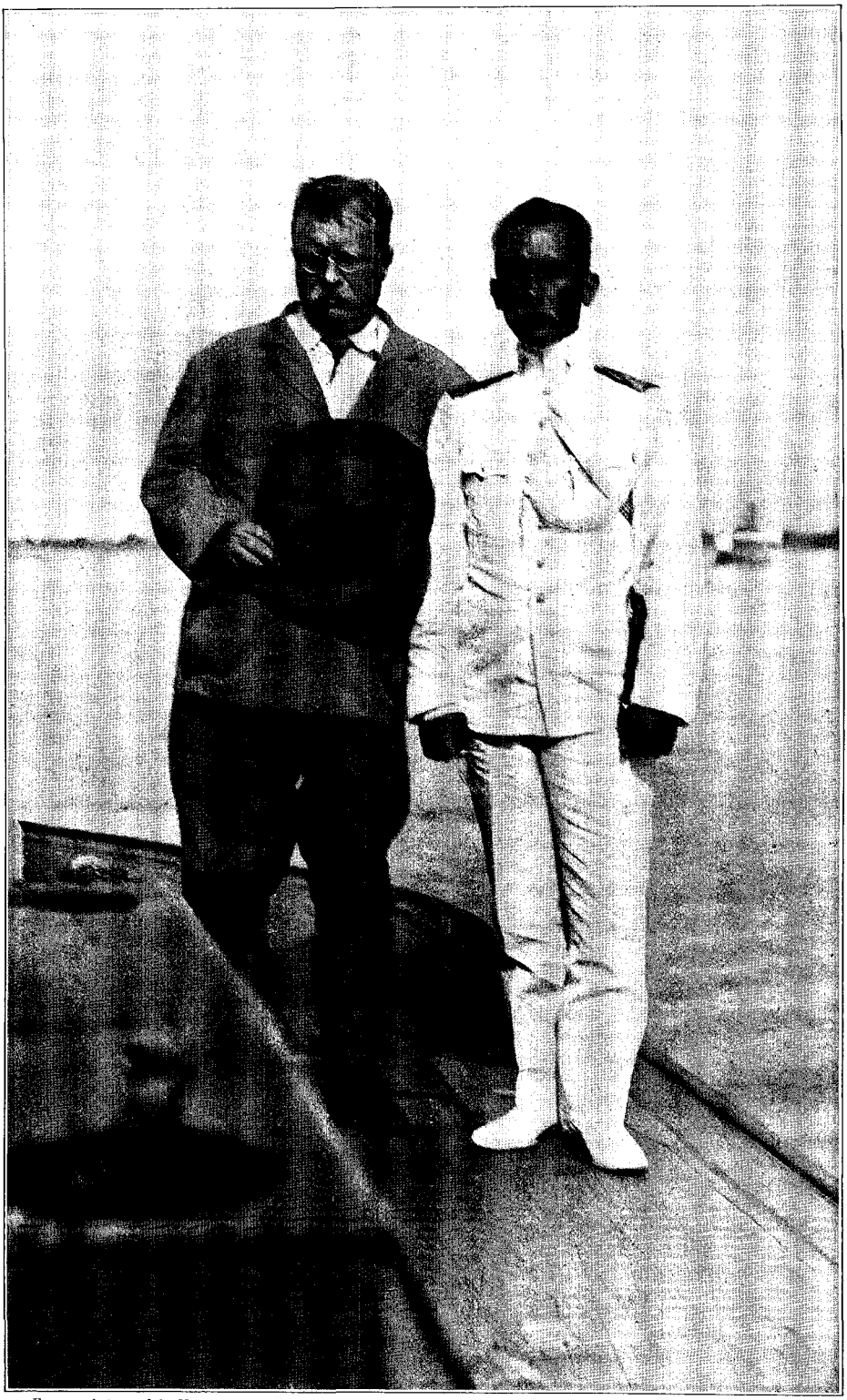

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND COLONEL RONDON ABOARD THE "NYOAC."

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